

THE ROMANTIC NELSON EDDY

# Silver Screen

July

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JUN 22 1936  
PERIODICALS

Myrna Loy

MARGARET  
STONE

WHICH GIRL TYPIFIES HOLLYWOOD?



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Now — a stunning new SWIVEL case, in one quick turn of the base, will bring to your lips the luscious ripe color of IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE. Now — an Irresistible case to match an Irresistible lipstick!

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IRRESISTIBLE  
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ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A  
DENTIST BATTLE OVER  
A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"



SAYS  
HOSTESS



SAYS  
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

**HOSTESS:** "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." (But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)

**DENTIST:** "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives

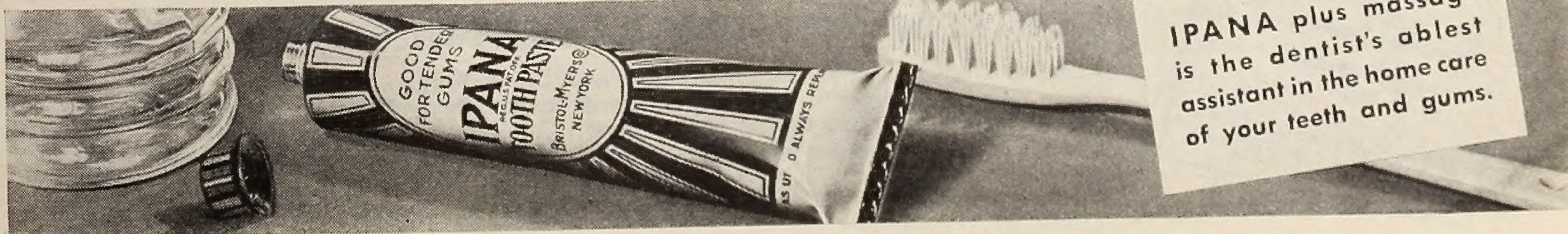
teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

**"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious**

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Follow his ad-

vice. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.







The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!



# THE WINNER!

## METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But (*pardon his Southern accent*) Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" ... On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

### WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer  
Leslie Howard  
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable  
Jeanette MacDonald  
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow  
Franchot Tone in "Suzy"

Robert Montgomery  
Myrna Loy  
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show  
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"



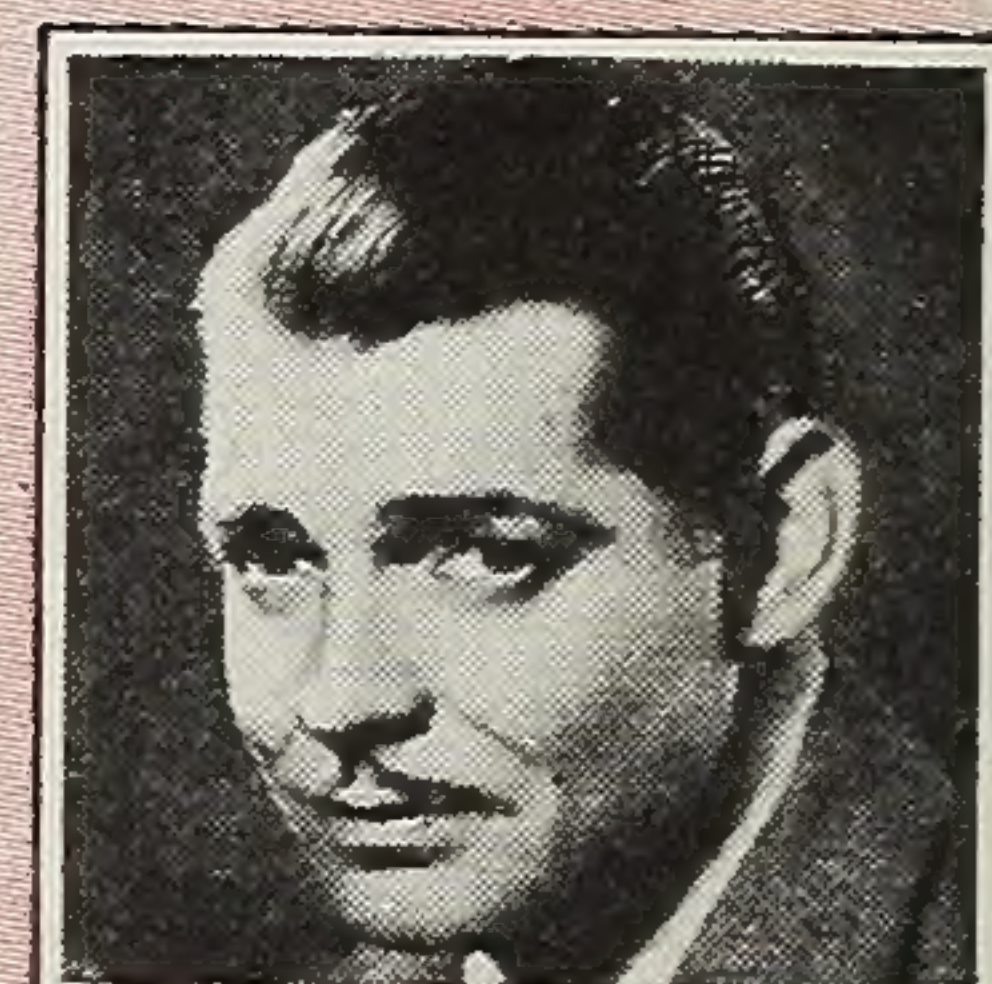
Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Greta Garbo



Clark Gable



William Powell



Myrna Loy



Jeanette MacDonald



Nelson Eddy



Luise Rainer



Jean Harlow



Wallace Beery



Robt. Montgomery



Eleanor Powell



Freddie Bartholomew



Robert Taylor



The Marx Brothers



Charles Laughton



Laurel & Hardy



Jackie Cooper



Lionel Barrymore



John Barrymore



Spencer Tracy

### SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.



# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON  
 Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL  
 Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MYRNA LOY BY MARLAND STONE

## The Opening Chorus



Loretta Young

### A Letter from Liza

DEAR EDITOR:  
 You can think what you please (you probably will anyway, but at least it's darned decent of me to tell you to) but there's nothing so satisfying to a poor gal's soul as scratching off the items on a calendar pad at the end of the working day. *Fait accompli* you say if you're a scholar, but I never do because I am no scholar, and what's more to the point, I never *accompli*. Yes, just as I suspected, it seems that I have done none of the things I intended doing today, and now they have to be transferred to tomorrow; poor little items, they get all worn out being transferred from day to day.

But you see, at noon today I went to the luncheon-shower given by Joan Blondell for Sally Blane (Mrs. Norman Foster) who's expecting a blessed event any minute now, and I became so intrigued while prowling around baby bonnets, and booties, and rattlers, and teething rings and things that I completely lost all track of time. Loretta Young, Sally's sister, is so tickled over becoming an auntie that she fairly beams, and she's hoping that it will be a girl. "What chance has a boy in this family of girls?" said Loretta.

Practically everybody at the party insisted upon telling me the Quint story. "Don't look now," said the second Quint to the first, "but I think we're being followed."

And now for tomorrow. "Drop in on Missy Lombard's set for a spot of tea and a bit of gossip." Well, that won't be hard to take—or forget. Carole's making a picture now called "My Man Godfrey" and is co-starring with none other than her ex-husband, Mr. William Powell, and as Bill is practically as mad as Carole a fine pair they must make. I hear tell they simply go into hysterics when Director Gregory La Cava tells them how to make love to each other. But alas, screen kisses aren't real, dear editor, for it's Clark Gable who waits at the stage door for La Lombard and takes her home when the day's work is done—and Mr. Powell is still going places with Miss Harlow. However, don't be too disillusioned about screen kisses because Henry Fonda hasn't let Margaret Sullavan out of his sight ever since they made their picture together.

*Liza*



**For  
STAR BRIGHT HAIR**



See  
**CLAIRE DODD**  
in "The Case of  
the Velvet Claws"  
A WARNER BROS.  
PICTURE

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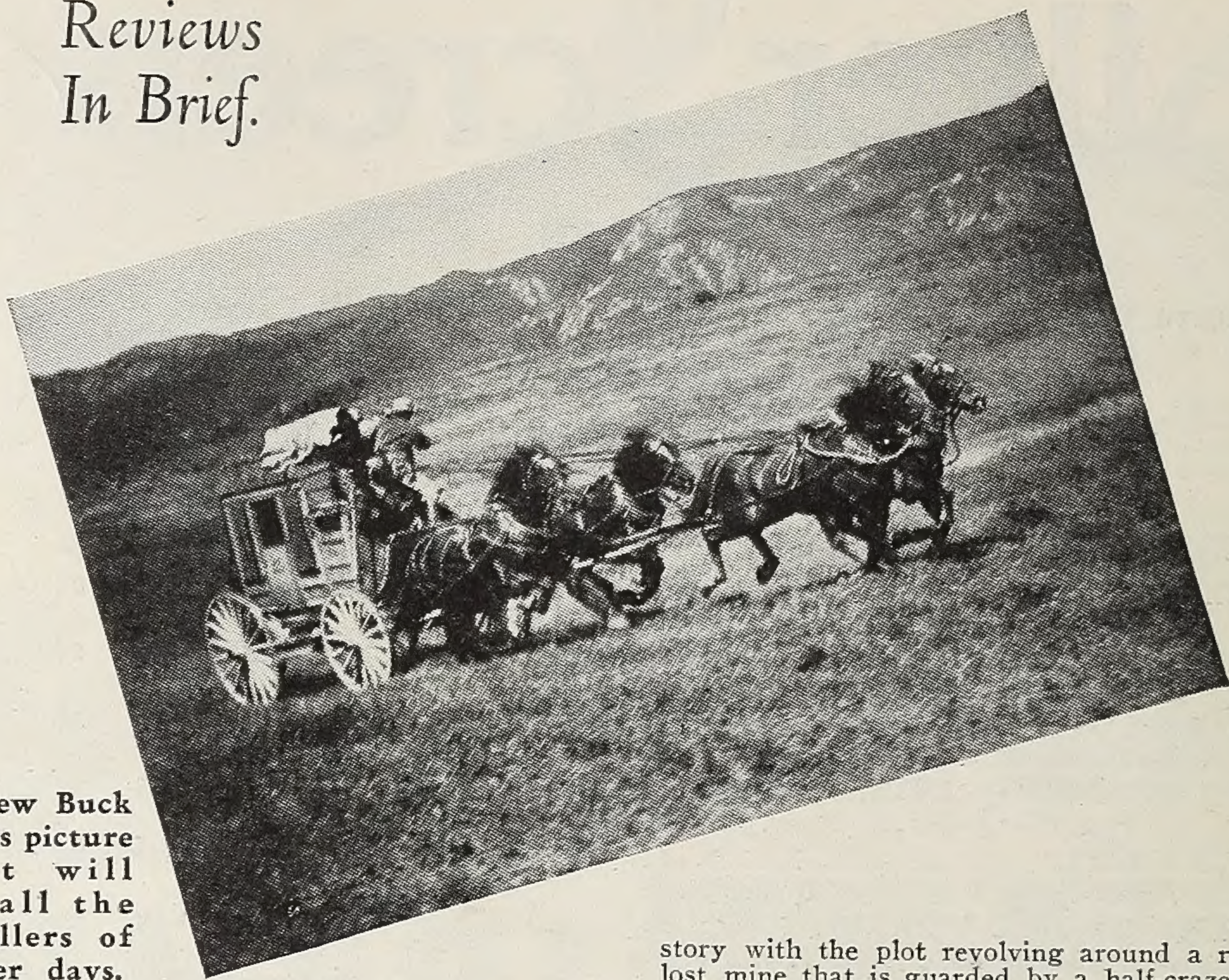
City.....

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# TIPS ON PICTURES

Reviews  
In Brief.



A new Buck Jones picture that will recall the thrillers of other days.

**AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED**—Good. An amusing little tale about an attractive widow and an equally attractive widower (and their respective daughter and son) who meet at a winter resort and through propinquity overcome their temporary aversion for one another. (Mary Astor-Melvyn Douglas-Edith Fellows).

**BIG NOISE, THE**—Fair Comedy. Guy Kibbee cast as the wealthy retired manufacturer whose enforced leisure is slowly sapping his pep. So he secretly buys an interest in another business and joyfully joins the ranks of the workers again. (Warren Hull, Alma Lloyd, Dick Foran).

**BIG BROWN EYES**—Good. Joan Bennett becomes a comedienne—and a good one, too—in this wise-cracking comedy concerning a manicurist who has a penchant for detective work, and a young "copper" (Cary Grant) who is ready with the handcuffs at all times.

**COUNTRY BEYOND, THE**—Fair. If you revel in tales of the great open spaces of the Northwest with a stalwart Canadian Mountie for your hero (Paul Kelly) and a girl as pretty as Rochelle Hudson for your suffering heroine, then this is right down your alley.

**DRACULA'S DAUGHTER**—Good. Although this may not seem as blood-chilling to you as its predecessor, "Dracula," it still manages to stimulate the nerves in a manner not conducive to sound sleep. If you see it late at night we'll guarantee you'll be counting sheep before morning. (Otto Kruger-Gloria Holden-Irving Pichel).

**GREAT ZIEGFELD, THE**—Splendid. If you want to see a truly sumptuous musical, one that truly merits the adjective "colossal," then don't miss this colorful biographical film depicting the rise to fame of one of our most romantic glorifiers of the American Girl. In fine cast, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer.

**HARVESTER, THE**—Good. Another of Gene Stratton Porter's homespun tales furnishes suitable material for a wholesome film which the censors will love. You certainly should recognize right from wrong after you see it. The fine cast includes Alice Brady, Russell Hardie, Ann Rutherford, Joyce Compton and Cora Sue Collins.

**I MARRIED A DOCTOR**—Good. Once upon a time this story was filmed under its original title—"Main Street." You remember? Sinclair Lewis is the author. Now it has been turned into a somewhat less important, but still interesting study of life in a small town. (Pat O'Brien-Josephine Hutchinson).

**LAW IN HER HANDS, THE**—Good. In order to prove to the district attorney, who wants to make a hausfrau out of her, that she is a truly capable lawyer, Margaret Lindsay becomes allied with a number of racketeers and wins some spectacular cases for them. Cast includes Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell and Warren Hull.

**MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR, THE**—Only Fair. This is a typical Harold Bell Wright

story with the plot revolving around a romantic lost mine that is guarded by a half-crazed miser (Henry Walthall.) The young love interest is handled by Richard Arlen and Cecilia Parker.

**MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN**—Excellent. As keen a satire on the greediness of most humans when Big Money is in the offing as has been offered by the screen in many a moon. Gary Cooper gives a brilliant portrayal of the simple, kindly young writer of verse who suddenly inherits an enormous fortune, and Jean Arthur is fine as the sob sister.

**MOON'S OUR HOME, THE**—Fine. A sparkling comedy about a spoiled motion picture star and an equally pampered author who meet incognito and fall in love. A quarrel separates them directly following their marriage and they do not meet again until they've both resumed their temperamental careers. (Marg. Sullivan-Henry Fonda).

**PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK, THE**—Fine. A genuinely moving film story has been adapted from the play made famous some years ago by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Conrad Veidt is now cast with excellent results in the role of the benign stranger whose advent influences the lives of the sordid occupants of a shabby London boarding-house.

**ROAMING LADY**—Fair. A romantic action film boasting the routine formula of the wealthy, incorrigible heiress who stows away to China in order to be with the flying instructor she is in love with. There they become embroiled in various mercantile and political intrigues from which, naturally, they escape unscathed. (Fay Wray-Ralph Bellamy).

**SPEED**—Fair. James Stewart, who made such a hit in "Next Time We Love," is the shining light of this action comedy revolving around an automobile invention that insures marvellous speed at the race track. Wendy Barrie is his sparring partner and in the cast also can be found Ralph Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy.

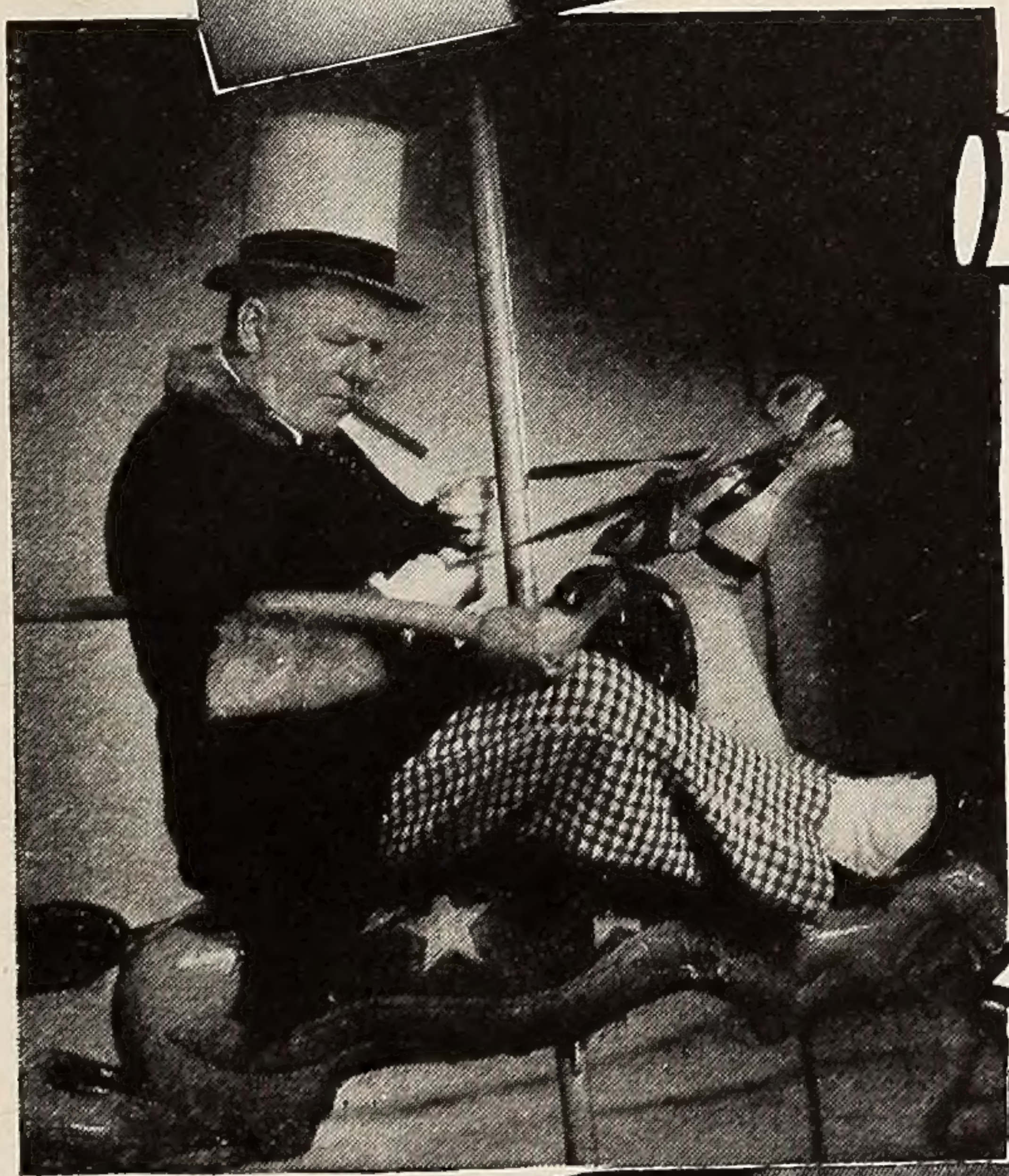
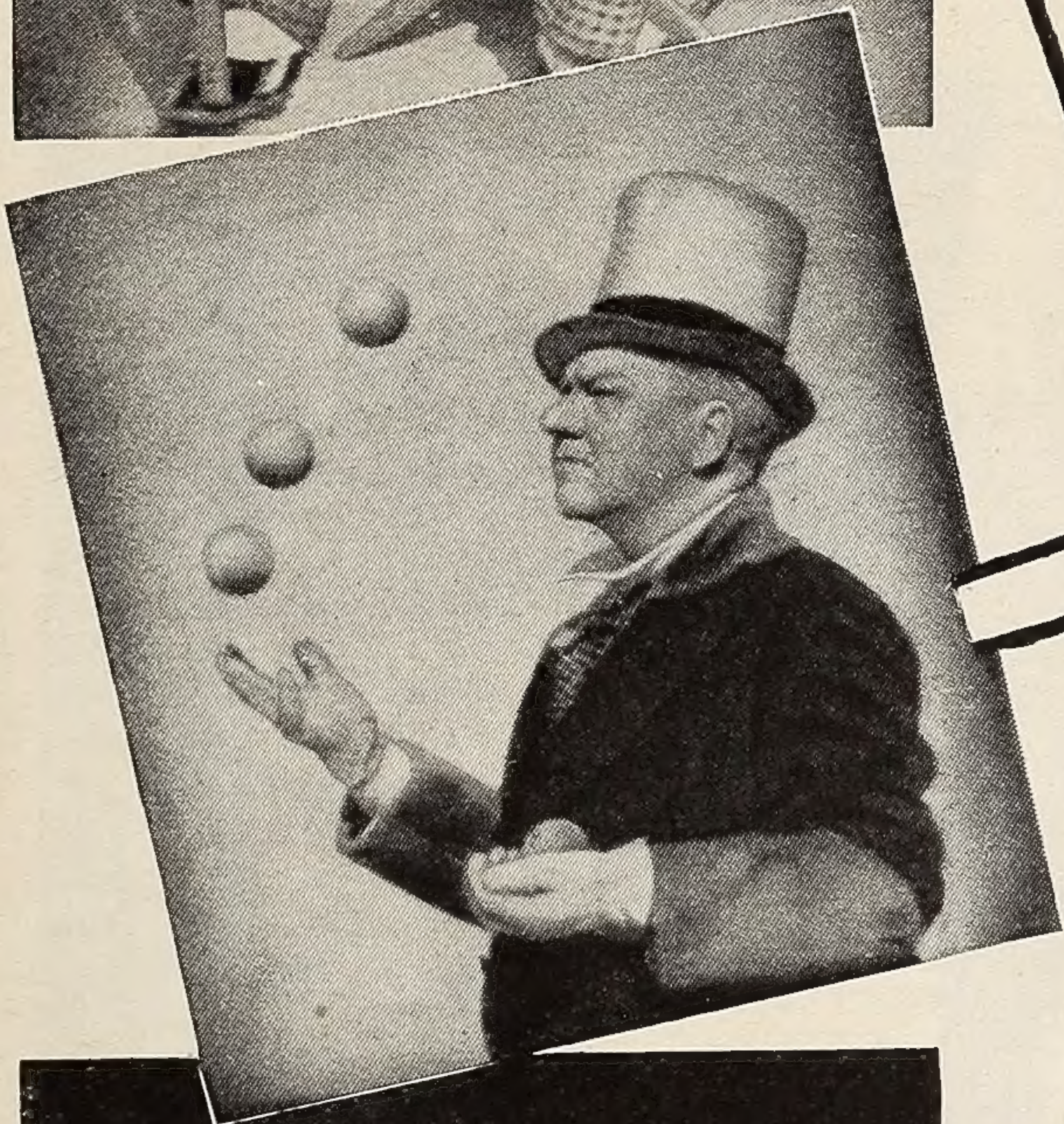
**TILL WE MEET AGAIN**—Fine. The World War is again the setting for as intensely interesting a spy drama as you're likely to see this or any other year. Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall provide the romance which, because they are employed in intelligence work for opposing countries, is fraught with disaster. (Lionel Atwill).

**THINGS TO COME**—Interesting. H. G. Wells experiments with the future in a decidedly novel fashion. If you are curious to ascertain what *might* happen to the inhabitants of this unruly earth of ours during the next hundred years, see this unusual film. (Raymond Massey).

**13 HOURS BY AIR**—Amusing. Some pretty wild and melodramatic situations are taken suavely in their stride in this exciting coast-to-coast trip on a passenger airplane, and you'll find yourself enjoying them in spite of the lack of plausibility. (Joan Bennett-Fred MacMurray-ZaSu Pitts).

**WITNESS CHAIR, THE**—Interesting. A highly dramatic courtroom drama with Ann Harding and Walter Abel splendidly cast in the two leading roles. If you enjoy unravelling a murder mystery by means of testimony obtained during a trial, this will prove most intriguing.





**C  
FIELDS**

in

**"poppy"**



**PARAMOUNT** brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS**,  
as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy  
**"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland



"HER *Lovely Lips*  
APPEALED TO ME  
INSTANTLY!"



SAID

**EDMUND  
LOWE**



**Suave film  
star picks  
most kiss-  
able lips in  
unique test**



● We presented three girls to Edmund Lowe. One wore ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...the third, Tangee. "Her lips look kissable," he said of the Tangee girl, "they look natural."

Tangee can't make lips look painted—because *Tangee isn't paint*. Its magic color-change principle turns it from orange in the stick to blush rose on your lips. Just the shade to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee...be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade of Tangee called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

*This  
Summer*

**USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE  
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL  
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES  
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING**



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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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# YOUR BEACH

## BEAUTY

Are You Prepared For  
Your Bathing Suit?

By Mary Lee



Joan Blondell poses gracefully, unafraid of any camera.

**J**UST look at this picture of Joan Blondell and be convinced she has nothing to fear from having her beach-time beauty snapped by an unsuspected camera, in whatever pose she's caught! Pretty Joan has a bathing girl personality every bit as winning as her dressed-up parts in some of her Warner Brothers' pictures.

Take a lesson from Joan and be prepared, when you frivol at the water's edge, for the kodak that may be lurking behind any sand dune or umbrella to snap you unawares! That day at the beach is beauty's big opportunity, if you'll only realize it. You're on display, even more than on the dance floor. See to it you cut a figure you won't mind having preserved for future admiration—or jibes.

Haven't you noticed girls who, the minute they appear in bathing attire, go all self-conscious? They dash from the bath house into the water as quickly as possible and drape robes around themselves when they should be basking in the sunlight. And there are others, we're sorry to say, who flaunt their charms ad nauseum. Neither is necessary, nor likely to make a girl one of those beach play-mates who's always in demand and the first to be dated up for dinner and dancing—or something more permanent.

We've cast an appraising eye over the girls who seem always to be the center of congenial and admiring cliques. And here's our verdict on how they do it: first of all, they're entirely natural. They're gay and they let themselves go, whatever sport is the order of the day.

Of course, one all-important aid to magnetic gaiety and utter freedom from self-consciousness is the knowledge that you look right. Assure yourself of a becoming bathing suit, smooth evenly tanned skin (minus sunburn), hair that's curly (by Nature or by permanent) so it can stand being mussed up without getting straggly . . . and a figure to be proud of.

If you're facing beach play-time with the embarrassing thought that your figure is not all it should be, here are some tips on how to improve it at the same time that you're having fun. Do all the swimming you

can. It's fine for posture, taking off inches and tightening up those relaxed muscles that let you sag in spots. The crawl is especially good, because all the time you're doing it you're reaching forward and stretching out. And there's nothing quite as fine for the figure as stretching. The breast stroke is good, provided you can do it with a straight back and your face close to

the water. Water is a grand aid to exercise as it holds you suspended in a way that gives free play to all the muscles. And there's less of the force of gravity pulling you down into slumps that you always have to combat when you're standing or sitting.

Heed this warning, though, if you run to excess poundage. Swimming, especially in salt water, makes you ravenously hungry, and you must

curb your appetite when you come out. See to it that your Summer diet consists mainly of salads, fruits and fresh vegetables.

Diving is dandy for posture! If you can only remember the form to which you hold yourself when you're poised for the take-off, and save it for everyday use, you'll be making much headway toward the graceful carriage that makes people turn around to look at one.

Throw the beach ball with your arms over your head, or from the shoulders. Keep your chin up and your shoulders back when you're doing it. And learn to "tuck-under" your hips to minimize their size and hold your "tummy" in. The "tuck-under" is done by pulling your hips down and under, as if you were sitting. It's grand for straightening out the curve in your back and keeping your "tummy" flat so your bathing suit won't show unflattering bulges.

A new aid to Summer reducing that's winning enthusiastic praise is called "Gym-Gobs." Kleinert makes these garments of rich, crepey rubber in oyster white, nautically trimmed with blue sailor figures. They're attractive to look at . . . but they certainly make the excess inches fly when you wear them for active sports or exercises! There are shorts, smartly cut and snugly fitting, to reduce "tummy" and hips. The slacks do the same job and in [Continued on page 64]



## "If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.*

For  
HALITOSIS

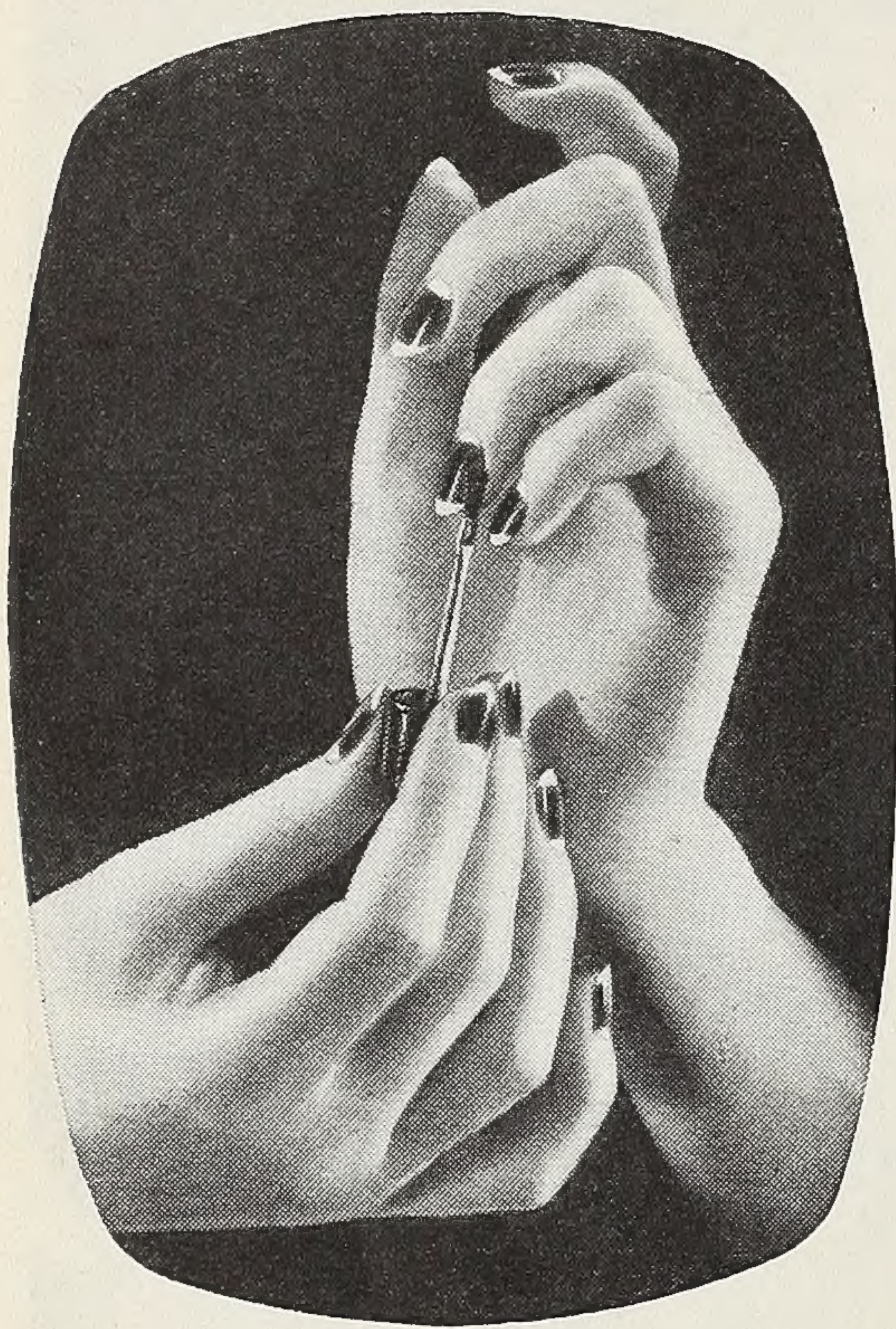


use  
LISTERINE





*You've never*  
worn a polish  
like new **GLAZO**



### Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

**W**ITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new “misty” reds, and the latest additions to Glazo’s range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there’s never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don’t deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

*It's new  
it's perfect*

**GLAZO**

**20 CENTS**  
(25 cents in Canada)



# PICNIC DELIGHTS

Easy-To-Make Recipes That Will  
Add To Your Holiday Joys.

By  
Ruth  
Corbin



Coconut Strips have  
real food value,  
and tasty too.

**I**T IS picnic time again! For the children and the boys and girls who refuse to grow up this is indeed good news. There are so many grand places to go, so many good things to eat that week-end after week-end you can vary both of them to suit your tastes.

If your taste turns to something Chinese, which is equally good for picnics or home serving, and for any meal of the day, Ann Loring’s Almond Omelet is just the thing. Incidentally, if you prefer, you can use shrimp or lobster instead of almonds in the omelet. If almonds are used, cook them in oil, preferably olive oil, until they are barely crisped then remove from the oil. Into the same oil put the celery and onions sliced on the bias one-quarter of an inch thick. Cook until slightly steamed. Drain from the oil, add the almonds and combine with the eggs which will bind together the almonds and vegetables. For this mixture you use:

#### ALMOND OMELET

2 cups celery	1 cup blanched almonds
2 cups onion	4 eggs well beaten
	Soy sauce

When cooking, drop ingredients by tablespoonfuls into the oil slowly until nicely browned and well set. Serve with soy sauce and boiled rice.

And here is a brand new recipe which has been prepared for you by Silver Screen, which you can make and take along as a cold dessert on your picnic or camping trip, or you can serve it at home either hot or cold. It is different, it is tasty and it has all the ingredients necessary to health. We call it Silver Fluff.

#### SILVER FLUFF

3 eggs	1 cupful Kellogg’s Rice
1 cupful sugar	Krispies
½ cupful chopped dates	½ cupful chopped nuts
	½ cupful crushed pineapple, drained

Beat egg yolks and add to other ingredients, which have been thoroughly mixed. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 F) for about 40 minutes. Crumble and serve, heaped in sherbet glasses, either hot or cold, with whipped cream or lemon sauce. Serves 8.

From Joan Crawford comes this recipe which is also adaptable to indoor and outdoor meals. I tried it quite recently on some guests, and did they rave!

#### DAINTY CHIPS

1 bag of potato chips	American Cheese
Sliced sweet pickle	Potted ham

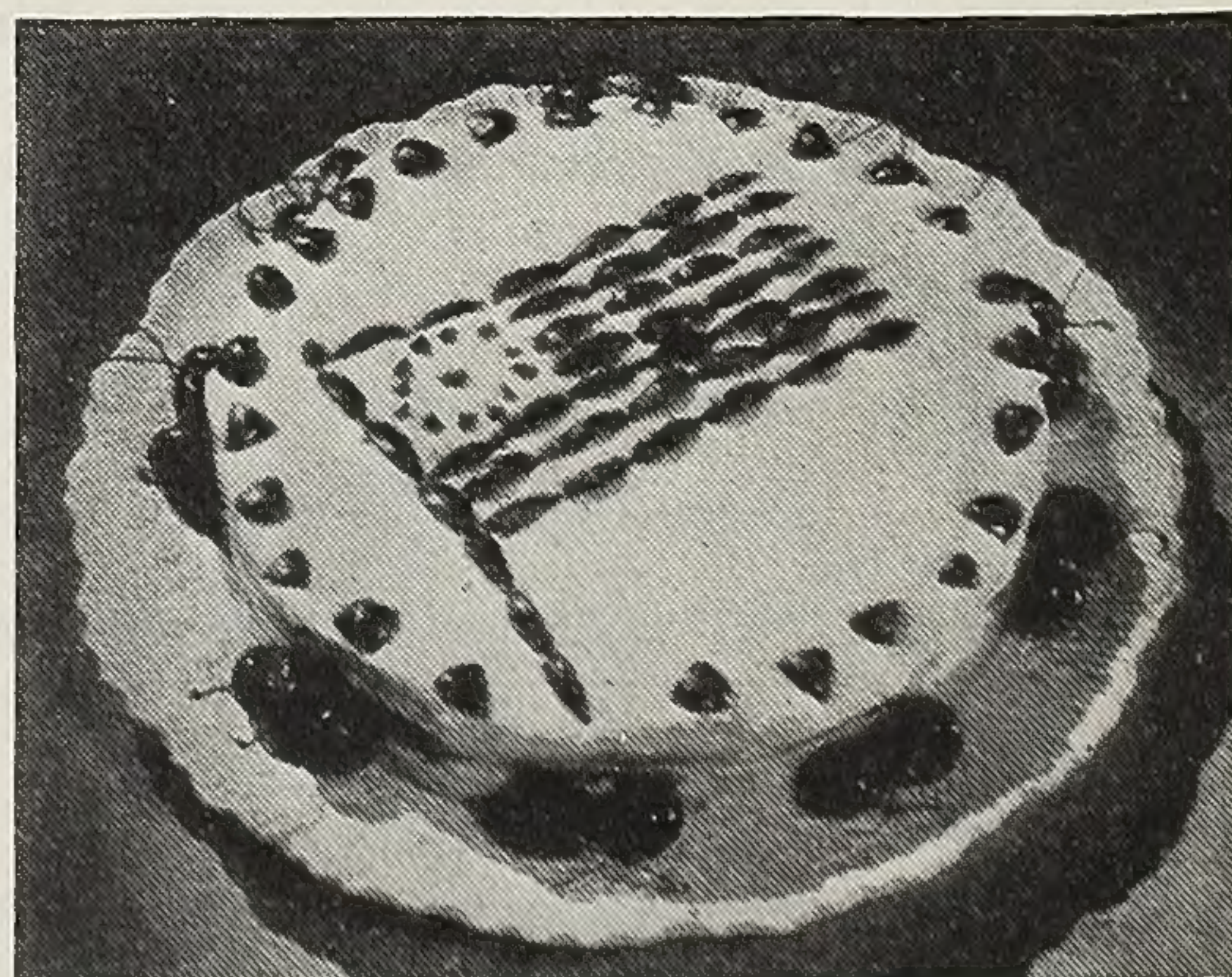
Place a thin layer of cheese on each chip. Cover this with thin slices of sweet pickle and a layer of potted ham. Place them in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Allow them to cool until crisp and serve.

The old fashioned sandwich loaf can be made to do duty for the picnic or the luncheon table with nice results. I have my own ideas about sandwich loaves, however, for it seems to me in making them time is always an important element of consideration. Instead of taking a loaf of unsliced bread and making it into the usual sandwich loaf I take the sliced loaf and use from four to five slices of bread to make small loaves. In this way I can have 15 to 18 sandwiches and about three different combinations from one loaf of bread. Here is one of my favorites.

#### SURPRISE LOAF

5 slices of trimmed bread
2 or 3 prunes mashed fine
1 egg chopped & mixed with Crosse & Blackwell’s India Relish & Mayonnaise
Crosse & Blackwell’s Beef & Liver Paté with Mayonnaise
Pimentoes mixed with mayonnaise
Cream cheese with chopped olives.

Spread a layer of each mixture on a slice of bread. Place one on top of another and cover with cream cheese, just as though you were icing a cake, thinned to a spreading consistency with a little cream. Garnish with



Cherry Ice Box Cake  
in the spirit of the  
Fourth of July.

SILVER SCREEN



sliced, stuffed olives. Place in refrigerator until firm.

Particularly for your Fourth of July celebration is a Cherry Ice Box Cake which is too, too divine. Here it is and it is vouched for by none other than Lyle Talbot.

#### CHERRY ICE BOX CAKE

- 1 1/3 cups (1 Can) Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup quartered maraschino cherries and drained pineapple tidbits
- Vanilla wafers.

Blend together the sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice. Add prepared fruit. Line narrow oblong pan or spring form cake pan with waxpaper. Cover with fruit. Add layer of wafers, alternating in this way until the fruit mixture is used and finishing with a layer of wafers. Let it stand in refrigerator for six hours or more. To serve, turn out on a platter, remove waxpaper and cover with a butter icing. Garnish with cherries around edge and with design of flag in center. This makes a colorful cake. And it is both easy to make and easy to eat.

For the picnic box not only the mothers of such tiny stars as Jane Withers, Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore, etc., but all mothers everywhere find these dainty cookies intrigue the childish fancy and appetite.

#### COCONUT STRIPS

Take day old sliced bread and cut in half inch strips. Dip them well in Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, roll in shredded, dry coconut and brown either over the fire with a toasting fork or under a slow blaze in your stove. They are crisp and nice. By taking thicker slices of bread and covering them in the same way, you have, instead, cake-like strips tasting much like coconut covered Angel Food.

#### CHOCOLATE CRISPIES

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes
- 1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from fire, cool, add corn flakes and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (375 F) 10 minutes, or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30.

And here is a new five-way cookie that is a boon to the housekeeper. You can mix up a whole batch, separate and have a score of different kinds of cookies.

#### FIVE-WAY COOKIES

- 1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
- 1/2 cup peanut butter

To this add any one of the five ingredients listed below. Bake in a moderate oven.

- (1) 2 cups of raisins
- (2) 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes
- (3) 3 cups coconut, shredded
- (4) 2 cups Bran Flakes
- (5) 1 cup nut meats, chopped.

Now get busy on those picnics and camping parties . . . or if you can't get away try these recipes for light luncheons or Sunday night suppers. You'll find they save you many hours out of a hot kitchen.

Here are some supplies that the housewife should always put in for the summer months. Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken and Chicken a la King. Richardson & Robbins Chicken Soup. Libby's Veal Loaf. Heinz canned soups. Crosse & Blackwell's preserves. A variety of Kraft or Borden's delicious cheeses. Mayonnaise; canned fruits. Canned vegetables; olives, pickles. Bisquick and Crisco.

Happy vacation to you all.

# "That Certain Something"— MEN ADORE IT!



Be a charmer! . . . Before you dress  
add this alluring all-over fragrance . . . MAVIS

The secret of fascinating French women—yours! . . . Be feminine! Clothe yourself in Mavis' garden-scented glamour. Men adore its fragrant Spring-like freshness—remember how it enhances your charm. Mavis does even more! . . . It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. So pure and soothing—Mavis protects

your skin. Never neglect this feminine witchery every time you bathe, every time you dress. Mavis' enchanting fragrance lingers all through the day—or evening.

Mavis Talcum in 25c, 50c, and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10c size at 5-and-10c stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

**MAVIS**  
Genuine  
Mavis  
Talcum  
IN THE RED  
CONTAINER

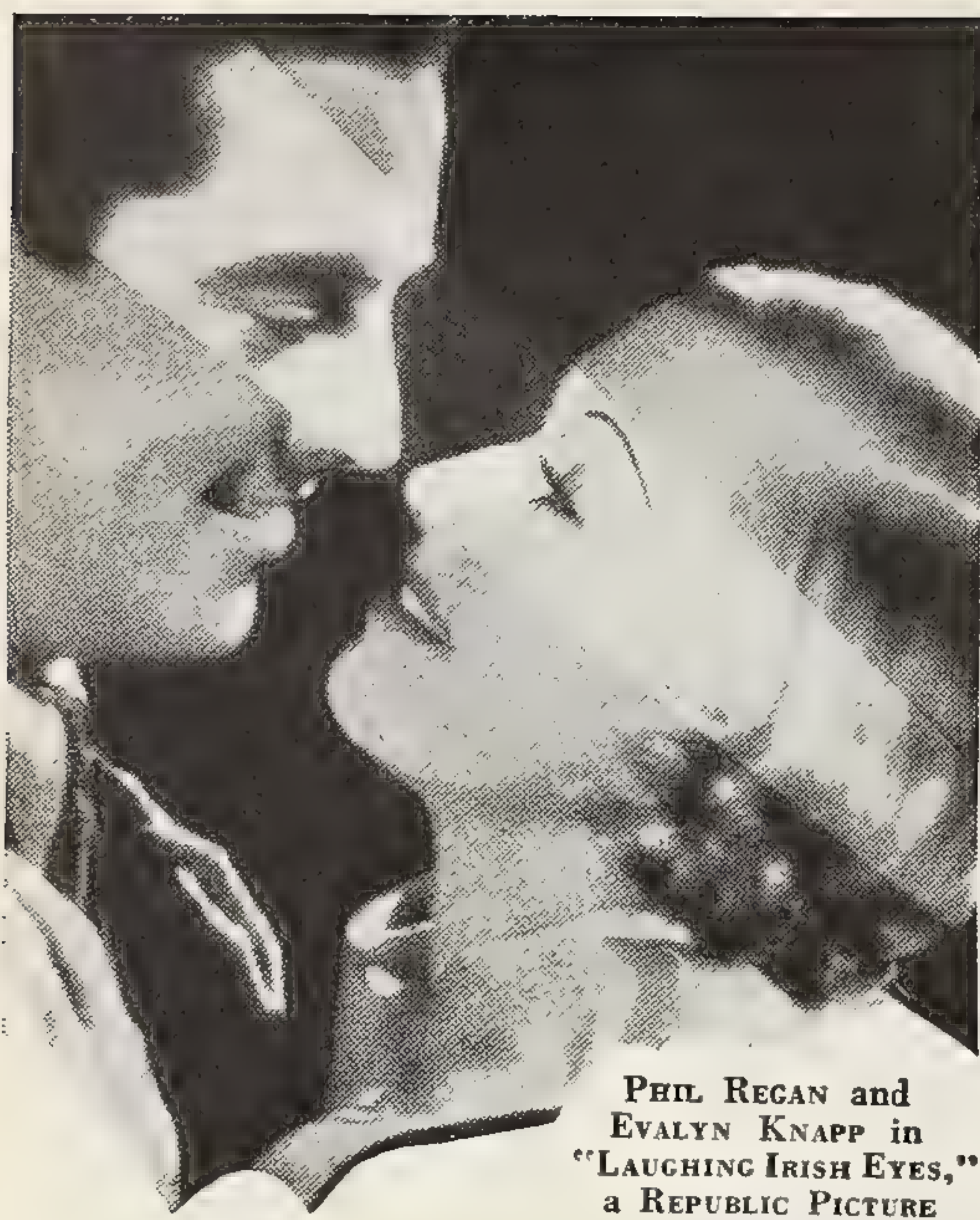


V. VIVAUDOU, INC.  
680 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . . )—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_





## SPARKLING EYES *invite* ROMANCE

**S**PARKLING, laughing eyes... eyes that say more than words can ever express... are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle... eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

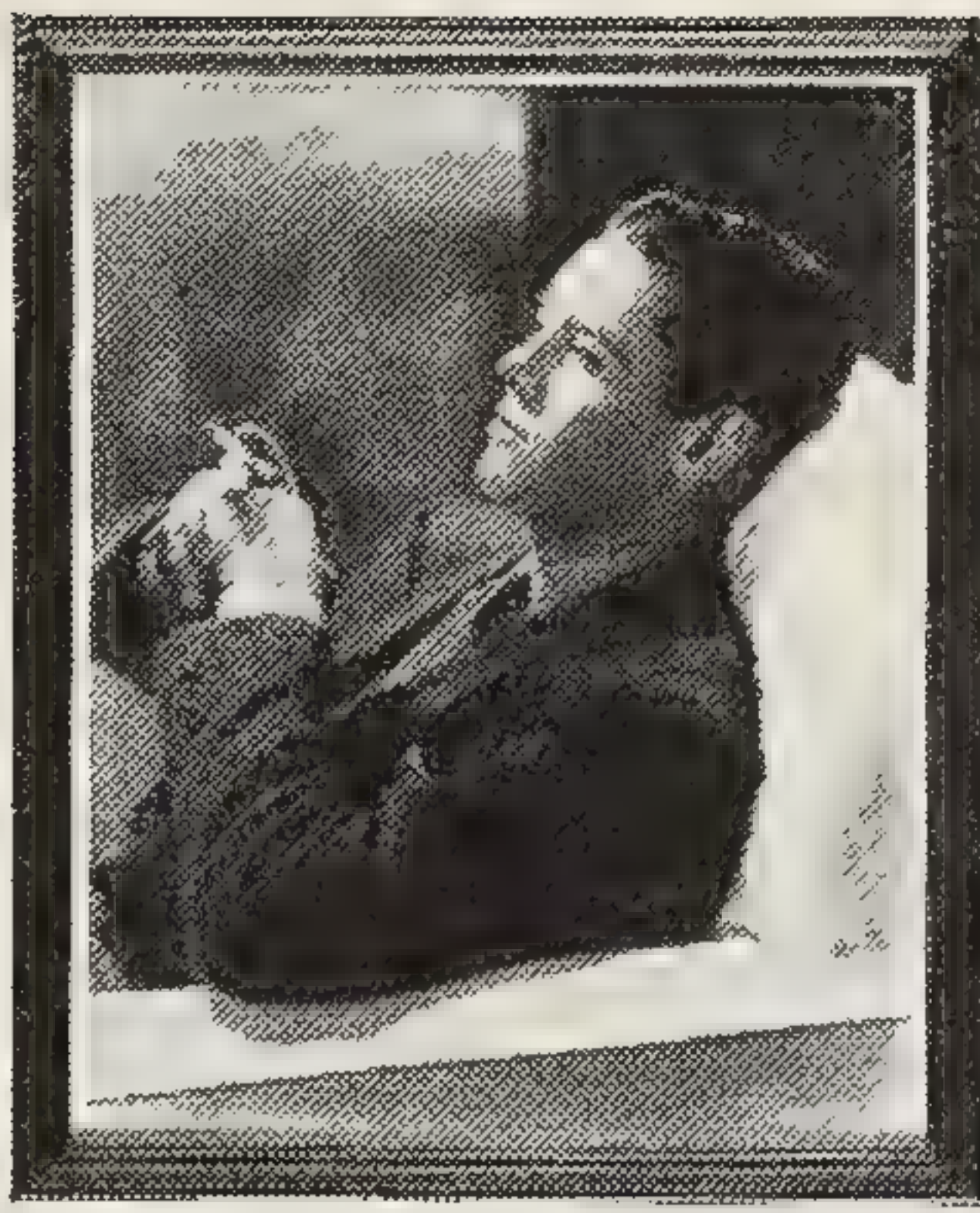
Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.



**WINX**  
*Eye Beautifiers*

# "YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the stars. Use the coupon.



Henry Fonda's photo, won by Stewart K. Weir.

Write About  
The Things  
You Like In  
The Movies.  
And Why!



Gene Raymond's photo, won by Janet Schaeffer.



Francis Lederer's photo, won by Virginia Foltz.

**N**ELSON EDDY is one of the handsomest and best actors in Hollywood. He's Gable, Tone and Taylor all in one!" writes Mildred Segal of Gibson St., Scranton, Pa. "That really isn't enough for Mr. Eddy, but is it enough to win a picture?"

See the story about your favorite on page 26.

"WE WANT more of Ida Lupino. She is not only a good actress but she is beautiful as well. We liked her in 'Anything Goes' and are waiting for 'One Rainy Afternoon,'" writes William Willingham of N. Julia St., Mobile, Ala.

*It's in her blood—she's our pedigreed star.*

"I SAW 'Rose Marie' recently and am still thrilled to the gills," writes Laura H. Stindt of Topaz, Mich. "The theatre was so packed that there were many people standing in back (I was one). It wasn't very comfortable but I would have stood all night to hear Nelson Eddy sing 'Indian Love Call' again."

*You belong to the "Nelson Eddy Standees." It's the largest organization of its kind.*

"I WANT a picture of that paragon of

pixilation, Gary Cooper, to put on my wall so I can look at it and then close my eyes and see that lovable lanky come sliding down the banisters, or hear him boom-boomp on the tuba and really laugh," writes Marie Pelletier of S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. "It is pictures like 'Mr. Deeds Goes to Town' that make me believe moving pictures can be Public Benefactors No. 1—when they really try."

*When they're "Deeds" not words!*

"I HAVE never really 'lived' through a picture until I saw 'Trail of the Lonesome Pine,'" writes Sophie Petroff of Massachusetts St., Gary, Ind. "To those performers, all of them, not one or two, should be given great praise and recognition for their wonderful work in this very true-to-life drama of the valley and hill folks."

*Good pictures are never forgotten.*

"GINGER ROGERS certainly has ascended to the heights of popularity. Ginger has glamour, charm, personality, beauty and everything else which tends to make her a great personage on the screen," writes Ann Judice of Mudd Ave., Lafayette, La.

*"Never Gonna Dance" is being readied for you.*

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after July 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.  
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is .....

Address ..... City ..... State .....

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in June have been notified by mail.



"I HAVE been trying so hard to get a picture of Fred MacMurray, but I just can't seem to win one," writes Frances Haggerty of Southside Ave., Lynn, Mass. "I have recently seen him in 'Trail of the Lonesome Pine.' The girls who play opposite him are lucky, and I would sure like to be one of them."

*Miss Haggerty meet Mr. MacMurray!*

"MORE than anything I can think of is the way I want a picture of James Stewart. Gosh, he's swell!" writes Marian Morris of Front St., Conway, Ark. "I'll admit he's no Bob Taylor for looks, but he's a darn good actor, a darn good one!!! 'Superb' is the word for James Stewart in more ways than one!"

*See Page 51.*

"I RECENTLY saw the new romantic handsome actor, Michael Whalen. That smile and wavy curly hair of his captures all movie fans who see him. He is one actor who will shoot up to the top and stay there," writes Miss M. Whalen of Morningstar Rd., Pt. Richmond, S. I.

*O. K! Mike's all right.*

"I AM hoping to get a nice autographed photo of Spencer Tracy, my favorite," writes Herman D. Wood of Lincolnville Ave., Belfast, Me. "It is hard to think of Tracy as an actor, merely portraying characters, but more like the real original character. His acting has the power to fascinate because of sincerity and complete lack of studied effects."

*It's that casual I-don't-give-a-whoop way of his.*

"AT LAST, a star who is really different and who is so recognized by the public as an actress of superior quality—Olivia de Havilland," writes Raymond Lajoie of Danielson, Conn. "I look forward with great interest to her next role opposite that 'one and only' of screen actors, Fredric March, in 'Anthony Adverse.'"

*At the preview of "Anthony Adverse" she was a wow!*

The fifty prizes are real photographs, not reproductions, and each is inscribed by the star with the winner's name and autographed. The frames are of wood 8½ x 10½ inches.

## PICTURE TITLES After Alterations

"Suicide Club" (Rbt. Montgomery)  
has been changed to . . . . .  
"Trouble for Two"

"The Witch of Timbuctu" (Lionel  
Barrymore) has been changed to  
"The Devil Doll"

"Mob Rule" (Spencer Tracy) has  
been changed to . . . . . "Fury"

"Queer Money" (Chester Morris) has  
been changed to . . . . . "Counterfeit"

"It's a Small World" (Joan Bennett)  
has been changed to . . . . .  
"We Found Love"

"Nobody's Fool" (Ed. E. Horton) has  
been changed to . . . . . "Unconscious"

"Fer de Lance" (Edward Arnold) has  
been changed to . . . . .  
"Meet Nero Wolfe"

## Mutiny in the Bathtub



You know the feeling that grips the heart,  
When you see that stain on the ceiling start,  
When water drips down from overhead,  
Because the children are not in bed,  
But sailing your slippers for boats instead!  
It's out of date to dissolve in tears,  
It's modern to smile at the little dears—  
And remember the package that always serves  
To please your palate and calm your nerves.

## Compose yourself with Beech-Nut Gum



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM  
... is so good it's the most popular flavor  
of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM . . .  
candy coating protects a pleasing  
flavor . . . and, as you probably  
know, pepsin aids digestion after  
a hearty meal.

BEECHIES . . . another really  
fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in  
candy coating. Like Gum and  
Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . .  
especially for those who like a "stronger"  
taste. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

ORAL GENE  
... made to do a  
"special" job. Its  
firmer texture gives much  
needed exercise . . . and its  
dehydrated milk of magnesia  
helps neutralize mouth acidity.  
Each piece individually wrapped.



# HITCH YOUR Beauty

TO A  
STAR



Gail Patrick  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES STAR



TO enhance the loveliness of your skin, safeguard its texture in the Hollywood manner. Use the finest of powders and the finest of puffs—for with powder puffs, too—it's texture! Use the famous Screen Star Puff, endorsed by famous stars. Its deep plush pile is extra-long and super-soft and its smooth, even texture dusts on your favorite powder with the delicate touch of a zephyr-like breeze. Remember, too—change your puff frequently. A clean skin demands a clean puff—for health, as well as beauty. Five cents at all leading chain stores.

Autographed by

YOUR  
FAVORITE  
SCREEN  
STAR



SCREEN STARS  
Powder Puffs

"HITCH YOUR BEAUTY TO A STAR"

Don't forget—with each Screen Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty Secret. Save these folders. They're good for free premium.



# STUDIO

## Seeing The Stars At Work—With S. R. Mook

Fred MacMurray, the orchestra leader, encounters Carole Lombard and Alison Skipworth in "The Princess Comes Across."



SOMETHING tells me as I roll out of bed and get to work with my new blue-handled toothbrush, preparatory to a tour of the studios, that this is going to be a good day. Some studios have nothing going, but the ones that have are shooting full blast and it looks like one of those days for your Uncle Richard. Steeling myself I start at—

### Warner Brothers

MY FEARS are well founded. I'll be stuck here for a long while.

First we have Kay Francis in "Angel of Mercy." The set is hardly a fitting background for the glamorous Kay. It is nothing but a hut with bare wood walls, a small iron stove, a chair and a most uncomfortable looking bed. Kay is lying on the bed with a knitted shawl around her shoulders and some kind of dewdad on her head. She's just recovering from the cholera. Henry O'Neill comes in, with his overcoat on. It's winter.

"Time for eleven o'clock milk, Miss Nightingale," he says, handing her a glass.



Halliwell Hobbes, Henry O'Neill and Kay Francis in the biographical story of Florence Nightingale, "Angel of Mercy."

"Thank you, Tom," Kay smiles as she takes it. "You're a good little nurse, aren't you?"

"Did Dr. Hunt give you permission to write letters, Miss?" O'Neill inquires, fearing she's over-exerting herself.

Before she can answer there is a knock at the door. "See who it is, Tom," Kay says.

"Just a soldier," Halliwell Hobbes smiles as he steps inside and salutes her.

"How kind of you to come to see me," Kay greets him. "You ought to be looking after your own health."

"I'm getting to be an old man," Hobbes tells her. "I was at Waterloo, you know. My days of service are nearly over."

"The army won't let you go just yet," Kay comforts him.

"They've had the best of me," Hobbes goes on. And then he tells her she has been mentioned in the military despatches and has been appointed general superintendent of all the female nurses in the British army.

I do not know the story of Florence Nightingale, so I can't tell you why everyone says Kay is not the right type for the part. I only know if the whole story holds up to the scene I saw her do it will be the best performance she's ever given.

Florence Nightingale was the woman who founded the Red Cross and why Kay couldn't have started it as well as anyone else I don't know. Personally I can't imagine anything more delightful than having Kay for a nurse when one is ill.

"I hope this is going to be a really big picture," Kay says to me when the scene is over. "Most of mine are only program pictures but I have great hopes for this one. And then as soon as this is finished I go right into another one called 'Sweet Aloes.'"

I'd like to spend the day with Kay because we always have a swell time gabbing

SILVER SCREEN



# NEWS

A Survey Of The  
Busy Sound Stages.



but there are other sets to be covered so I leave and amble over to the next stage where Joe E. Brown is making his next to last picture for Warner Brothers.

This one is called "Earthworm Tractors." Joe E. is a blundering salesman. He sells novelties until his romantic heart, Carol Hughes, and her father, Olin Howland, urge him to sell "something big." That's when he decides to hitch his wagon to a tractor. There are laugh-provoking blunders galore until, at the end, he finds he really loves June Travis. But she's hurt over his fancied affection for Carol, and disappears. All he can learn is the name of the city to which she's fled. Joe goes right to



In "Earthworm Tractors," Joe E. Brown develops super-salesmanship and comedy.

town and starts 'phoning every Johnson (which is June's name in the picture) looking for her.

We find him in a telephone booth in a

for JULY 1936

## Beauty BY JANTZEN

● You wear only one garment on the beach. Style, beauty and comfort are entirely dependent upon that one garment fitting perfectly and permanently. You can have no more positive assurance than a figure-control Jantzen. It is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Knitted by the famous Jantzen-stitch process a Jantzen molds the body in slenderizing lines of grace and beauty.

IRENE BENNETT, in the Paramount picture, "The Sky Parade".

"TAKE-OFF MIO" as shown \$5.95

With skirt..... \$8.95

Other Jantzen models \$4.50 - \$8.95



Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 272, Portland, Ore.

Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

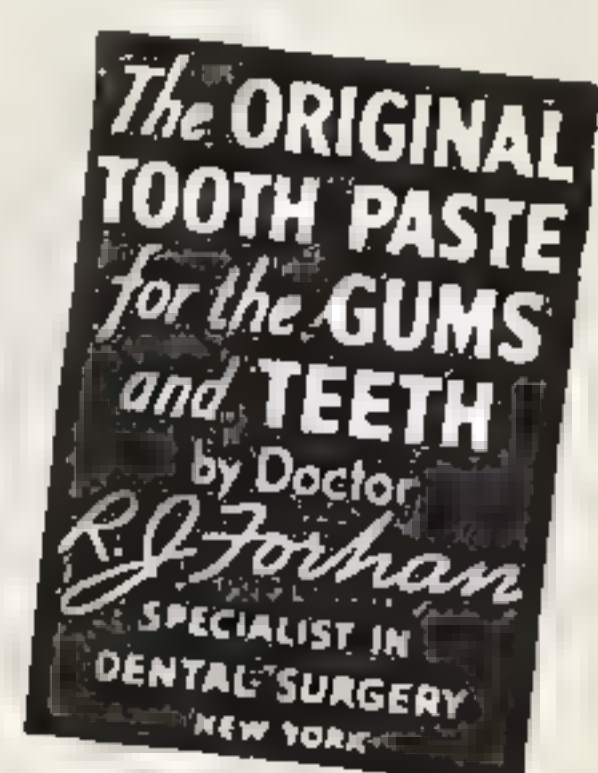
## CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

## SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's



REMOVE *Unightly Hair*

The dainty, pleasant way to remove hair from arms, legs and face. Velvet Mitten, as easy to use as a powder puff, gently rubs away the unsightly growth. Harmless...odorless...painless. Does not encourage re-growth. Leaves skin soft and velvety smooth. If your dealer hasn't them, send one dollar for 3 Velvet Mittens... a full summer's supply.

*Velvet Mitten*  
HAIR REMOVER

AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS  
35¢ 3 for \$1.00  
VELVET MITTEN CO., 902 E. HARTH ST., LOS ANGELES

large hotel, with his feet propped up against the door. June is the switchboard operator at the public phone booths but Joe has not seen her yet.

"Sorry," says June into the mouthpiece when he gives her the last number, "the phone's been disconnected."

"Well," Joe sighs, "I guess I'm through. That was the last of the Johnsons."

June thinks she recognizes his voice and stands up behind the desk so she can see into the booth. Then she sits down again and speaks into her transmitter. "Not the *very* last Johnson," she murmurs. "There's one left."

"Who's that?" Joe demands.

"Mabel Johnson," June whispers softly.

"Mabel! Mabel!" Joe yelps into the 'phone. "Where are you? I'll come to you wherever you are."

I think it would have been much more romantic if he'd started singing "Alice, where art thou?" but then I don't write the dialogue for Joe's pictures.

When the scene is finished Joe glances around and sees my guide and me behind the camera. "Does the scene smell all the way back there?" he asks.

I nod my head and Joe really does a "take-'em." "It smells pretty good," I grin.

Next is "Public Enemy's Wife." This features Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay, Robert Armstrong, Humphrey Bogart and Dick Foran.



Robert Armstrong, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay in "Public Enemy's Wife," a new angle on the gangster films.

Margaret is a wealthy gal who marries Bogart unaware that he is a criminal. Then she gets sent up to prison for three years for complicity in a crime he commits and with which she really had nothing to do. Naturally, a sensitive girl like Maggie can't stay married to a mugg like Bogart so she tells him she's going to divorce him. He asks to see her before she leaves prison and tells her he'll kill any man who comes between them. He really *cares*.

But Maggie goes right on through with her divorce. Pat and Bob Armstrong question her about clues but since she's innocent she can tell them nothing. Then she meets Foran, a wealthy playboy, and they become engaged. Bogart reads of the engagement and offers to testify for the government. He is being taken to New York when he escapes from the train and makes his way to Palm Beach where Maggie is.

Pat suggests to Maggie that she and Foran go through with their wedding to attract Bogart to the scene. Then Foran is injured and he's scared by this time, anyhow. So he takes a run-out powder. And *what* do you think that noble O'Brien does? He gets himself bandaged up to look like Foran and he takes the groom's place at the altar!

Mr. Bogart is going to find a pret-ty

warm reception when he crashes *this* party

The bridesmaids are coming down the aisle and a tinny piano is thumping out the wedding march. Pat and Margaret are supposed to be getting married but they're sitting behind the camera watching their wedding procession. *They'll* be photographed later.

"Why didn't you come to that style show Eloise (his wife) had in her shop?" Pat demands.

"Oh," I murmur, "my black chiffon from last year is still good and I didn't want to be tempted."

Pat and Maggie laugh and as Warner Brothers' other company, "Hot Money," featuring Ross Alexander, Beverly Roberts, Joseph Cawthorne and Andrew Toombes is on location, I shift my activities to—

## R-K-O

ONLY one company working here—"Mary of Scotland."

Miss Hepburn isn't working today so I am permitted on the set—if I'll keep well in the background and not speak to anyone.

There isn't a great deal doing in the way of action, but you never saw such a set. I'm only standing about ten feet away from the castle walls and I can't tell that they're not real stone. The flagstone in the courtyard is real and not the felt blocks they usually put down on sets. Mr. DeMille will probably have a fit but this set is more massive and more real looking than those he had for "The Crusades." They had to put extra girders under the stage to support the weight of the flagstone.

Some troops are storming the castle and inside the courtyard troops attired in kilts are waiting with their spears, bows and arrows and battle axes poised. Suddenly someone yells "Enter, flag of truce!" The massive gates swing open and a couple of horses and riders dash in.

Fredric March plays the male lead and his wife, Florence Eldredge, plays *Queen Elizabeth*. But Florence isn't working today and Freddie is talking to Hepburn and is consequently, at least as far as I'm concerned, strictly *incommunicado* so I turn the corner and presto! I am at—

## Paramount

THERE are a couple of big pictures going here this time. The most important is "The Princess Comes Across," starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

Carole is an actress and her friend, Alison Skipworth, is a broken down burlesque queen. They're getting nowhere so Carole finally manages to get a little dough from a picture company for doing something or not doing something.

They buy themselves a flock of glad rags, announce to a palpitating world that Carole is a princess and Skippy is a countess and they're sailing for home. But when they get aboard ship they find Fred MacMurray (a lowly orchestra leader) has already engaged the royal suite. A pretty howdedo.

Fred refuses to give up his cabin for any buck-toothed princess but when he turns around and gets a load of Carole he changes his mind toot sweet. Carole finally gets rid of Fred, the purser and assistant purser (although Fred is not at all anxious to leave). She leans wearily against the door. She is, one feels, about to speak when there is a knock. She steps aside.

"Come!" she orders imperially.

The door opens and there's Fred again, friendly as you please.

"Again?" Skippy inquires acidly.

"I forgot my razor," Fred explains apologetically. He strides towards the bathroom. A little bow to the princess, a little bow to Lady Gertrude. As he disappears into the bathroom the two women eye each other. They do *not* like this young man. Both stiffen as they hear the sound of water



gushing into the bath tub.

"Good heavens!" Carole exclaims in anguished tones, "the fellow's going to take a bath!" She bustles over to the door and swings it wide. Foot on the edge of the tub, elbow on his knee, chin cupped in hand, Mac is watching the water run into the tub. His air is grave.

"When I was in here awhile back," he informs her, "it was sort of actin' up. See—look here!" He directs her attention to the faucet. "The water runs in *here* and (pointing to the waste pipe) it runs out *there* on account of you can't stop it." His diagnosis is solemn. "Trouble is—it runs out faster than it runs in. You couldn't raise enough water in that tub to bathe a goldfish. Now, if the duchess here had a screw driver—"

"Young man," Skippy screams in shrill indignation, "I do not carry *screw drivers* about my person!"

Then Carole decides to put him in his place once and for all. "Young man," she explodes, lapsing into the accent she wears as a princess, "eef you are a plumber feex it. If not, please go away!" And, waving a regal hand towards the door she returns to the bedroom.

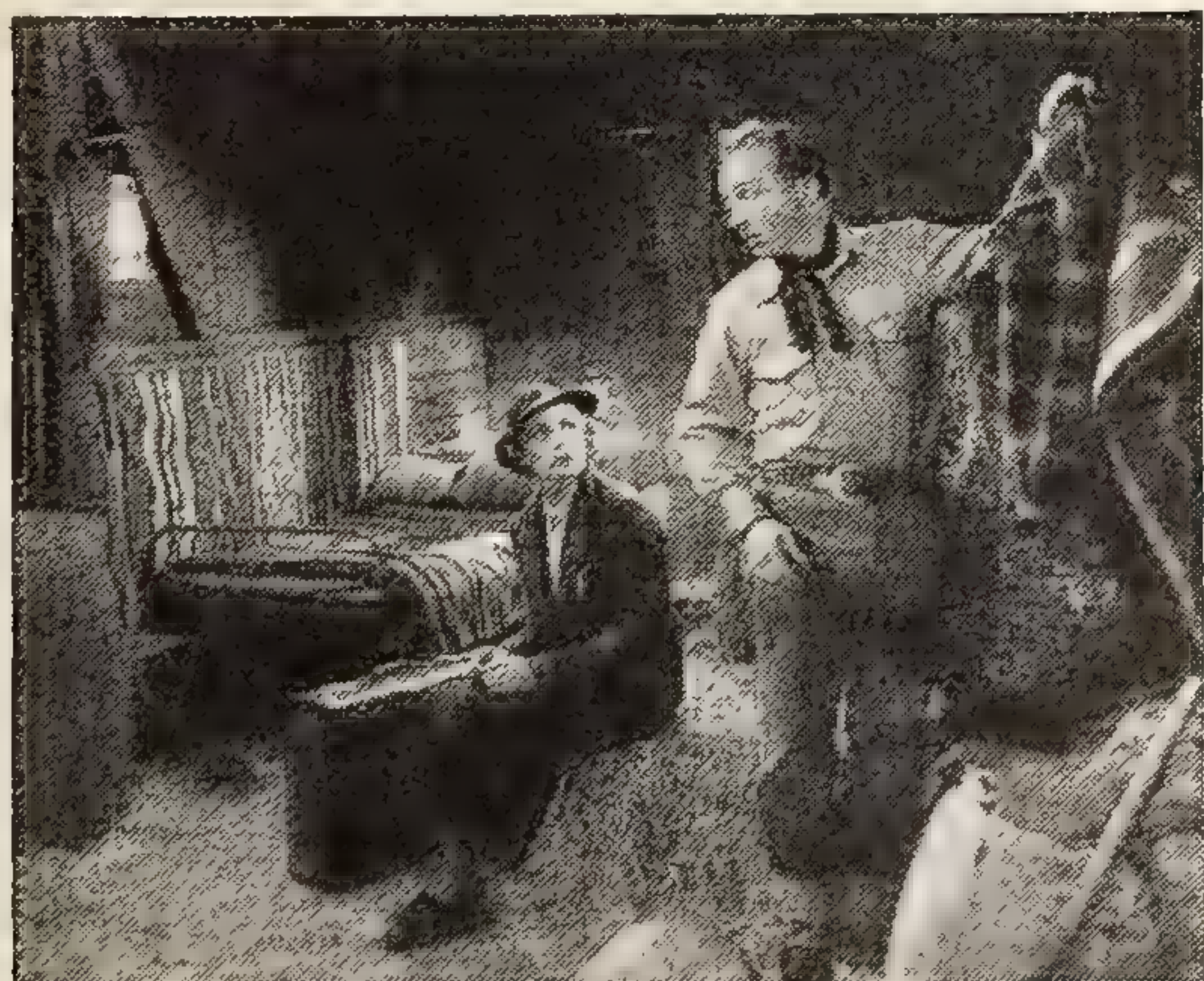
"Hi ya, toots?" she says to me when the scene is finished.

"Utterly dejected," I complain.

"'s matter?" she sympathizes.

"Well, I had a hard enough time getting anywhere with you when you were just a commoner but now that you're a princess I won't stand a chance."

"You never did anyhow," says the blunt Miss Lombard, "so don't take my sudden rise in position to heart. But I'll still speak to you and Fieldsie will still give you a rootbeer when you come into our dressing room."



"Rhythm on the Range" is a cowboy picture with Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby attending to the rhythm.

Greatly cheered to find that a title hasn't changed Carole, I murmur my thanks and turn my attention to the next stage.

The racing season over, Bing Crosby is once more turning *his* attention to pictures. This one is called "Rhythm on the Range." It is a cowboy picture, and the star is quite done up in dungarees, a blue workshirt, and what have you. He's riding in a freight car with a prize Hereford bull that weighs close to 3,000 pounds and is called "Cuddles." He's taking the bull by the horns or to the fair or something. Also in the car is Frances Farmer, dripping wet.

"And that lets you out," Miss Farmer is saying.

"It sure does," Bing agrees.

"Well, what do I do now?" she wants to know, because, after all, it's *his* car and *his* bull, no matter which way he slings it.

"Take off your clothes," he orders.

She stands up at that, taking it on the

# You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only,  
you will always have an  
unpleasant, stale "arm-  
hole odor"—Test yourself  
tonight by smelling your  
dress at the armhole



**T**HE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *under-arm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

## Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not

only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

## Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



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(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## From Hollywood comes This NEW and BETTER Nail Polish!

There's a reason why Moon Glow Nail Polish is so popular with the stars of the screen and stage. Women everywhere who are particular about cosmetics use Moon Glow because it makes their hands more lovely, attractive and dainty than ever before. Also because its sparkling lustre lasts many days longer. Try one of the 8 smart new Hollywood shades. Only 25¢ for the giant size bottle at drug and department stores.

Generous size bottle for sale at all good 10 cent stores.



Applies smoothly  
—sets lustrously.  
Cream or  
clear polish.

Send for  
trial size  
use the  
coupon  
below.

Resists chipping,  
cracking and  
peeling.

## MOON GLOW Nail Polish

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. 376,  
Hollywood, Calif.

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( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps)  
for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium  
( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Sun Tan ( ) Coral  
( ) Tomato Red.

Name .....

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(In Canada, send 15 cents. Moon Glow, 36 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.)

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Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill., Dept. 21

**Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM**

chin you might say, and the look she gives him!

But that's like a girl. I guess the wish was mother to the thought because she's totally misunderstood him. All he wanted was to dry her clothes. Knowing Bing as I do, I can assure her if she thinks he has any other thought in mind, she's flattering herself unduly.

And, next on the program, we have a little number Walter Wanger is producing for Paramount release called "The Case Against Mrs. Ames." This stars Madeleine Carroll and George Brent. Miss Carroll is an English beauty and one of the few foreigners whom I feel adds something to the American screen. I'm glad she's back.

Mr. Brent is a lawyer and by this time he has played enough lawyers to enable him to set up a practice of his own.

Madeleine has been accused of murdering her husband. As the trial draws to a close, the district attorney springs a surprise by turning the prosecution over to George—his



Madeleine Carroll and George Brent making the final scenes in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames."

assistant. Madeleine is acquitted and George whirls on the jurors, telling them they've freed a murderess. He is jailed for contempt of court. While in jail he keeps telling reporters the case isn't closed yet. As soon as he gets out he's going to blast the mystery wide open.

Imagine his surprise on being suddenly released, through the influence of Madeleine's uncle, and then finding her waiting for him outside the jail—in person. She takes him to her home and we pick them up in her bedroom. Madeleine has on a natty little navy crepe suit, piped in white with a white vest. She is holding a silver-backed hairbrush in her hand. I don't know if it's morning or night but there is a man's suit of clothes thrown over a chair and that, to a person of my suspicious temperament, means monkey business. Heaven only knows what it will mean to Mr. Hays. A nervous breakdown, most likely.

I'm not up on what's been said before this scene starts but Madeleine's lips are trembling and her hand is shaking as she takes the cigarette George offers her. In fact, she is shaking so she cannot hold the cigarette to the flame he holds out to her. He notices this, calmly takes the cigarette from her lips, puts it between his own, lights it with a steady hand and then puts the cigarette into her trembling fingers. She is suddenly furious at his calm assumption she's guilty. In her rage her hand stops shaking. Her eyes flash fire.

Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you she offered him \$25,000 to prove she's guilty, figuring that in trying to dig up evidence to convict her he'd run across other evidence that would really prove her innocent. That's what you call logic in reverse or the woman's angle.

"I'll take my check now," George informs her quietly.

"Why—you—idiot!" she gasps, plumb astounded at his nerve. "Do you think I'd offer you \$25,000 to prove me guilty—if I was?"

"Certainly," he smiles.

"Why?"

"To keep my mouth shut," he says. "I've got you cold."

"You're nothing but a common black-mailer," she sputters, almost speechless with rage. "Get out of here!" Suddenly she turns and starts out of the room but Georgie grabs her.

"No, you don't," he hisses. "I knew your proposition was a phony but I promised myself to get you and I did. And if you think your old fluff of an uncle (Mr. Brent. Mister Hays! Mr. Wanger!) can keep this out of the papers, let him try it. Girlie, your bribe is going to backfire me right into the district attorney's office."

"You wouldn't dare give that story to the papers," she screams.

"No!" he smiles again, turning and walking over to the phone. He begins to dial.

"Hey!" the assistant director calls to Bill Seiter, the director. "You'd better say 'Cut' because we haven't rehearsed beyond here."

"Cut!" says Seiter, and turns to George and Madeleine. "I was so interested watching you two I forgot we were taking the scene." He turns to the camera man. "Print it."

But Miss Carroll comes up pleadingly to Bill: "Couldn't we try it again? It didn't feel right to me."

Leaving Miss Carroll to her problems and Mr. Brent to his, I shift to—

### 20th Century-Fox

HERE it is, folks—another murder mystery. And it's a good one, called "Half-Angel."

Frances Dee (of all people!) is accused of murdering her father. She's finally acquitted of that charge and is taken into the home of an elderly couple (Henry Stephenson and his wife, Helen Westley) who shelter her from the public. In the house are Stephenson's sister, (Sara Haden) Helen's maid (Hilda Vaughn) and the chauffeur. Helen devotes her life to helping the fallen. Hilda is an unwed mother and the chauffeur is a forger. Sara is a sourpuss who objects to Helen's wasting her money. Suddenly one night Stephenson is found almost dead and Helen is completely dead—poisoned!

Everyone suspects Frances again. Brian Donlevy is the hero—a newspaperman (hooray!) who just knows Frances is innocent. He tries to enlist the district attorney's aid but meets with little success until he produces a picture of the D.A. holding his stenographer on his lap. That alters things. So we find the whole gang of them in the D.A.'s office.

"Was it true," the D.A. puts it up to Sara, "that you objected to your sister-in-law's charities, including taking into her home certain questionable people?"

"I certainly did," she responds fiercely. "And why my brother continues to keep them on is—"

"Henrietta!" Stephenson breaks in sharply.

"And you also objected to what you termed the deceased's wanton waste of money?" the D.A. goes on uncomfortably.

Sara clamps her lips together, tosses her head indignantly and nods.

"Is it true," the D.A. drones on apologetically, "that you registered a protest with the late Mrs. Hargrave's attorney regarding a new will which, if signed, would have left the greater part of her fortune to charities, reform schools and other institutions?"

"Yes, she did," Hilda Vaughn puts in indignantly. "I heard her."



"She was always nagging the poor professor," the chauffeur adds timidly.

"Don't speak out of turn," the D.A. warns them sharply.

Sara withers them with a look and then turns back to the D.A. "I'll answer that question. Wasn't it natural that I thought my brother and I were entitled to the money instead of letting it go to freak charities and criminals?" glaring at Frances.

"What were your feelings in the matter, Prof. Hargraves?" the D.A. asks Stephenson.

"It was Martha's money," he admits quietly.

I don't like murder mysteries myself but this one brings the exquisite Frances Dee back to the screen and it also serves to introduce Gavin Muir who is one of the most polished juveniles ever seen on the New York stage.

We now turn our attention to "White Fang" which is a dog picture. The studio tried for weeks to find a white police dog



Slim Summerville, Michael Whalen, Jean Muir and Jane Darwell are the important characters in this marriage scene from "White Fang."

and when they couldn't find one they tried to have one bleached, but it was no use. So then they discovered that "White Fang" referred to his fangs and not his coat of hair. "Much ado about nothing," I call it. They could just as well have called it "Yellow Fang" and let him have a little tartar on his teeth.

The set is a store somewhere up in the wilds of the north and Jean Muir and Michael Whalen are about to be married. Jean, looking exquisitely beautiful in her ivory satin wedding gown, descends the



Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane, Jed Prouty and George Ernest in "Once Every Year."

stairs followed by the dog *Lightning* and Jane Darwell who is holding her train. Whalen meets her at the foot of the steps and escorts her to a seat instead of to the

[Continued on page 79]

for JULY 1936

# POLKA DOTS

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## He could afford \$25 for his tooth paste ... he pays 25¢

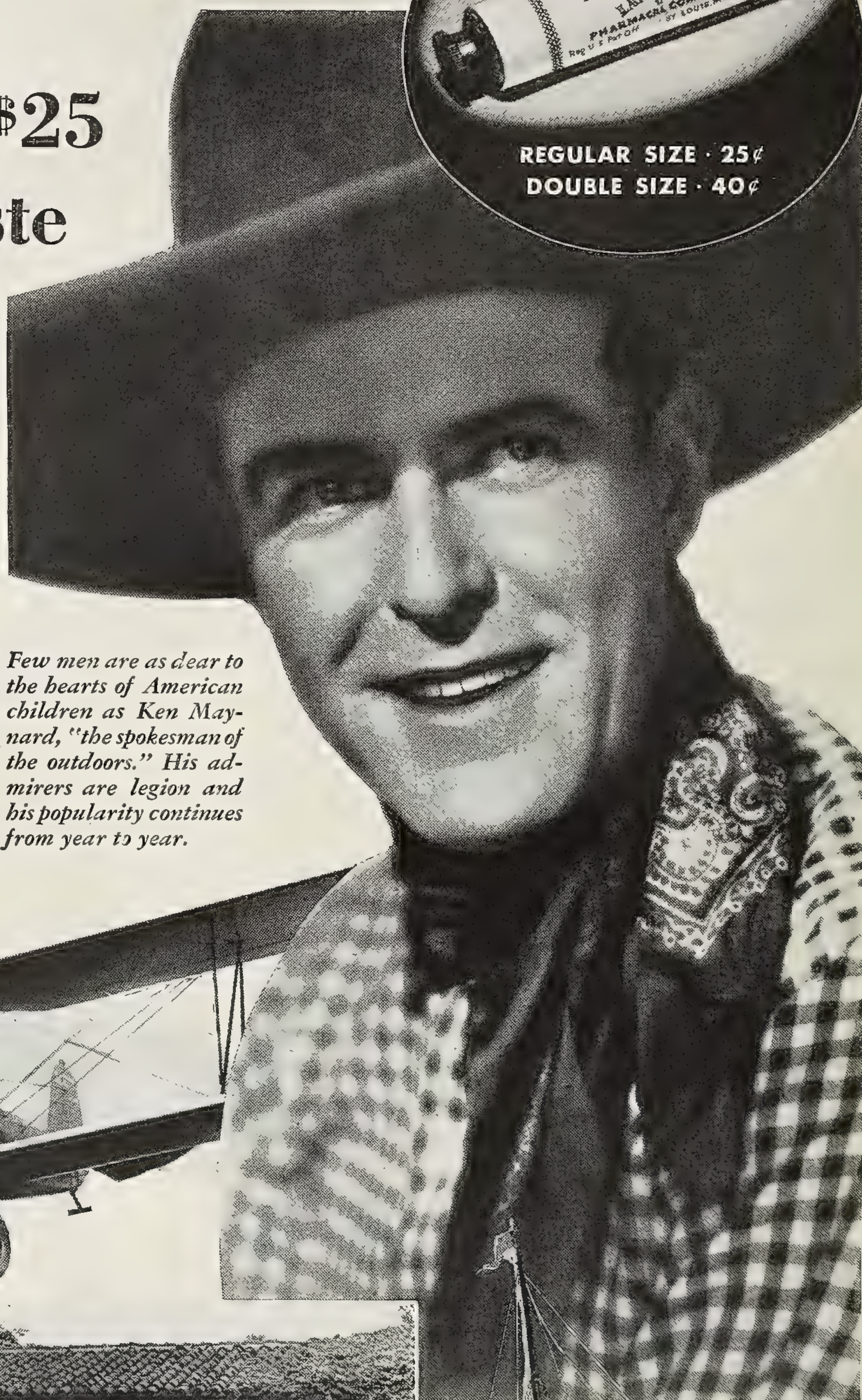
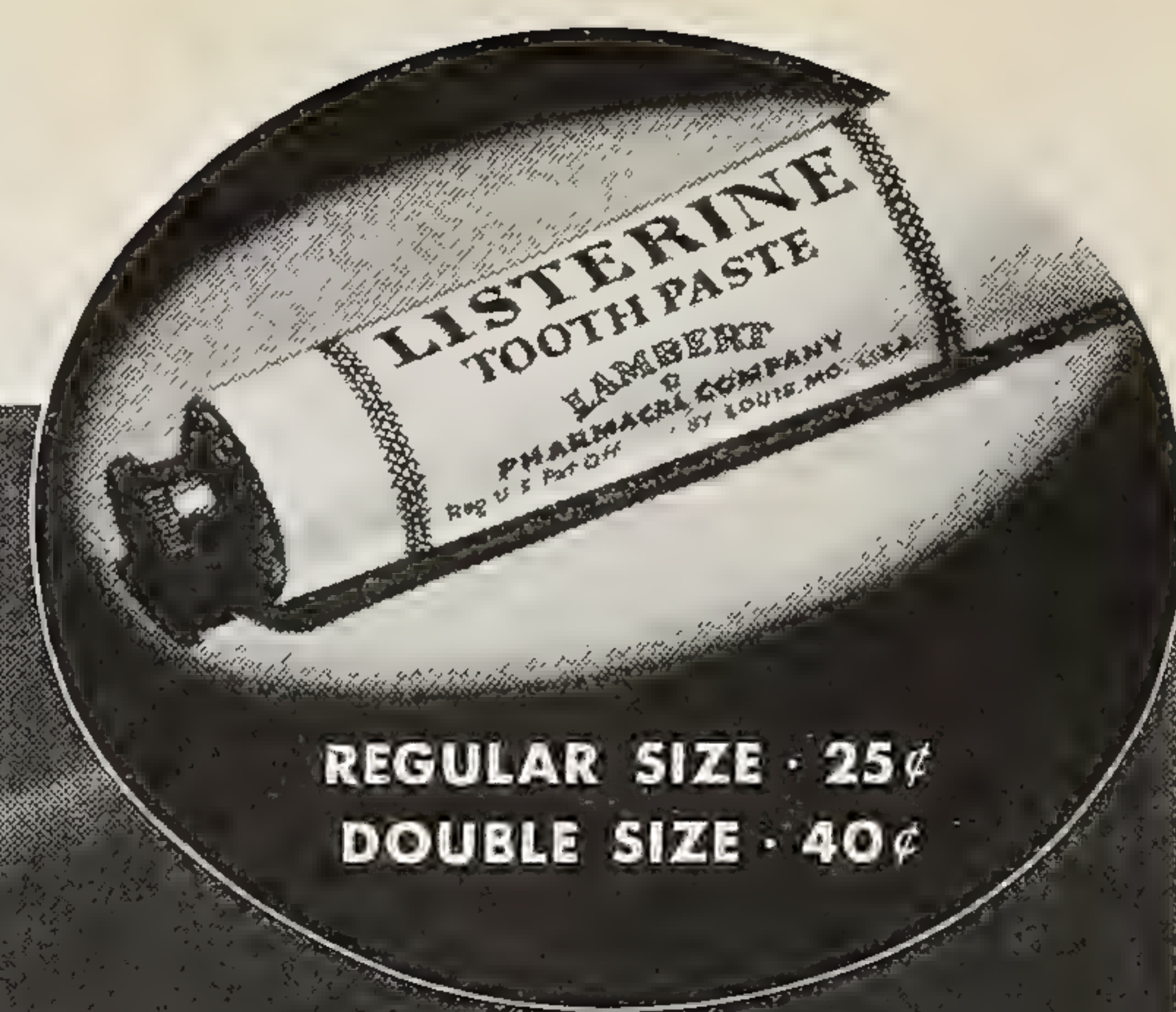
ONCE again you find a man accustomed to every luxury using, by choice, this dentifrice which costs him but 25¢.

Once again you find a man whose profession demands sound and attractive teeth, using Listerine Tooth Paste.

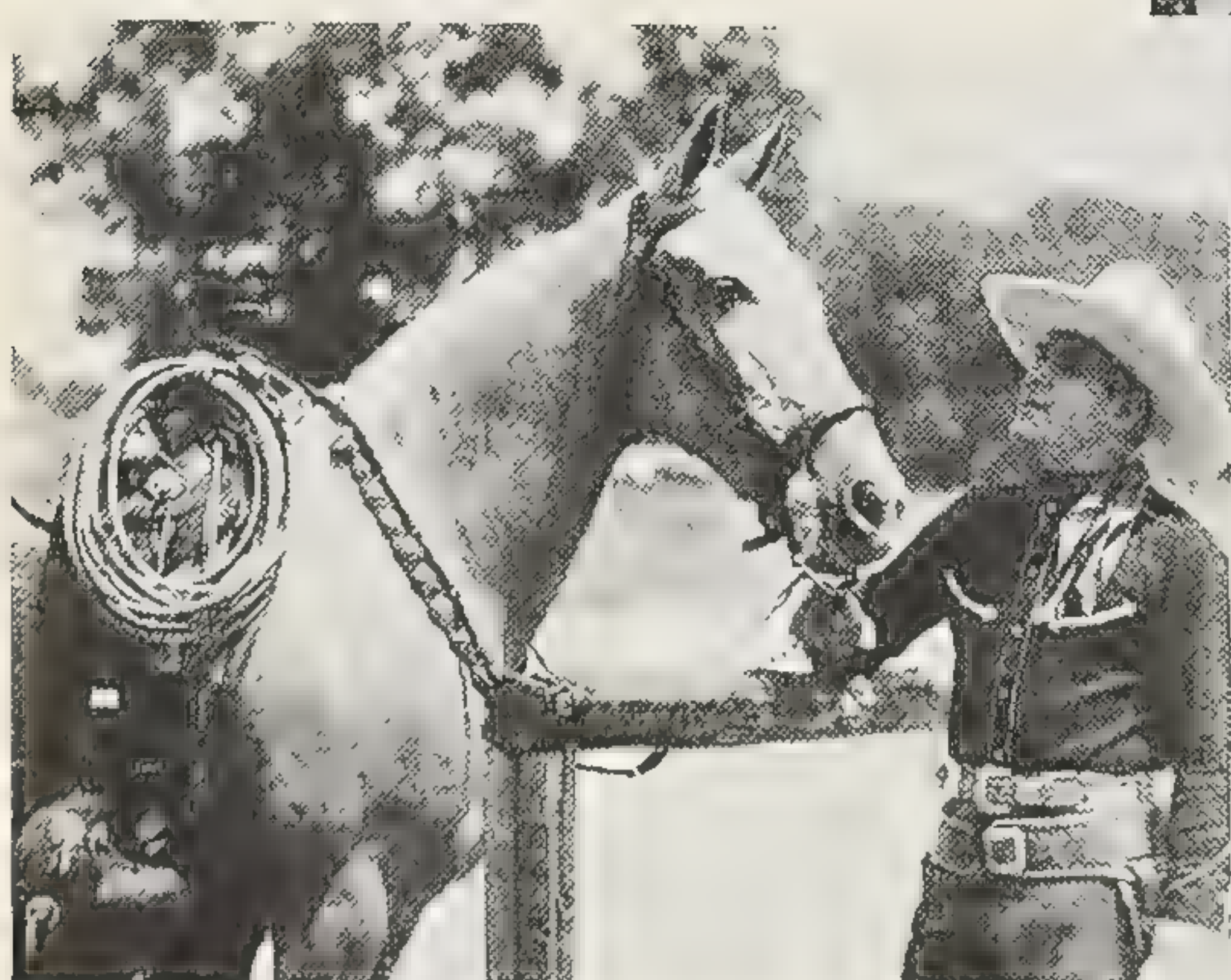
What's the reason? Better results, nothing more. Millions of people have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is amazingly superior. If you haven't tried it, do so now.

See how thoroughly it cleans teeth. See how it sweeps away ugly discolorations. See the brilliant lustre and gleam it imparts to the teeth. Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows its use. Give it a trial now. Your druggist will supply you. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri.

*Few men are as dear to the hearts of American children as Ken Maynard, "the spokesman of the outdoors." His admirers are legion and his popularity continues from year to year.*



*Ken Maynard's plane. It is the land type, completely equipped for camping and hunting. The star recently explored Central America and spent all but two nights aboard.*

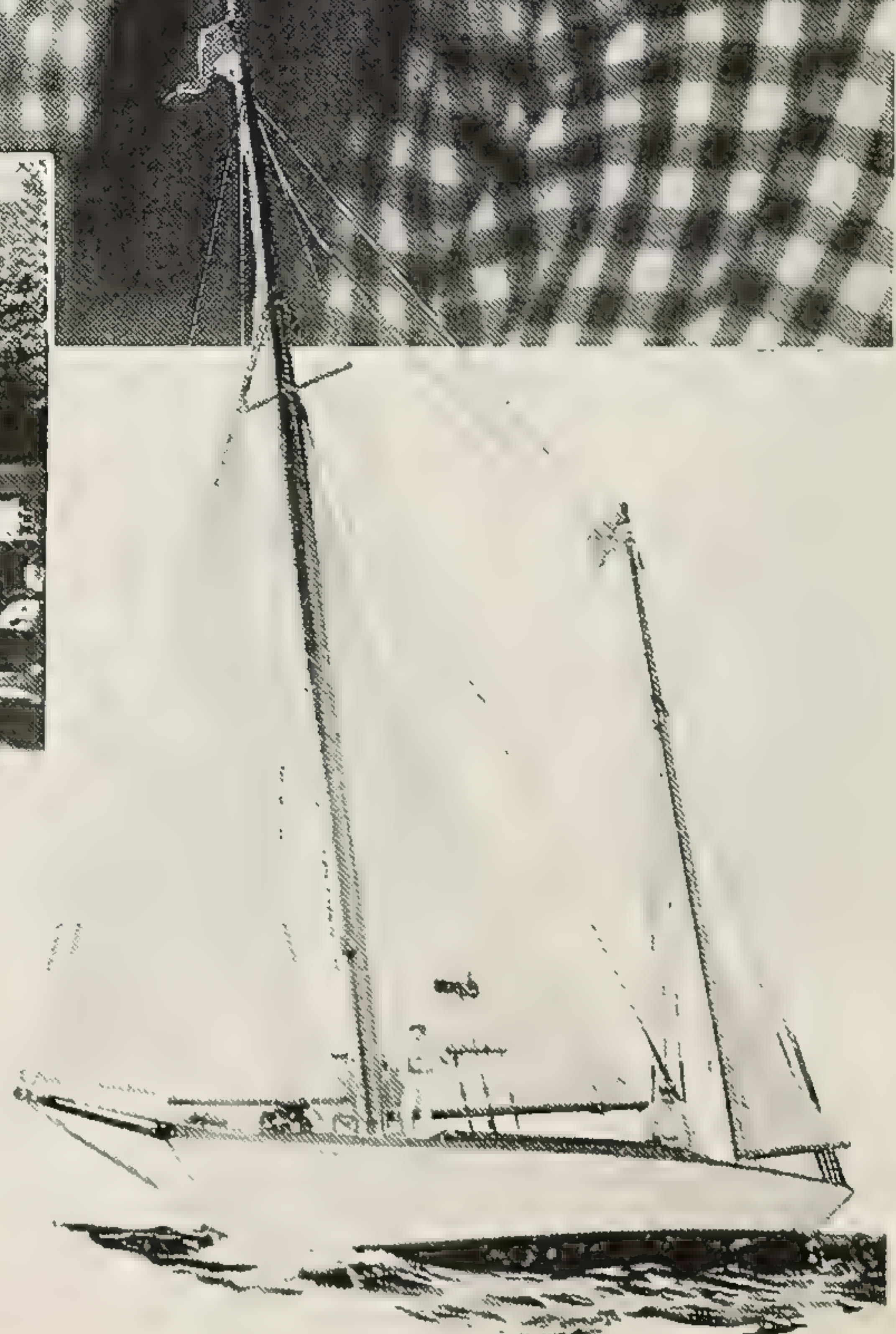


*Ken Maynard and his famous horse, Palomino, taken at the Maynard ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California.*



*In his motors as in his tooth paste, the film star likes speed and efficiency. His two Packards and Chevrolet are here shown.*

*In his sturdy cruising yawl, "Nymph," Maynard cruises the Pacific, or takes a week-end sail to Catalina Island.*





# SILVER SCREEN

## TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

**W**HAT with all the girls in town, particularly his leading ladies, falling in love with him it seems that young and handsome Robert Taylor, the big heart flutter of the moment, has met his Waterloo at last. Loretta Young, who is starring with him in "Private Number," just won't fall for his over-powering charms. When we asked him on the set the other day if he and Loretta were hitting it off he replied, "I've done a love scene with her but I don't know her. Her mind seemed to be on something else." As a matter of fact Loretta's mind these days is very much on Eddie Sutherland, young director who has just finished "Poppy." Loretta denied that they were engaged, but she wasn't very emphatic about it.

**W**E ARE quite certain that Robert Taylor will definitely not be Loretta Young's favorite leading man when she learns the billing on "Private Number." Due to his sensational popularity Mr. Taylor will receive top billing. And Loretta has received top billing ever since she was fifteen. So-o-o-o-o when she finds out that Bob is billed above her there will be a hot time in the old town tonight—zowie.

**A**ND speaking of top billing did you know that Claudette Colbert is only a featured player in "Under Two Flags"? Claudette, who rates way up in the Big Ten in box office popularity, and who has starred in every picture she has been in for five years. Well, it seems that Ronald Colman will never allow anyone to co-star with him in a picture so Claudette has to be a featured player. Just one big happy family.

**K**ATHARINE HEPBURN never seems to be very fond of her fellow actors, and it's quite well known what she thinks of the Press, but she has the habit of falling for her directors. She was crazy about George Cukor, and now it seems that she has gone goofy over John Ford who has just finished directing her in "Mary of Scotland." Mr. Ford gave an "end of the picture" party recently, and bless us if little Miss Hepburn didn't jump into a dinner gown and attend it, and furthermore was the life of the party. When la Hep goes to a party it's news.

In addition, she went golfing with John Ford the other day and bet him that she could beat him. If she could beat him she was to be allowed to direct "Mary of Scotland" all of one day. Katy beat, and she directed the following day. See if you can pick out the day's work.

**N**OW that Margaret Sullavan has divorced William Wyler, her director husband, Willie is running around with Luise Rainer. He has been taking her to lunch at the Brown Derby on days when Luise doesn't have to endure the famine of "The Good Earth," and he was also her

escort at the Stokowski Philadelphia Symphony Concert which brought out all the music lovers in Hollywood. It looks like a romance.

**G**ENE RAYMOND is earnestly studying the piano and music composition these days, with the hope of writing a song which will withstand the most severe musical criticism. Gene's recent effort, "Will You?", which he just happened to rap out casually between personal appearances, has been selling like hot cakes and bringing in no little change for the young composer. As you well know, radios and dance orchestras all over the country are still pounding out "I'm Building Up to an Awful Let-down" which was Fred Astaire's contribution to the musical world last year. Fred is all set to publish a new tune, "I'll Never Let You Go." A very nice sideline (and, incidentally, quite lucrative) for the boys.

**P**AT O'BRIEN and the Missus are eager fight fans, and never miss a battle down at the

Olympic auditorium. They pick the winners, pool the bets, and put the winnings into a luxury fund for their young daughter, Mavourneen.

**J**OAN BENNETT'S little daughter, Ditty, had her first taste of fame when Joan took her to the Ken Maynard Circus when it was in town. Ditty was surrounded by autograph hounds and autographed more books than her famous mother.

**A**ND whom do you think Clark Gable took to the circus? None other than Carole Lombard. And it's a well known fact that the boys always take their best girls to the circus.



Eleanor  
Stewart,  
Betty Fur-  
ness and Jean  
Chatburn  
fling Old  
Glory to the  
Breeze.

**I**T WILL interest Connie Bennett's film fans to learn that when she appears in Gaumont-British's "Everything Is Thunder" she will come forth with a new slant on the newest vogue in coiffures. Connie has given up her curled, cap-like hair-cut of yesteryear, feeling that it has grown commonplace. Instead, she now wears her hair almost straight, hanging to the shoulders in "Venetian Page" style, and curling up slightly at the ends.

**T**HE Bing Crosbys are ready to move into their new house. Every room has a bathroom and a radio. It is rumored that there will be another little Crosby ere the Yuletide.



# INTERVIEWING



Bette Davis.  
One of the  
easiest stars  
to talk with.

*It Isn't All Undiluted Bliss  
This Being An Interviewer  
In Hollywood.*

Sylvia Sidney is different from other stars—she's a favorite among the writers.



When Patsy Kelly gives an interview she leaves a lasting impression.

**O**FFER any movie star the choice of giving an interview to a fan writer and visiting the dentist, and you can be quite certain that she will take the dentist any time. But when La Belle arrives at the dentist's office you can also be quite certain that she will find her interviewer already happily ensconced in the chair, for hardly a fan writer breathes but who considers a little drilling on an exposed nerve a pleasure when compared with forty minutes of a Glamour Girl. Why? I don't know why. It's just one of those things.

I have never understood, and I suppose I never shall, why the petted darlings of the cinema do not comprehend and accept the very obvious fact that without the Press there would be no publicity, and without publicity they would have no garage full of brightly shining cars, no swimming pool, no tennis court, no star sapphire, and certainly no romance with Gilbert Roland. But the fact remains that no matter how intelligent they are otherwise, the minute they have a contract neatly tucked away in a desk drawer the movie queens of Hollywood regard the Press in general, and fan writers in particular, as something slimy that has crawled out from under a damp log just to annoy them with questions about what they laughingly call their private life, when all the world is so bee-oo-tiful. Ah me, the pity of it all.

I hope I am not shattering any illusions, dear frans, but the Glamour Girls think that fan writers are morons, chisellers, exhibitionists, liars and colossal dopes. (And very often the Glamour Girls are right). But on the other hand, fan writers think that the pampered idols of the screen, both the Glamour Girls and the Dream Princes, are morons, chisellers, exhibitionists, liars, and colossal hams. (And very often the fan writers are right.) So you see, we are just one big happy family. We have so much in common.

Without having to draw any more diagrams I am sure that you must have caught on to the fact that interviewing, and being interviewed, in Hollywood is just another necessary evil that the inmates have to put up with, like earthquakes, floods, and bad fish in the commissary. The movie star gives the interview—not for publicity, no indeed, she wants no publicity—but simply because she can't duck the studio press agent forever. And the fan writer takes the interview—not for the privilege of being able to bask for a whole twenty minutes in the sacred presence

of a million dollars worth of glamour, no indeed, to hell with glamour—but simply because it means a hundred dollar check, sometimes only seventy-five or fifty, with which to pay the grocer, the landlord, and the sixth installment on the car.

One of the prize lollipops of the screen once asked me what I was being paid for the story I was doing on her. "Seventy-five bucks," I replied, and was she horrified! Not that she thought I deserved more money, but that she couldn't bear to think that her thoughts on life and love and things could be valued so cheaply. I think she refused to give interviews after that.

Every fan writer has his or her pet story of a "double cross" by a star. One of my colleagues was given an exclusive story several years ago by Bing Crosby, to the effect that at the expiration of his contract he would retire from the screen. But hardly had the magazine with the story reached the newsstand than Bing had signed a new contract with Paramount, started another picture, and completely forgotten all about retiring, thus making the fan writer a superb liar in the eyes of the editor.

Then there was the blonde who gave out an interview that she would retire from movies when her baby was born and devote her life to being a good wife and mother. Well, the baby was born but the beautiful blonde is still making moving pictures. And there was the exotic Dietrich episode of not long ago. The



# STARS

By Elizabeth  
Wilson



The human side of Norma Shearer makes her grand copy.



She changes her mind. Marlene Dietrich has a great sense of publicity.

Great One had consented to give a few select interviews. As a fan writer was being ushered into the Presence she was warned by the publicity man that she must not mention the name of John Gilbert to Miss Dietrich. And so the fan writer didn't mention John Gilbert. But it seems that that was what Marlene wanted to talk about that day, and did, for one solid hour. What a scoop, thought the fan writer. But when the story was submitted for Marlene's okay she simply scratched out all she had said about John Gilbert, which left nothing else to the story—and that, my dears, is why fan writers die young.

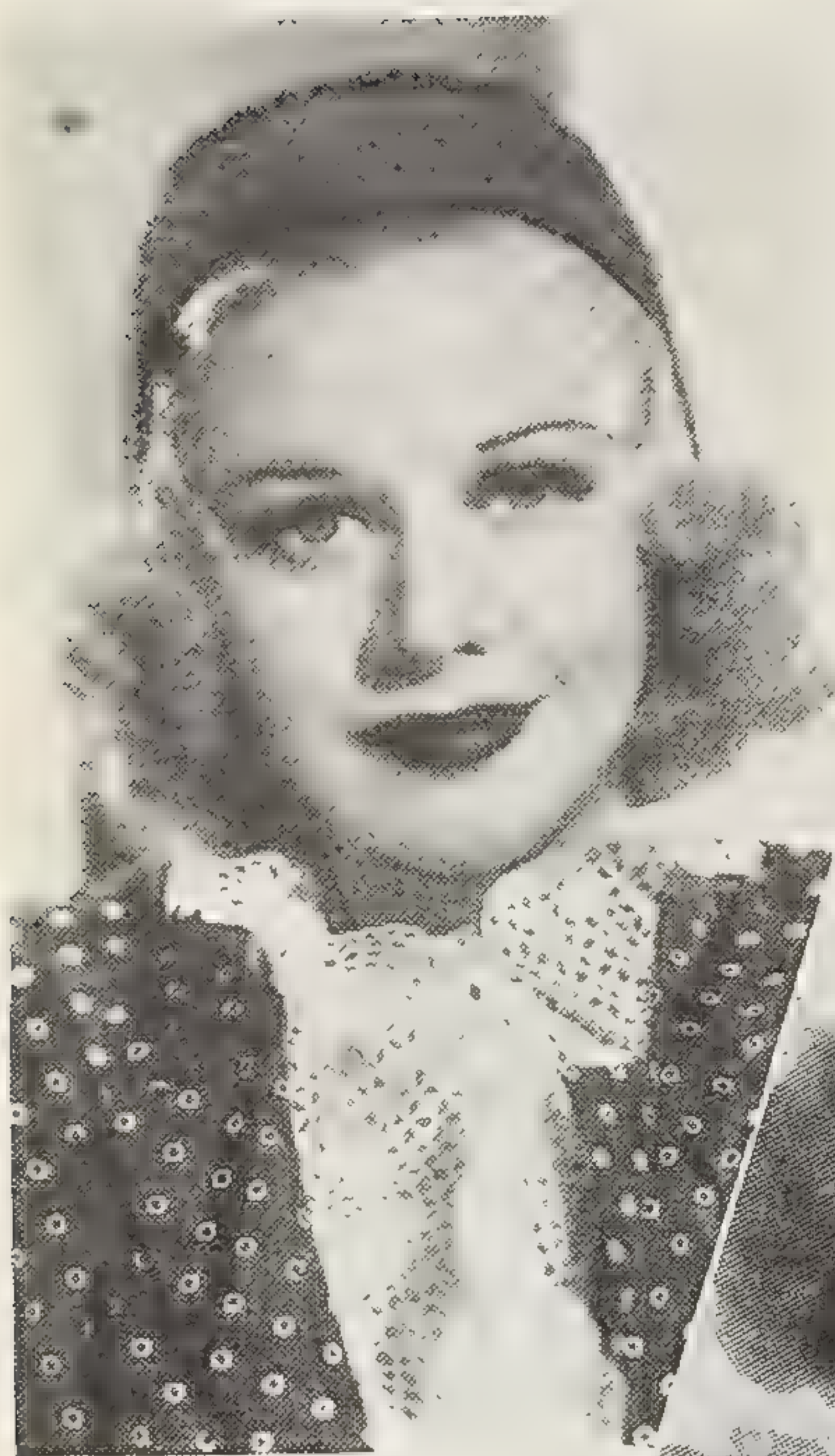
But I like living, I don't wanna die young. So that is why I try to treat the interviewing racket as casually as possible. I crashed the racket simply for the laughs in it, though I am not averse to receiving money—no money no laughs, I always say. I still insist that there were other things that I could have done, like selling pots and pans in Macy's basement, but I'm a gal who loves her fun and I thought the movies would be fun. I have been vastly entertained though I must admit in all frankness that quite often, oh quite, I too have been found in the dentist's chair. Alas, there are times when I had rather have a doctor get on my nerves than a Glamour Girl. It's far less boring. Hot dog, a *pun*. Of course I wasn't so vastly entertained in the first year of my career (I may call it a career even if no one else does) when I had given my all, even a poem, to a super colossal I-love-my-husband story on Nancy Carroll, only to have it appear on the newsstands the same

[Continued on page 57]



# WHICH GIRL TYPIFIES

The Typical Hollywood Star Is Single, Divorced, Successful, Glamorous. She Owns Her Own Home And She *Must* Be In Love.



Is Ginger Rogers the type, now that she has marital difficulties?



Would you say Ruby Keeler was the acme of Hollywood glamour?

HAVE you ever dreamed of living the Hollywood Life? Instead of vanilla you'll take chin-chilla! Have you yearned for that little place called home that has about forty rooms, with butlers to the right of you and butlers to the left of you and all the plumbing monogrammed? In fact do you envy Garbo, or is it Janet Gaynor? This Hollywood Life, which girl really lives it? With love and lace and laughter, with her own pool and a pedigreed poodle, with her own home, her own fame and, best of all, a flaming, riotous, thrilling, glowing, pulsating personality. H-m-m-m, we shall see!

Let us start with Carole Lombard. (Who wouldn't like to start something with Carole?) She's young. She's beautiful. She has a line (and lines) that gets 'em coming and going. Women envy her wonderful wardrobe. She's a marvelous dancer. She's a grand hostess. Men seek her out because she's gay. She's the best company, anywhere, at any time (Ah there, Clark). Whenever Carole feels a dull moment creeping on, she shrieks for the ever-present Fieldsie. "Get Boulder Dam on the phone and tell them I'm taking it over for an evening." Fieldsie dials like mad and Carole excitedly plans how she can top her last party, by a dam site.

For years Carole lived right on Hollywood Boulevard, but she never owned her own home. Neither did she possess a pool or her own tennis court. Now Beverly Hills has got her. Carole is moving out to a new place and furnishing it to her own taste. It will have a pool and a court. *But Carole will still be paying rent.* Imagine your favorite glamour girl being awakened, on the first of the month, by the landlord hammering on the door. Why, that even

happens to the common people. It's sad, but Carole just *can't* be our typical Hollywood girl.

Then there's the screen's favorite peeker-outer, Marlene Dietrich . . . (falling in love again—never wanted to—can't help it) . . .

She's mysterious. She's marvelous. She's so-o-o divine. She goes around exuding sex all over the place. And Hollywood just *pants* along after her. Marlene's black, shiny car is the biggest thing in town. Her jewels are more dazzling than a Grauman premiere. Occasionally she parks them on the drain-board and whips up a mess of strudel. But at all times she remains pale and ex-

Even though she has been very successful, at times Marlene is very lonely. She just *isn't* the typical Hollywood girl.

Suppose you were young and very beautiful. Your clothes were the talk of the town. You loved dancing, music, romance and life. Men showered you with compliments and attention. Every night at eight you had a dozen different dates. Your frigidaire was crammed with orchids. You owned your own limousine. You swam in your own pool. You saw movies in your own theatre. Girls all over the nation envied your figure and tried to copy the way you walk and talk. Dozens of marriage proposals arrived daily in the mail. Wouldn't you think you were leading the typical Hollywood life?

Joan Crawford used to think so. And then she fell in love. She still has her orchids and all the attentions. She still has a great popularity. And no one gets more publicity. But she just happens to love Franchot Tone enough to content herself with being with one person. Besides Joan is serious about her singing and is bent on having a musical career. She's also serious about her acting, because she has certain family obligations that have been hers for many years. So Joanie doesn't have much time for playing and she's seldom seen at the gay spots. She enjoys her home and everything that goes with it. But you can't be a home-body and qualify. The girl who leads the typical Hollywood life must be

heart-whole and fancy-free. Sorry Joanie, but we just can't use you.

Now let's take Claudette Colbert (with Dr. Joel Pressman's permission, of course).



Does Katharine Hepburn represent the Hollywood girl?

The very pretty Virginia Bruce is almost the perfect type except for her baby.



Could Marlene Dietrich be selected?



traordinarily interesting.

Marlene loves her night clubs. She seldom misses a party—especially when she can get all dressed up with feathers in the right places. Men sort of swoon at her feet and her public worships in awed silence. Now wouldn't you think that hers was the typical Hollywood life? But alas, she doesn't even own her own home. Poor dear, she doesn't even have a swimming pool to exercise her famous limbs. Her husband is far away in Europe. She worries over little Maria, because she was once threatened by kidnappers. Her home is constantly guarded.

Wouldn't you love to possess her terrific sense of humor? She owns her own home and she drives her own car. Once it was almost wrecked, when some overly-enthusiastic fans came swarming through the windows. Claudette owns a fortune in oil paintings. You've seen her in those ravishing evening gowns—to say nothing about those smart tai-



# Hollywood?

By  
Jerry  
Asher

Although she is happily married could Joan Crawford be called typical?

lored suits. She owns a play room and she runs movies. And there's "Smoky," her pet French poodle.

It all sounds pretty wonderful. But don't forget that Claudette is a doctor's wife. It's difficult for her to make dates, because she is never certain of her time. She seldom goes to parties because she works so constantly. She's always arising at the crack of dawn. Claudette doesn't own a swimming pool, so she's not the girl we're looking for.

Then there's Bette Davis. (May there always be Bette Davis.) Does she have a home? Yes. Is it her own and is it elegant? No. Bette rents a comfortable two-storey house in the older part of Hollywood. She's furnished it tastily, and it's very attractive. Does she drive a car? Yes. But it's a roadster. Does she have an extensive wardrobe? Does she wear priceless jewels? No, and a thousand times no! Bette is a New England girl and she has a New England conscience. Does she go to Hollywood night clubs?

Merle Oberon. Is she it?

Does the brunette beauty of Kay Francis suggest the composite girl?

Do Joan's Bennett's two children disqualify her?

Jean Harlow has had a spectacular life.

Do you think of Miriam Hopkins when visualizing a typical star?

Could Claudette Colbert be used as a model for the beauties of Hollywood?

Yes, but Bette's husband is Harmon Nelson, who croons and leads a band. She is very much in love with him and

is willing to sit and wait until it is time for him to go home. She's just what the casting director ordered—but this time she won't do.

Merle Oberon couldn't lead the typical Hollywood life, because part of her belongs across the sea: Merle has her own home and she possesses an exotic charm. There are endless facets to her personality. She's intriguing and she's exciting. But just about the time that Hollywood gets to know her,

ownership of precious jewels would cost her heavy duty. She doesn't have much time for romance. But when she does, David Nivens is the head man in her life.

Let us consider Myrna the mysterious. It's a little discouraging, because Hollywood knows so little about Myrna Loy. Yes, she has what it takes, but try and find it. Myrna is always changing her address. She keeps the postman ringing more than twice, just trying to locate her. She's very popular with those who know her. Her gowns and furs are something to behold. That crisp,

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(Above) Bette Davis has come to the front in her art, but she prefers a quiet private life. (At left) Madge Evans. Is she the perfect representative of the Hollywood girl?





# The

His Appearance Before Concert Audiences, His Glorious Voice On The Air And His Personality On The Screen Have Awakened Millions to Romance.

By Helen Fay Ludlam

TRYING to get an interview with Nelson Eddy this past spring was like trying to chat with an aeroplane pilot as he swooped over New York. Now you saw him and then he was gone. He would be in town for several days, I was told, then I could see him—but that would not happen for a month. However, those plans were all changed and I found out that he wouldn't be in New York at all. "But he's broadcasting," I wailed. "Yes, but not from New York. He's in Chicago, or Buffalo or Cincinnati or some place like that."

Finally I caught up with him, but not until the middle of the afternoon of the day of his broadcast did they know whether he would take it through the New York studio or from wherever he happened to be at that time.

When I finally tottered into the National Broadcasting Studio I had every expectation of being told that Mr. Eddy would, after all, broadcast from Addis Ababa.

"There he is, girls! Isn't he simply darling!" I heard a girlish voice exclaim and with a groan of relief I realized that I was about to step into the presence of the world's outstanding baritone, and, incidentally, the romantic idol of a nation.

What irony! That this platinum blond six feet something or other of physical perfection, whose only interest in life apparently is to sing good music and to sing it well, finds himself lifted to the height of hysterical popularity by the yearning of millions of girls—for music? No indeed—for love!

What a break Nelson Eddy is for the girls. And what a challenge he throws to the feminine world by his sincere and almost belligerent pronouncement that he never has been married, and he isn't going to be!

Giving the subject no thought at all, except to put up a bulwark against it, engrossed as he is in a terrific working schedule, how little he dreams that no attitude in the world could more successfully make him a determined target for potential huntresses. Valentino and Clark Gable caused frustration because they were married. John Gilbert was legitimate prey between marriages, but all three of them kept the girls a-flutter because of rumored divorces or infatuations.

Nelson Eddy is still heart whole and fancy free. No woman yet has captured his imagination and every romantic girl can worship him to her heart's content, and with a clear conscience. And before Mr. Eddy

Singer, actor, newspaper man and bachelor, Nelson Eddy is the ideal of many a girl.



# ROMANTIC NELSON EDDY

starts breaking up the furniture over these statements I want to further suggest that he isn't in a bad spot at all. To be an Ideal is rather a beautiful thing, though perhaps impossible to live up to, and as a matter of fact Nelson appreciates his position because he said to me earnestly: "I'm very proud that people feel as they do about me, and it continually amazes me to find new manifestations of their interest. I do all that I can to fill the requests they make, but one person can do just so much."

"When a crowd of people have waited in the cold for an hour or two in order to get an autograph, and then see me rush from the stage door to my car, refusing to do more than wave and say 'hello' they are good and mad, and in some cases they haven't hesitated to show it. I don't blame them, but I don't see what I can do about it. What they don't know is that I have already, inside the theatre, signed as many autographs as I have time for and that if I stopped to sign one outside I would, in fairness, have to sign all."

It is hard for any of us to see the other person's point of view, and it is perfectly natural for all those people to be disappointed because it is impossible for them to know what a very busy person Nelson is. He is not just a moving picture actor making a personal appearance tour. He has three separate and distinct careers—pictures, radio and concert work—four, if you count opera, though he is not active in that field just now. His concert tour requires him to make one night stands over the country, which means that he has to meet a train schedule. Besides that he has a quantity of business to go over with his manager, and he must do his daily stint of practicing to keep in voice and work up new songs. He spends a portion of each day dictating letters to fans, and filling requests for autographs, which he takes far more seriously than most stars. And when

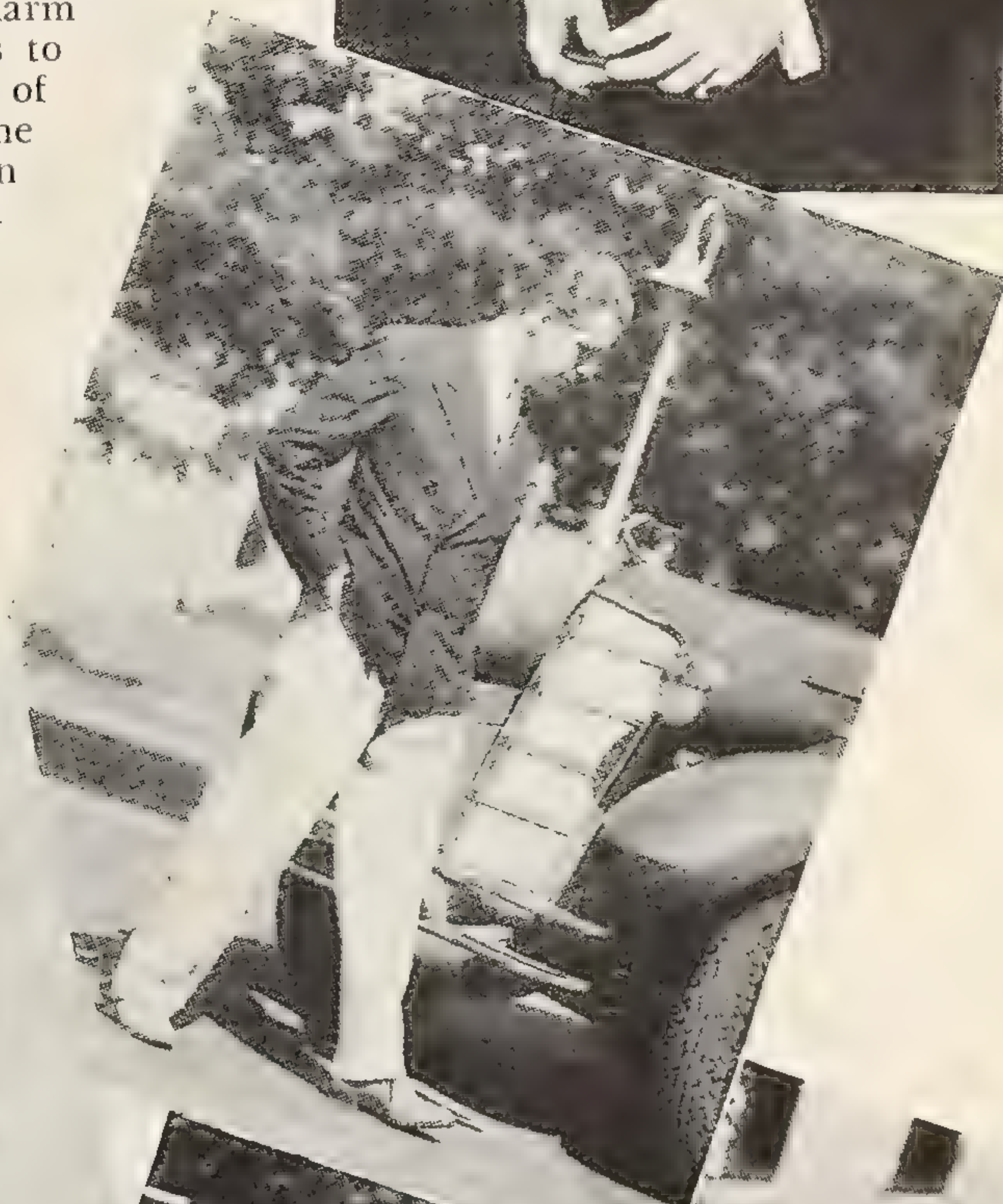
all those little details are attended to, b'gosh the boy is sleepy and hungry, same as you and me.

Don't think he is indifferent. He employs several secretaries and spends about \$300 a week to take care of his fan mail, and no one who is indifferent to the feelings of other people will bother to do that.

Long before Nelson Eddy crashed through to spectacular success on the screen in "Naughty Marietta" his popularity on the concert stage, as a radio artist, and an operatic star had placed his name on the top line of the successful list in managerial offices. Since that success he has gone over the top. His only real competitor is Rachmaninoff, with the possible exception of Heifetz, from the box-office angle. He was offered a staggering sum to tour South America recently, and he is one of the highest paid concert artists in the world.

Not only his gorgeous voice and excellent rendition, but his charm of manner drew music lovers to his concerts in the early days of his career. In one instance he flew to a western city to fill an engagement for a celebrated singer taken suddenly ill. The change was not announced and there was distinct indignation when a substitute appeared on the stage. But it didn't last long. The audience had never

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Shots of the famous baritone in his more informal moments.



# MADE BY THE "QUINTS!"

Jean Hersholt Has Been A Fine Actor For Years But It Took Five Babies To Star Him.

By Lenore Samuels

ALL of us, even dyed-in-the-wool dissenters who have proclaimed from the housetops their aversion to such frail art as the motion pictures afford us, are bound to catch up with Jean Hersholt one of these days. And it's all because of those five little wonder children, the Dionne quintuplets, of Collander, Ontario!

"I have linked up my future career with five little girls with eyes so dark and large that they fairly hang out of their little heads," he told me with a smile at his apartment at the Hotel Warwick, one day in late Spring, during his recent visit to New York.

"Considering your past record on your own account, that's quite a laugh," I remonstrated rather sardonically I must admit.

But Jean Hersholt puffed contentedly on his pipe as he answered: "No, that's life. I take it as it comes."

The curious thing about him, so far as we who know and love our movies from a technical as well as an entertainment standpoint are concerned, is that his career has lasted for thirty years without a break. During this time he has given us so many intrinsically worthwhile screen characterizations that it is difficult for us to accept with equanimity the situation which has only recently arisen.

And that is, in spite of his memorable performances in such pictures as "Grand Hotel," "Emma," "The Student Prince," "Stella Dallas," and "The Fountain,"

to mention only a few that come to my mind off-handedly, in the future the name Jean Hersholt will be synonymous with Dr. Dafoe, the simple country physician who brought those five famous children safely into a gasping world.

This is why I say that even the dissenters will come to know Jean Hersholt. For they will be unable to resist the temptation to visit their neighborhood theatre, when "The Country Doctor" is booked there, in order to see the pictorial version of the birth of the "quints," as well as to see these remarkable children actually playing about in their own native setting for the benefit of the camera. And, while watching the antics of the "quints," they will naturally not be able to overlook the simple country doctor who has done and is doing so much to maintain their health. As the doctor is played by Jean Hersholt, you can readily see that in future, when you think of the "quints," immediately the

image of Jean Hersholt's kindly face will crop up before your mind's eye. In fact, you will never be able to forget him. That is why Mr. Hersholt, who has been blessed

I was loaned for 'The Country Doctor,' decided to star me in 'Sins of Man.'

"In that picture I play a typical Emil Jannings rôle. Similar to the one *he* played in 'Way of All Flesh.' Do you remember that?"

I said I did and Mr. Hersholt, whose enthusiasm for his rôle in his first starring venture was more than he wished to control, went on.

"I age thirty-five years in this picture, and that takes real acting."

"It took some real making-up, too," his wife, who had just joined us, informed me. "One day I came to the studio with Hugh Walpole to have lunch with Jean. Hugh looked all around the lot and then exclaimed: 'But where is he? I thought you said he was working today.'"

"He is," I replied. "You're looking right at him now."

Mr. Hersholt drew a long, deep puff from his pipe and grinned at me. "He didn't recognize me, you see. And Hugh is my best friend in Hollywood."

A representative of Twentieth Century-Fox, who had joined us also, said that her company was so delighted with the preview of "Sins of Man" that they wanted to star Mr. Hersholt in another picture right away. Of  
[Continued on page 68]



Mr. and Mrs. Hersholt arrive in New York for a rest, but it is no use, everyone asks Jean the same question.



## Myrna Loy, The Girl On The Cover, Is Well Loved By The Fans And Producers Alike.

ASK anybody who knows her, and he or she will reply . . . "Myrna Loy? She's one peach of a girl. She's swell."

"Yes," you say, "but what do you know about her? Tell me about her . . . what's she like?"

"Well . . ." The one you're interrogating hesitates. "She's awfully nice, it's a joy to talk with her, she's very popular with everyone on the set and . . . and . . . well, she's a regular."

And there you are, gentle readers . . . that's the text of all you can really gather in a week or so of mental and conversational excavating. Everyone in the studio knows Myrna . . . just like that. But, insofar as *actually* knowing her . . . that's a different story. Very few can admit more than a very superficial knowledge of this girl who stands today more mysterious than Garbo, but who greets everyone she meets on the set and on the lot with all the friendliness of a pal and is as easy to see as the least of the extra girls.

"Myrna's an old shoe on the set," W. S. Van Dyke, the director who has guided her through four pictures, told me, enthusiastically. "She can fit in with any mood she's expected to meet. If the person she's conversing with is gay, she can be gay . . . if he's the silent sort, who says little, Myrna can make him feel as though she's a kindred spirit."

Van Dyke seldom enters into the praise of any actor or actress, but just mention the name of Myrna Loy and he will wax downright lyrical. His eyes light up and he becomes a different man, a man far removed from the hard-boiled director who has led motion picture expeditions into the wilds of a dozen foreign countries. The curtain drops and he forgets everything but his favorite subject.

"If you want to discover the real Myrna Loy, let me get one of my prop boys," he offered. "They can tell you more in a few minutes than the rest of the world can give you in a month." He had his secretary call the property department.

"Miss Loy is more like a homebody than an actress," a quiet, overall-clad individual declared a few minutes later. "You'd never suspect, to watch her as she sits in her canvas chair, that she was any different from the script girl or the wardrobe woman."

"Y'know," he went on, confidentially, "you can usually tell a star by the way she acts when she leaves the set, but not Myrna. *She does all her acting in front of the camera.* A good many of 'em keep right on, even after they get through with their scene."

As he was leaving, he turned. "If this is for publication—and I hope it is—be sure to say that every one in the studio, to a man, would do anything in the world for Myrna Loy. She's tops."

Van grinned. "What'd I tell you?" he demanded. "That's right off the chest of a man to whom a glamorous star is just another fellow-worker in the studio. If Myrna had been upstage or disagreeable, or in any wise different from what she is, he would be the first to mention it."

He continued, thoughtfully. "I've been acquainted with Myrna a long time now. I've had an opportunity to observe her on innumerable occasions and under all conditions. And I'll say this . . . Myrna Loy is the one human being on this earth who has a perfect disposition. Working with her is like working with yourself, for all the friction you encounter."

Van Dyke is a strict, but always fair, task-master. Along with Frank Capra and John Ford he sits at the top of the directorial heap. Consequently, his words carry double weight.

Years ago, on the Famous Players-Lasky lot (now Paramount), Betty Compson had the reputation of being just about the grandest person ever to set foot on a studio stage. Carpenters, painters, directors, stars . . . it mattered not a whit who he might be . . . all were unanimous in their acclaim of the golden-haired Betty.

Today, Myrna Loy occupies that throne on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, as well as in every other studio in which she has worked. Fox, Warner Brothers, Radio, Columbia, Paramount . . . it's the same

# "SHE'S SWELL"



By Whitney Williams

A happy girl at the peak of her popularity. Myrna's success comes because she is so natural—just naturally successful. Her secret—and what a secret!—is to make a wife so extremely attractive that many a bachelor has decided to marry—if he can have Myrna.

wherever she goes. The memories she leaves are always flattering.

Beloved and popular as she is with all who come in contact with her, few, as I pointed out in the opening paragraphs, know Myrna Loy as a woman. Her acquaintances and friendships outside the studio, for the most part, do not include picture people.

Her history is a matter of record, oft-repeated in every fan magazine, so it is of the Myrna Loy today, Myrna Loy the Woman, that I dwell upon in this feature. Suffice it to say that her career has been distinguished by a steady uphill battle that now is winning the fruits of victory and personal triumph.

To adjudge the real Myrna Loy is a difficult matter. She will talk freely about everything except herself. If she does touch upon her own self it invariably is in the abstract, and you leave the meeting not much the wiser for a very delightful conversation. But . . . you will remember that chat for many and many a day.

Upon one point, however, she is quite [Continued on page 56]



# TALENT OF THE WORLD!

Hollywood Is The Modern Artistic  
Arena Where Geniuses Compete.

By Ed Sullivan

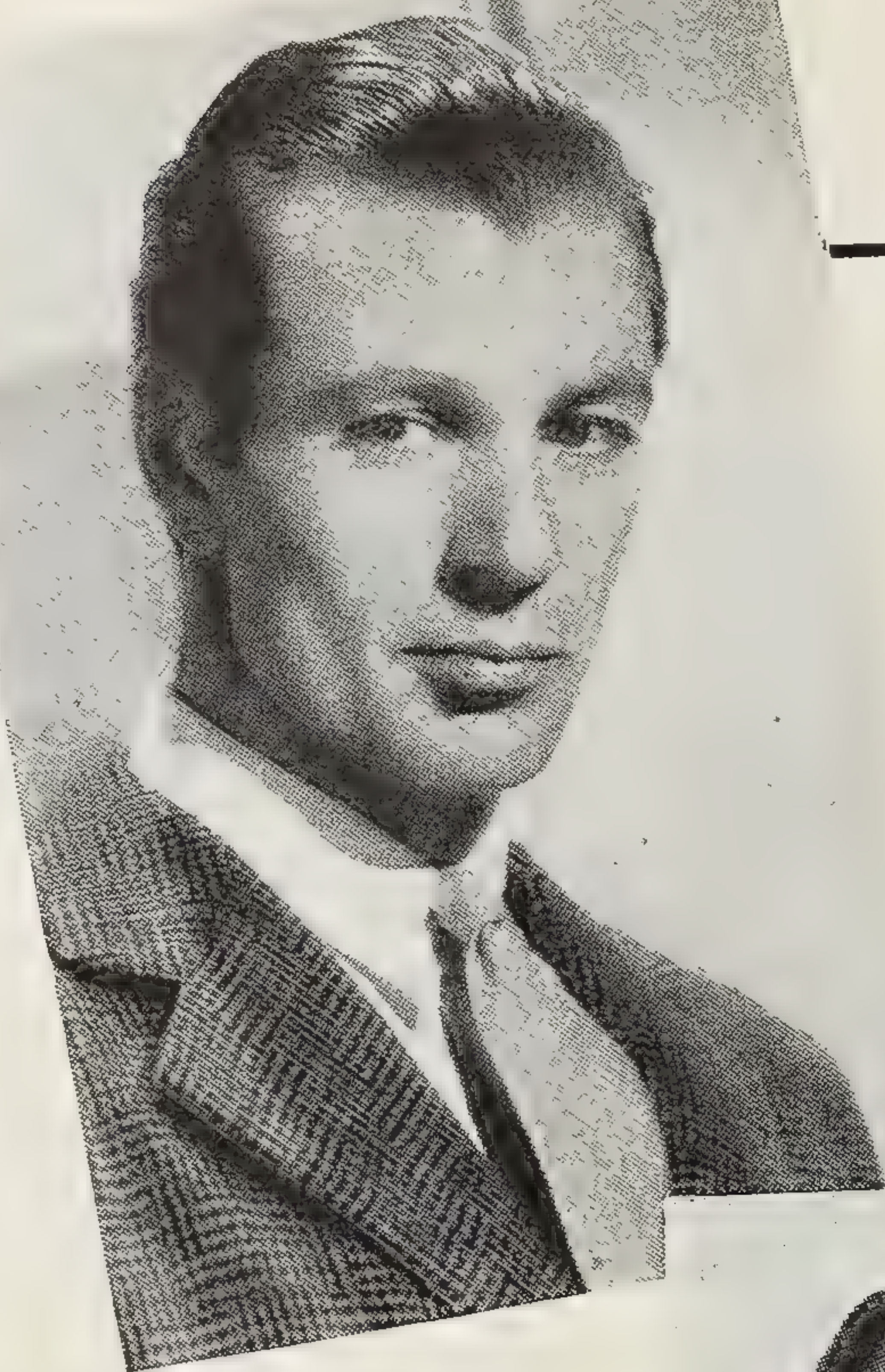
**H**OLLYWOOD raps on the doors of tiny American hamlets, rings the bells of apartments in crowded American cities and taps on the doorways of every country in the world, seeking out the geniuses of every land to aid in the creation and manufacture of its super-super specials. For Hollywood has replaced the Broadways of the world as the new artistic arena. To it streams an endless caravan of talent, crossing mountains and seas and oceans to win celluloid distinction. The colony on the outskirts of Los Angeles dominates the world, on sheer performance.

Hollywood comes closer to the true international mind and international harmony than Geneva, where gray-bearded men meet, year after year, in a vain effort to limit the output of cannon and battle-ships and submarines and poison gases. In Hollywood, age-old hatreds are forgotten—a French artist works brilliantly under a German director to produce a film that England will enjoy. The reason is simple enough. The men who meet at Geneva are statesmen; in Hollywood, there is a forum of artists, who leaven their labors with the saving grace of humor. But there is no humor at Geneva, the statesmen bending to their work with the uncompromising facial rigidity of a Ned Sparks.

I have said that Hollywood seeks out the geniuses of every town and country to improve its product. Take, for instance, "The Great Ziegfeld," and analyze the personnel of that flicker. Director Robert Z. Leonard is from Chicago. Luise Rainer is from Vienna, William Powell comes from Kansas City, Missouri and Myrna Loy is a product of Helena, Montana, Virginia Bruce is from Minneapolis, Hunt Stromberg is from Louisville, Kentucky. Frank Morgan, Fannie Brice, Joe Cawthorne and Dance Director Seymour Felix were recruited from New York City. Reginald Owen is from England. Art Director Cedric Gibbons is from Ireland. Cameraman Karl Freund is from Koeniginhoff, Bohemia. Charlie Judels comes from Amsterdam, Holland, and Marcelle Cordays is from Belgium. William Anthony McGuire is a Chicagoan. Nat Pendelton comes from Davenport, Iowa. Ray Bolger is out of Boston, Mass., and Harriet Hctor from the tiny village of Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Ernest Cossart, who played the part of Ziegfeld's valet, is from Cheltenham, England, and Jean Chatburn is a native of Hanover, Michigan.

"The Great Ziegfeld" is not an isolated instance of Hollywood's world-

Our beautiful Garbo, who has returned to make "Camille."



The greatest actor on the screen today because he has mastered naturalness. You supply the name.

wide selection of talent, but it is a timely one. Take, for instance the three leads in "Mutiny on the Bounty"—Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone. Gable comes from Cadiz, Ohio; Laughton is a product of Scarborough, England, and Tone attended Cornell from Niagara Falls, N. Y. Director Frank Lloyd used to sell newspapers on the

streets of Glasgow, Scotland, and Dudley Digges, in the same picture, came from Dublin, Ireland. Hollywood is the common denominator, the common goal, the uncommon fusion.

Every film that comes out of the cinema capital attests anew to Hollywood's intensive search of the world for talent. The Coast does not ask a man his race, creed or color—asks only his or her capabilities as a performer. In a world that today is exploiting prejudice, Hollywood stands alone for its catholicity of taste, its generosity in opportunity, appreciation and wages. No Blue Book or Red Book or Social Register handcuffs Hollywood in its selection of talent. As a result,

the scouts go far afield to Mt. View, Arkansas, for a Dick Powell; unearth an Ernest Truex in Red Hill,



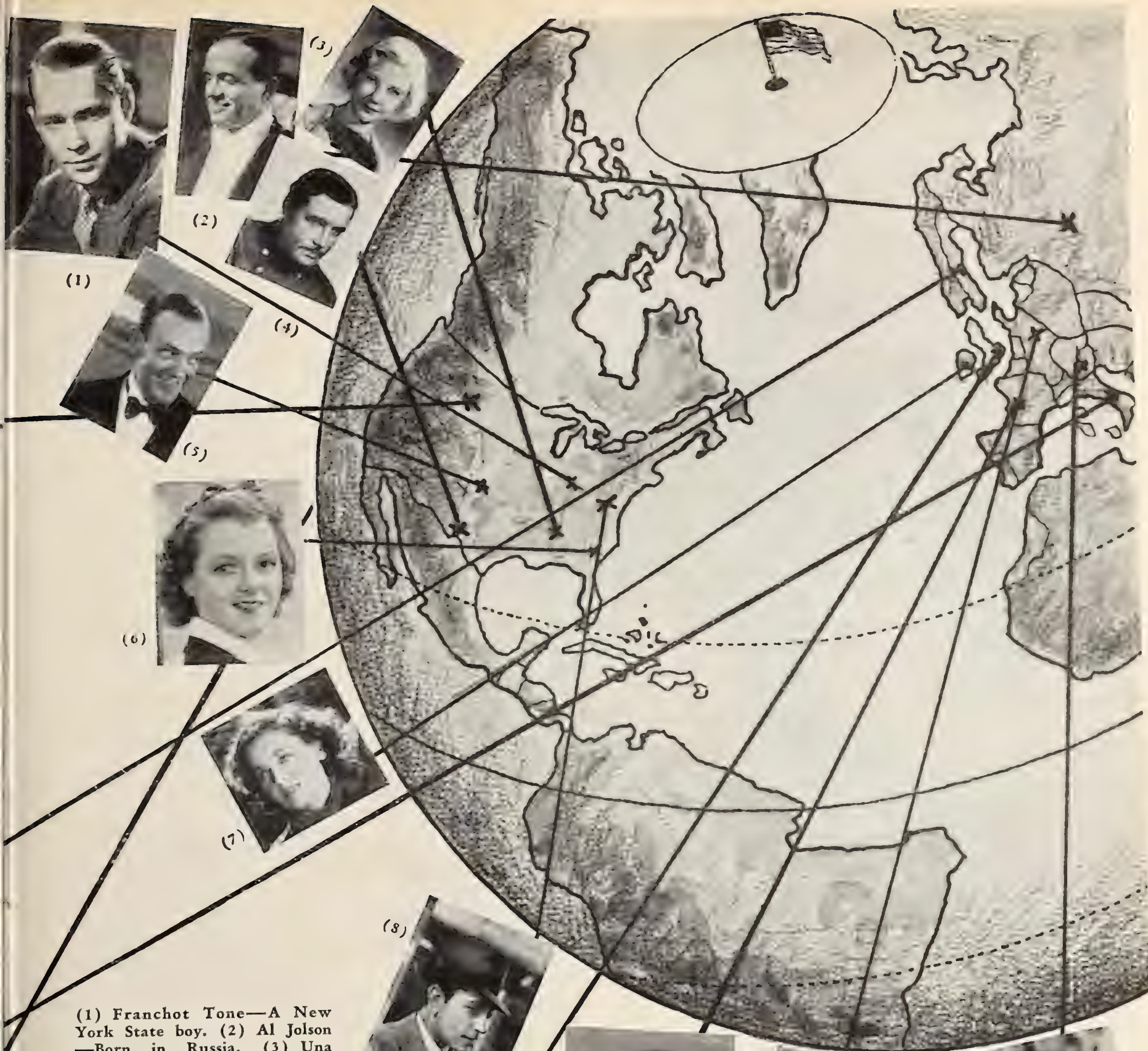
Frank Capra, who directs successes in the way in which they should go. He is responsible for Gary Cooper's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

(At right) From many miles away Wendy Barrie came to fulfill a glorious future. "Speed" is her latest picture.

Missouri; a Buddy Rogers in Olathe, Kansas; a Robert Taylor in Filley, Nebraska. Fort Wayne, Indiana, produces a Carole Lombard, and Oklahoma City incubates the equally glamorous Kay Francis. Out of Columbus, Ohio, comes a suave Warner Baxter, and Kankakee, Ill., long the butt of vaudeville jokes, distinguishes itself by rearing







(1) Franchot Tone—A New York State boy. (2) Al Jolson—Born in Russia. (3) Una Merkel—A Blue Grass beauty. (4) John Boles—From the open spaces of Texas. (5) Fred Astaire—Nebraska born, adopted by New York. (6) Janet Gaynor—The Quaker City's contribution. (7) Maureen O'Sullivan—Everybody loves the Irish. (8) George Raft—A vassal of Al Smith.

La Belle  
Lily Pons  
—from  
Paree.

a popular player like Fred MacMurray. It is a fascinating picture that this conjures up in your mind. Every country lane, every Main Street and every thoroughfare in Europe leads to Hollywood, disgorging thousands upon thousands of people into Beverly Wilshire Boulevard. It is as if the whole world were lettered with signposts: "This Way to Hollywood" and, in some cases, the distances run to thousands of miles. In the case of Greta Garbo, she had to travel 5,000 miles to stardom, but we accept it as commonplace, although her travels were more fantastic than those of Gulliver, and her transition from shopgirl to international idol

Freddie Bartholomew—second only to Anthony Eden in promoting foreign friendships.

Marlene Dietrich  
—German born.

Luise Rainer—  
Vienna sends  
her best.

more exciting than the fable of Cinderella. Though it is to be doubted that Garbo could have worn that particular-sized slipper.

By ship and plane and train, these thousands of hopefuls pour into Hollywood's arena and gird themselves for the battle. Each arrives with some particular talent and it is talent which is used as the lever to open the doors of the studios. An Eddie Cantor from New York's east side, a Jolson from a Baltimore orphan asylum, a Clara

[Continued on page 60]



# FIGHTING MEN AND LOVE

The Story Of "The Road To Glory," A Romance Of The Days When Life Was In Jeopardy And Love Would Not Wait.

By Jack Bechdolt

*GRAY clad men under sullen gray skies, the ranks passed eternally, pressing ever forward to where the great guns rumbled, slogging through mud and drizzle along the road to glory . . . France pouring out her life blood through the wound the invader had made . . .*

It is the ancient law that men must fight and war shall spread its desolation, far from the muddy trenches, in the hearts of women.

At the door of the farmhouse where officers were billeted two figures merged in a brief embrace of farewell. The girl's slight form was clad in the uniform of a nurse at the base hospital of this, her native village; the man was a captain of the line in the French army.

"Goodbye! Goodbye Paul . . . God guard you and bring you back safe from the trenches."

The door closed and she moved alone through the dark courtyard stirring with soldiers of the Fifth Company preparing to move back to the line. She went on into streets familiar to her all her life, her thoughts filled with the man she had just wished God-speed.

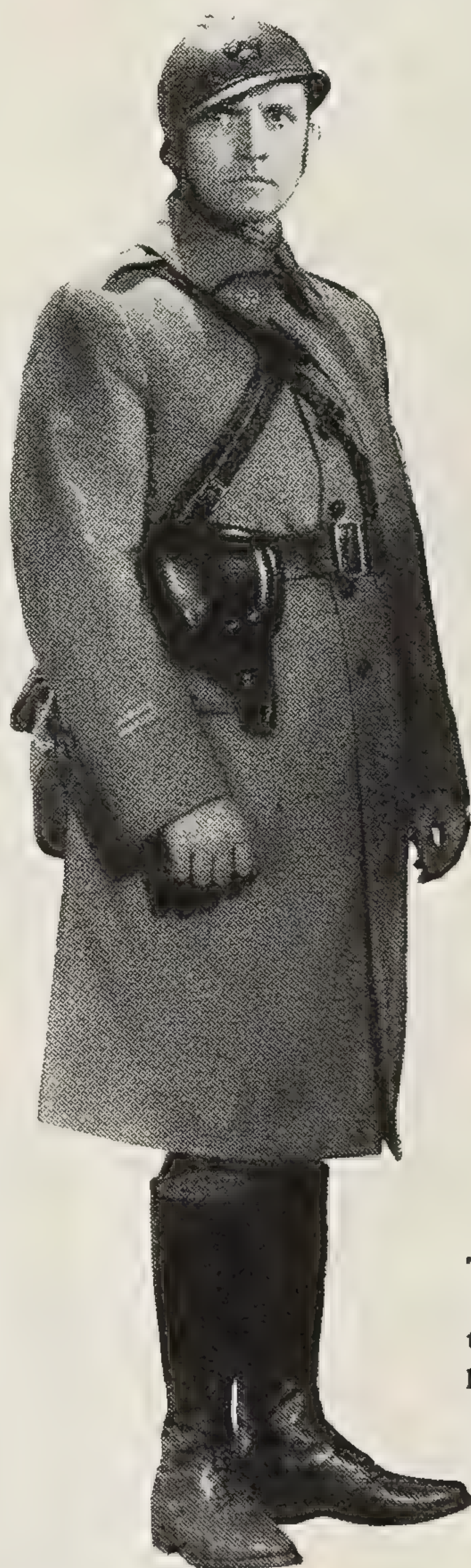
Theirs was not that first, thrilling, romantic love a young girl dreams of. Monique belonged to the tragic generation that had been cheated of both girlhood and romance.

Captain Paul Marache bore the reputation of having no heart, no human sympathy. He was said to live only for devotion to duty, a soulless war machine. But she knew him as a kind man and she knew that in his heart was a pitiful hunger for her love.

He had no other ties, no family except a father, an aged veteran of the Crimea too old now to fight. Her heart, was touched by his need and she gave him all that she could give—her loyal devotion, her care for his comfort, the sweet, understanding sympathy of a great-hearted woman. So far as she could she made his dreary quarters at billets a home to which he might come for warmth and affection in his brief rest periods, and she found her happiness in doing this.



June Lang plays a nurse with whom two men are in love. (At right) Fred March, who woos with music.



The officer in command (Warner Baxter) believes that a woman's love will protect him from danger.

So might the blind be happy in a world which they have never seen, but on this night her eyes were to open.

While she walked Death sent his snarling demons over the village. Shrieking, roaring down in sudden dives the enemy planes came, raining their bombs.

The siren sounded. Lights vanished. Men dived for the nearest shelters. Monique huddled against a wall, helpless and terrified.

Just behind her the grilled window of a cellar opened. A hand caught at her ankle. Peering in she could see by dim lamp light that a man smiled up at her, a man tall and handsome with the dreamy dark eyes of the musician. He wore a lieutenant's uniform.

As they stared at each other a bomb fell close, showering debris about her. She saw the grille open, strong arms caught her and lifted her into the cellar. She was laid upon a broken couch.

The place was piled with a weird collection of household odds and ends, among the furniture an old grand piano.





Fictionized From The 20th  
Century-Fox Production With  
Warner Baxter  
Fredric March  
Lionel Barrymore  
June Lang

music. Notice the romance in it? Notice how it's getting you."

"No," she said severely, convinced that it was high time his impudence was rebuked. But it seemed that Lieutenant Delaage was impervious to rebuke. He answered her confidently, "Just wait. Pretty soon you'll begin to quiver like a reed in the storm. This is Chopin. I've never had Chopin fail me yet!"

She was bolt upright now, heightened color in her young cheeks, an angry sparkle in her eyes. Oh, this was too much! To be cooped up in a cellar with a musical lunatic even though he was an extremely attractive man and his music had a magic. Then she saw that escape was possible. Rain had begun, the raid was over with its coming.

The music ended. He stepped to her side. His smile was now confident. "You see?"

"Sorry, but I feel . . . nothing."

"Nothing at all! Ah well, to tell the truth I was afraid of something like that. If you noticed, the piano's a little out of tune—" He saw she was ready to leave. "No, no . . . not yet!" He caught her close to him. She was too experienced to struggle, but her very yielding by its indifference told him that still she was not moved. He tried to warn her of the danger of bombs.

"How long have you been at the front, Lieutenant?"

"Two years, my child. I'm a veteran."

"And you haven't learned yet that when the rain comes, the planes go away?"

His smile was rueful, "I was hoping you didn't know! I can't understand it, but nothing I do seems to work—"

"Perhaps that's because I'm a veteran, too," she smiled. The victory was hers easily, but when, with sudden sincerity, he added, "It was only that you're very lovely to look at—and I didn't want you to go away. A soldier finds so few moments of beauty that when one does

come along he snatches at it," she knew a qualm of pity.

In his eyes was that hunger for love and beauty—that starved, passionate desire she read in the eyes of so many who plodded the dark road to glory. He was young, romantic and admired her—and soon he must go with Marache's company to that hell of screaming death, perhaps never to return. It hurt her that she must shake her head to his pleading.

She went on again through the darkened village streets, back to the hospital and the never ending work of mercy. She thought Lieutenant Delaage was out of her life forever.

To her hospital a few weeks later Delaage returned, back from the front for the rest period. Not knowing even her name he prowled the place, looking into every woman's face until he saw her. Then he improvised a sling for his arm, though his arm was sound enough. He won his reward when he saw the widening of her eyes, the angelic sympathy and pain in her glance of horror at the helpless arm. The splendid moment might have been prolonged had he not made the mistake of snatching her to him with the bandaged arm.

She unwrapped the bandage and her look was grim. "As I thought! Aren't you ashamed of such a stupid trick?"

"Oh no. You see, this isn't my real wound—"

"So you have a wound!"

"Yes . . . here." He touched his heart.

She tossed her head. "Heart cases aren't in my department." She held the door wide and pushed him toward it. "I'm sorry, but just now I'm very busy."

He took hope at that. "You mean . . . [Continued on page 70]

The lieutenant was bending over her. "Are you hurt?"

She shook her head, wondering at the brightness of his smile and the shining of his eyes. In her heart she felt a strange, immediate liking for this gallant young man who had given her shelter.

"Permit me, Mademoiselle. I am Pierre Delaage, lieutenant, assigned tonight to the Fifth Company under Captain Marache. Let me bring you an antidote for war!"

He was at her side in a moment, offering cognac from a battered old vase. She could not help smiling at his quick resources. After she had tasted it he obligingly finished her drink; then, as though it was the natural and expected thing under the circumstances he put his arms about her and drew close to kiss her.

She struggled up. "Don't . . . please!"

He looked at her unabashed. "Too direct, eh?" There was understanding in his voice and comfort in the way he patted her hand. He went to the old piano, swept the keys and began a romantic composition that made her stare in amazement.

The man played superbly. In spite of her uneasiness at the warmth of her reception she felt he was a gentleman—and certainly a master musician! Something whispered that it would be better to establish their meeting on a less romantic plane.

"Are we safe here?" she asked.

"I am." He glanced over his shoulder and the smiling, dark eyes were teasing—and dangerous.

"But . . ."

"Shhhh!! I am establishing a mood." His smile brushed aside her expostulations. "I'm softening you. It's the only way to do it—"





# TRAVELING LADY

Fay, in Sweden, poses by a picturesque fence overlooking the famous Gota Canal. Below, with her skis at the popular Swiss playground.

**A**T LAST Fay Wray has taken a vacation! And the undisputed World's Champion Trans-Atlantic Motion Picture Star found her *first* holiday so much to her liking that she has gone on and developed the idea in her own charming fashion.

In the past few months, the much traveled Fay has not only taken her very first, but her second and even third vacations!

She is the quiet unassuming type, too intelligent to stoop to anything just to be sensational, so I cannot promise to disclose any startling facts. But I can tell you *why* she declared these periods of rest, *where* she went and *what* she did.

There is no one who does not remember Fay as the terror stricken girl of whom King Kong was so fond. As this was a most successful picture you might think it did the name of Wray a lot of good, but, unfortunately, it did her a world of harm, for she was then and there stamped the ace heroine of horror pictures. With the exception of "Ann Carver's Profession," which was an outstanding example of her capabilities, her succeeding rôles were all of the horror type and she resented them.

If Hollywood was satisfied with this arrangement, she wasn't; and if Hollywood wouldn't do anything about it, she would. So, with that pretty little nose in the air, probably thinking that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," Fay ups and leaves for jolly old England to make a picture, to lose the horror complex and to finally, really and truly take a vacation.

She made several pictures over there and was several times recalled to Hollywood. How could a girl as busy as she ever find time to take a rest and, if she did, what would she do with these leisure moments?

Being curious to learn the answer to these questions and, since I knew her to be a most

Fay Wray Works in England And Hollywood And Relaxes In Sweden, St. Moritz And On The Beach At Nassau, Bahama Islands.

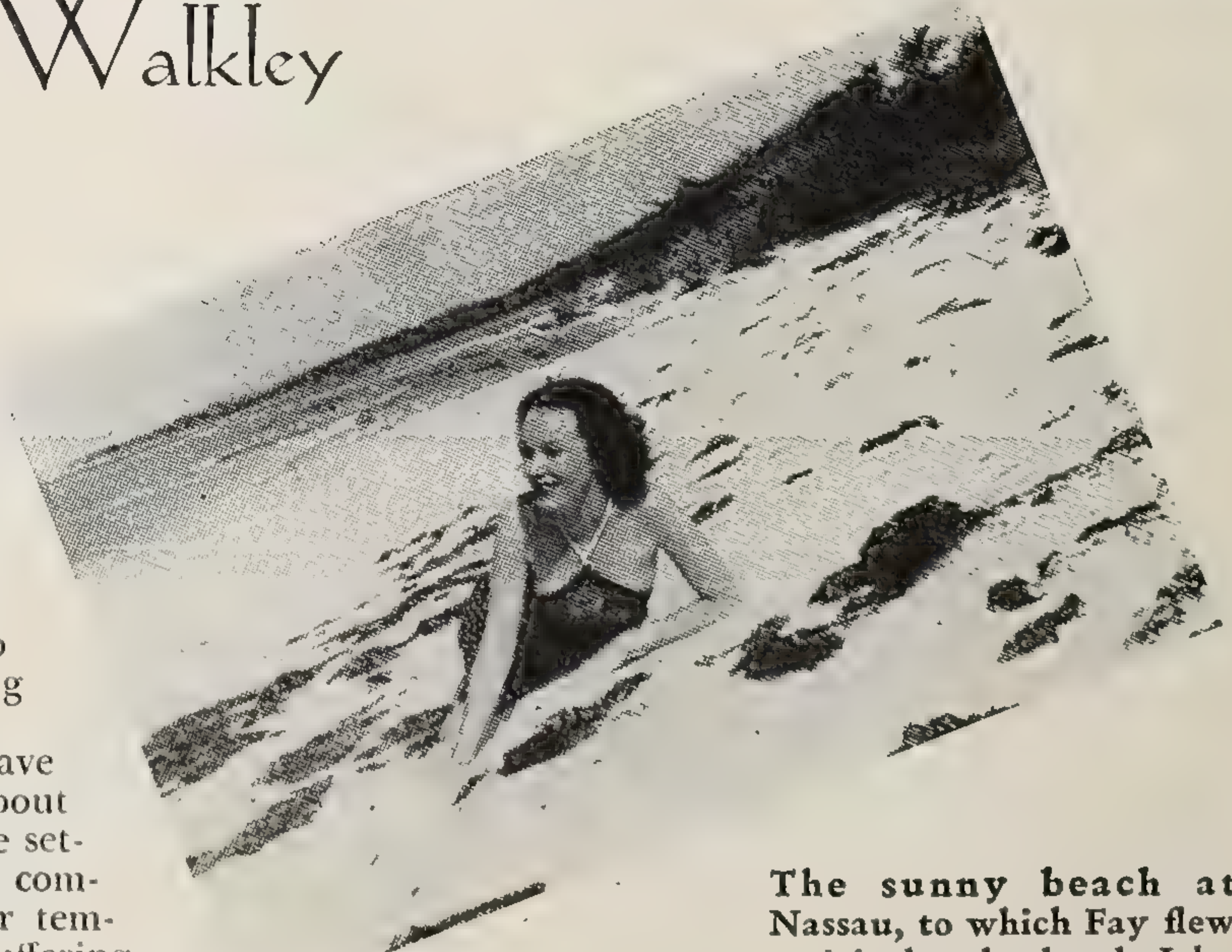
By

Julian Walkley

generous and helpful sort of person, I went to the Pierre to ask her.

We settled the weather problem while walking into the spacious living room.

"What did you have in mind to write about me?" asked Fay as we settled back into the comfortable divan of her temporary apartment. Suffering from [Continued on page 74]



The sunny beach at Nassau, to which Fay flew to join her husband, John Monk Saunders.





## SECOND BLOOMING

Jean Arthur Went Legit  
But Now Is Back On The  
Screen, And Marvelous!

SHE played on Broadway and gained something that has given her real screen charm. At left, in her silver lamé gown. At right, above, with William Powell in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" and, below that, her famous scene in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" with Gary Cooper.





# OUR SCREEN SWEETHEARTS

Has The Beauty Of The  
Girls Of The Screen  
Made It Harder For Less  
Favored Girls To Capture  
Love?

**D**O MEN fall in love with beauty or with the girl herself—her understanding, her spirit and her personality? In real life a girl conceals her emotions, but on the screen she blows hot and cold, tears gush and anger flashes. Would a girl in real life awaken a man to her charms if she loosened the bonds of her emotions and laughed, and languished, waxed temperamental and wept now and then? Joan Crawford at a party burst into tears over a newspaper woman's insolence. She lives her screen technique. Well, it got us!



Gail Patrick in a taffeta evening gown of the latest design. She's in "Early to Bed."



Ida Lupino, whose next and best picture is "One Rainy Afternoon," is so pretty!

The tricky collar delights Loretta Young. She is now fully recovered from her illness.





Many Girls Find That They Resemble  
Picture Stars—It's Great For That  
Complex.



There is a passionate strength to Rita Canino's Latin beauty. In "Human Cargo."



Claire Trevor in her red and white monogrammed shorts, suitable for lively tennis or for perching on railings.



A peaceful mind is reflected in a woman's face. Ann Harding, her troubles at an end, never looked lovelier.



# "CLINCHING

Plots Churn Themselves Into Drama And Complications Bring Suspense And Excitement, Until "He" Is Safe In "Her" Arms.

PICTURES run the gamut of emotions, and for about an hour and a half. The photoplay has changed its form very slightly in recent years, probably because the plan of a picture was designed to thrill and amuse, and still is. In real life, and *that* is coming more and more frequently to the screen, few difficulties fade away when lovers kiss. But anyhow, after the clinch, the proposition is never quite the same.

Consider the News Weekly. Sometimes close-ups of common people are shown, the sweepstakes' winner or the honest taxi driver, and we find that the average person is terrible to look at and return to our professional players deeply grateful for their comeliness.

Clark Gable is co-starred for the first time with Jeanette MacDonald (she does the singing) in "San Francisco."



Kent Taylor and Sally Eilers in "Florida Special." Since that bus story won such honors, plots have traveled on airliners, trains and motors to add to the action.



Robert Cummings and Jane Rhodes (14 years old). They are the juvenile lovers in "Forgotten Faces," her first picture.



# THE PROPOSITION

"Mob Rule" is the picture and Spencer Tracy's and Sylvia Sydney's romance doesn't seem to jell.



Loretta Young puts on a very curvacious clinch with Robert Taylor in "Private Number."



Frances Drake, Randy Scott and that lovely moment—in "And Sudden Death."



Robert Young, back home from England, finds Betty Furness sweeter than ever—in "Three Wise Guys."





Conrad Veidt and Rene Ray in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."



W. C. Fields and Catherine Doucet in "Poppy."



Rosalind Russell and Frank Morgan in "Suicide Club."



Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in "Early To Bed."

# ON JULY SCREENS

The Steady Advance Of  
The Screen Is Reflected In  
This Month's Pictures.  
There's Hardly A Hokum  
One In The Lot.

CLIVER comedy with witty dialogue has been the producers' formula since "It Happened One Night" and "The Thin Man" were so successful. Now we see the results of the crusade. The clever ones (ah, ha! Morrie Ryskind) have gathered at the studios and quip and jest have popped up everywhere. In fact the producers are so sure of this method that some pictures recently have had more humor than sense. Marie Dresler told the writer once that humor must leave a little to the imagination. "That," she said, "is my secret."



Bette Davis and George Brent in "The Golden Arrow."



# AND BLOSSOMS

The Magic Of Flowers  
Makes Every Girl Look  
Prettier.

**W**HEN the early summer days bring out the blossoms, California comes up to specifications, earthquakes are forgotten and the picture girls seem to glow with a very special quality of beauty.

Let the marriage bells ring out and the bridal roses spill their fragrance—it is the season for love.



"He loves me,  
he loves me  
not." Una Mer-  
kel checks up on  
her absent one.



Lucille Ball has opened a  
flower shop. And sells her-  
self all the best blossoms.



# "HERE'S LUCK"

"Cocktail Hour" Has  
Now Been Officially Re-  
cognized By Hollywood.

A RECENT warning from Papa Will Hays advises all directors to go a little easy on the merry drinking scenes, for fear the screen might be attacked again and accused of promoting drunkenness. The accompanying stills from current pictures do, perhaps, recall a pleasant custom, in case you had forgotten. Certainly "repeal" took a long time to reach the screen. But *seeing* drinking while you remain dry as a Massachusetts spinster is not very habit forming. It recalls our favorite toast—"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

What depths of sincerity are reached when, glass in hand, a good friend is pledged! Yet we would not champion the juice of the grape too lustily, or the mash of the rye when it comes to that. Jack London defended it nobly—and died too soon. Perhaps the British Navy, with its historic custom of a tot of rum before action, understands the value of befuddling your inferiority complex. Perhaps dutch courage simply means you are showing courage to get yourself so in dutch. Well, down the hatch!



In "Hearts Divided," Dick Powell is in support of Marion Davies. The glasses ring like little bells when they touch—a lovely custom.

They used to break the glass to make a toast final, fatal and unchanging, but Carole Lombard whispers her wish, instead, while Fred MacMurray is exposed to the magic of her charm.

Fred March has a gay and flirtatious rôle in "The Road to Glory," and June Lang finds herself drinking a pledge of love eternal.





Ruby glass and finest crystal  
for Beverly Roberts to look  
above when the eyes do the  
talking.



Gloria Stuart and  
Michael Whalen in  
"Poor Little Rich  
Girl." Cocktails are  
liars ever.





# AMBASSADORS OF TO US



Francis Lederer, a Czech,  
and Ida Lupino, English  
beauty—in "One Rainy  
Afternoon."

Soon to be seen in  
"Dark Victory"—  
Merle Oberon.



Charles Boyer serving  
both his country and  
his producer very well.

From England, too,  
comes Madeleine  
Carroll, a Gaumont-  
British star.





# GOODWILL

## FROM US

IF CHARLES BOYER and Francis Lederer were called to the colors of their different countries, and we were ordered to go out and shoot at them we would resent such orders, and if we had anything to say about it there would be no shooting. Every time that a picture is shown with one of these visiting actors there is a stronger bond of friendship for them than before. The exchange of players is a more or less recent idea, and, as it grows, there will come to be a true feeling of friendship between the great nations. Certainly, this is not the least of the good that can be accomplished by an actor in the movies.



Richard Arlen is one ambassador who takes a lot of goodwill with him. (Above, at right) The British are beginning to think Fay Wray belongs to them.



In England Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has turned producer. (Left) Dolores Del Rio off to Europe to make friends for her adopted America.



# Ladies Who SWIM

With such a gorgeous setting for a swimming pool, and such a gorgeous figure to set off a swimming suit no wonder Patricia Ellis (at left) poses for us with such delightful nonchalance. Her wool zephyr malliot suit is of triple knit fabric and is shadowproof, shrinkproof and stretchproof. Also in its favor is the air cord trimming which fashions the adjustable shoulder straps and belt.

(Below) Ethelreda Leopold is equally charming in her zephyr ribbed suit with the unusual feature of a brassiere uplift with inner lining insuring perfect form, as you can see. Novelty buckles add to the effectiveness of the adjustable shoulder straps.

(Below) If you're a stickler for simplicity, you couldn't do better than choose a dark-toned novelty knit low back suit like the one worn by Valerie Traxler.



Geraine Greear in her wool zephyr suit with anchor motif and novelty wood trimming.

All suits shown are Catalina swim suits.





*These are the Sachets*

*that make the waves*

*that make you say*



*"No substitutes for me...  
give me a*

**EUGÈNE**

MANY a misguided woman has let them "guinea-pig" on her hair, only to *pay* for disillusionment! As in driving your car, there are safety signals for your guidance in getting a good permanent. One *sure* way is to look for the little Eugene Sachets that gently steam your hair into waves, end-curls, or a combination of both if you prefer. These Sachets are trade-marked for your protection. They contain a secret Eugene solution that cannot be duplicated. Would you like one to identify, to take with you to your hairdresser's when you get your new permanent? Write for a free sample. Then see that Eugene Sachets *are* used and the results will bless you for your trouble.

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# The ELIGIBLE



Bob Taylor won a lot of friends with his recent pictures, particularly "The Magnificent Obsession." Now he will support the great Garbo. At left, top, is Henry Fonda. He and James Stewart keep house.

Every year gets bigger and bigger for Dick Powell. Next thing you know he'll get married.



The Five Young Men Who Are Getting The Fan Mail And The Propositions.



# HEART-BREAKERS

By Liza

**N**OW just suppose—aw, come on and suppose—that you're a young girl, a very pretty young girl, who will graduate from college come June and your dear Mater and Pater are so relieved (they really never thought you'd make it what with your disgraceful marks in mathematics) that for a graduation present they are giving you a summer in Hollywood (they'll regret that). Now being a young girl, and a very pretty young girl, you will naturally want to know what the "date" possibilities are in Hollywood, just who are the gay young heart-breakers of the moment, and what you can expect in the way of romance—I should say that if you were contemplating a romance with Robert Taylor you would find Barbara Stanwyck very much in the way.

If your Dream Princes happen to be Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery and Joel McCrea I advise you to content yourself with an afternoon on their "sets" watching them make moving pictures, and don't go in for any making yourself because they all happen to be happily married men and wouldn't give you a tumble even if you looked like Cleopatra on a *chaise longue*.

The eligible young heart-breakers of the summer of 1936 are Robert Taylor, Dick Powell, Henry Fonda, James Stewart and Michael Whalen—all unmarried (as we go to press) and quite susceptible. They've all got "girls" of course, but maybe you can muscle in. But remember, your Auntie Liza only said "Maybe."

They tell me that Robert Taylor, who has gone over this last year like a house afire, receives more fan mail than any other actor in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Dick Powell. And I can well believe it after the demonstration I saw at the gala premiere in Hollywood of "The Great Ziegfeld."

When Robert arrived with little Miss Stanwyck on his arm it caused nothing less than a free-for-all riot—hundreds of fans, who had been standing quite orderly for hours watching the movie great, who had cheered prettily for Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, and Errol Flynn, took one look at their favorite heart flutterer and with an ecstatic "ah-a-a-a-ah" proceeded to break through the police lines and fall upon him in one mighty avalanche.

So, my very pretty young college graduate, if you want handsome Bob you'll have to put up with such minor inconveniences as having your evening gown torn in shreds, and possibly your eyes scratched out. But it must be worth it for Barbara Stanwyck, Janet Gaynor, Wendy Barrie and all the other girls go out with Bob every chance they get.

And now I'll let you in on a secret. With Bob you've gotta make hay while the sun shines. Because his every dance will be taken this fall by none other than that comely lass, Greta Garbo. And how do I know? Psychic? Poof. It's as plain as the nose on your face. Robert Taylor is going to play Armand to Garbo's Camille in Dumas' famous "Camille," which has been chosen as the next Garbo picture, and as the whole world knows Garbo invariably falls for her leading man (but only until the picture is released) it definitely looks

Michael Whalen, who was so good in "The Country Doctor," is gaining in popularity every day.



James Stewart went to Princeton, where he took up accordion playing. He is the newest heart throb in Hollywood.



like a Garbo romance for the apple of your eye. Bob has been such a social young man-about-town ever since he started getting the breaks that I wonder how he'll respond to the Garbo silences. He'll miss the gay gang at the Trocadero—but I suppose for a Garbo he would dine at a drugstore.

A date with Bob is as well regulated as a symphony concert. Of course you will dress. And Bob will phone ahead to see what you are wearing and your corsage will match perfectly, and will undoubtedly be the prettiest and most expensive flowers the florist had. He will call for you on time—and in a closed car, thank heavens—and the dinner will be perfect and with just the right wine, the seats at the theatre will be second row orchestra, and the table at the Trocadero afterwards will be reserved ahead and will be a perfect ringside table. And Bob dances divinely—they do say that he is the best dancer in town.

But if you happen to be the type who loves the haphazard, then you just must meet James Stewart. There's a mad young man for you. You can be quite sure that Jimmy won't "dress" unless you insist upon it, that he'll arrive in an open roadster which will make short work of your wave, and he'll never remember the flowers until you're on the way to the [Continued on page 66]



# SEAGOING STARS

*The Stars Enjoy Their Yachts  
And The Freedom Of The Seas.*



Warren William is an enthusiastic yachtsman, even bringing his hobby ashore with him.

**M**OVIE stars at sea! Yachts . . . cruisers . . . sloops—boats! In Hollywood it's now the rage to be a nautical nomad. You own your own ship and off you voyage, blithely getting away from it all.

Some of the glorified darlings have expensive gondolas and when they put out into the ocean currents it's with true millionaire flair. The private salons are swanky. Their captain and crew do the actual work.

However, really very few picture celebrities go in for such elegance. As a whole, Hollywood's stellar salts want to pitch in and be regular sea gypsies. They have enough parading in their everyday routines. It's more fun to heave the anchor, hoist the sails, and try to master the mysteries of the compass. Male stars revel in monkeying with high-powered motors and silken ladies adore to change into comfortable slack-suits and perch gaily atop the hatch.

That is, some of the screen women do. It seems there are yacht widows! Not every Hollywood hero's wife likes to be billowed up and down and all around.

You might have a hunch these excursions in the briny are wild parties. But they aren't. Customarily you sail over to Catalina, a twenty-mile jaunt. There, relaxing in the sun, the simple pleasures are the vogue. A dive in for an invigorating swim, hours of fishing, visits with friends also idling in the peaceful harbor. In the evening a cocktail and then ashore for dinner and on to the local dance or show.

But what happens when your favorites become serious sea-goers? Ah-ha, most anything! The winds and the fogs and sudden squalls are no respecters of fame. When you deliberately court adventure you're apt to find it. Even stars get lost at sea. They're plunged into genuine danger. Why, one lovely lassie's yacht exploded before her very eyes.

It's only a forty-five-minute spin from Hollywood to the arti-



Inland waters (Lake Malibu) offer relaxation to the players. Sir Guy Standing at the tiller, Frances Drake, a friend, and Grace Bradley.

ficially-made Los Angeles harbor where the stars prefer to park their water chariots. And any morning's apropos for a spree. In Southern California the climate's invariably mild. At least, when you start anywhere.

I have been snooping about and it seems that John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, and Katherine DeMille are the ritziest yachtsmen. (If you credit papa C. B.'s "Seaward" to Katy.) Now that John is back among the active actors he's liable to order out his "Infanta," and I'll bet it'll be just too divine in Elaine Barrie's estimation. It's suited to be a regal loveboat.

Lew's "Serena," which was built in Gloucester, Mass., according to his exact specifications two years ago, has a deck length of a hundred and five feet. So if you've a tape measure handy you can compare. He keeps a captain and a crew of seven, and still has in his possession last year's most coveted West Coast yachting cup. Racing a stiff twenty-six-mile course against thirty-odd snappy models, he came in a flying first. Of course, he's waiting for the forthcoming regattas. He's been crazy about sailing ever since his New England childhood and this one is the sixth yacht he's had. And while Lew's never been shipwrecked, still he's had his share of sea thrills. Last summer, returning from Alaska, he was caught





Charles Farrell and his "Flying Cloud," with Virginia Valli (his wife), Mary Brian and Ginger Rogers in the crew.

## By Ben Maddox

(At right) Lewis Stone's 105 footer, "Serena," moored off Catalina.

in a pea-soup fog all the way down from Vancouver and had to stay a hundred miles off-shore to avoid a crash. Three days and nights of relying entirely on scientific instruments was quite a strain. He was glad to rusticate on his ranch for awhile.

Fortunately for that curvacious Katy De Mille, her director father is a regular scout. He loans her his elegant vessel, equipped with a captain and crew, for special week-ends. She assembles a flock of select souls and heads for Avalon.

Originally designed for copra trading in the South Seas, her schooner also hails from the Gloucester ship-yards. It's a whole foot longer than the Stone bark.

Since Charlie Chaplin is the wealthiest of all performers, you may suppose his yacht would be ultra-pretentious. If you do you're forgetting Charlie's thrifty streak. His "Panacea" is nice, but by no means gorgeous. It's a fifty-five foot cabin cruiser that he's owned for three years. There are double sentimental memories, for the idea for his recent comedy was evolved aboard, and his romance with his Paulette blossomed when they pulled up anchor to escape prying eyes. Which reminds me that he bans all snapshots of his craft. He entertains only intimates, chiefly business associates. There are a captain and a mate permanently on hand, and then the Chaplin cook and a steward appear with the master. Charlie has no yen to run things himself, but he does honestly delight in deep-sea fishing. Once he was awarded a button for a record tuna catch and he'll tell you how to bait the giant fish if you'll listen politely.

Pitching in and doing the work yourself is easier to dream about than to do literally, Richard Arlen admits this. Sole commander of the "Jobyna R.," a big cabin cruiser he bought in partnership with Walter Huston, Dick promptly fired the hired help when Walter sold his half. After an hour's hectic painting, the athletic Mr. Arlen suddenly tired. Why not enjoy the darned thing? A new crew was quickly put on the payroll and today Dick's a skipper by



(Above) Robert Young and his outboard motor bounce about between picture assignments.



Leo Carrillo, Hollywood's favorite Master of Ceremonies, is a great player and a sailor at heart.



The "Seaward," owned by Cecil B. DeMille and often used by his daughter, Katherine, is an auxiliary but a real Gloucester design.

fits and starts. Occasionally he'll get his abdominal bends by swabbing the decks, mopping with a vengeance. He's convivial and has never once been alone at sea. He can sleep eight when he sandwiches folks into the wheelhouse. Wife Joby appreciates tangy air and is always ready to pop off with a merry gang.

The Preston Fosters are equally compatible in this matter of cresting the waves. Their "Zoa III" is a splendid express cruiser, fastest of its type on the whole coast. The first thing Preston did when he purchased it last winter was to take it practically apart. Yes, he got it together without [Continued on page 78]



# HE RESENTS BEING TYPED

Can Basil Rathbone  
Escape Playing Villains?

By

Maude Cheatham



Two of his greatest roles. (Left) In "David Copperfield." (Right) In "Romeo and Juliet."



VERY politely but very definitely, Basil Rathbone is refusing to continue being a *Screen Menace*. Already, he has turned down several rôles that meant following this sinister route.

Coming to pictures from an exceptionally brilliant career in the theatre, in such romantic characters as Romeo, Robert Browning, Peter Ibbetson, and other magnetic rôles, his career took an amazing turn. Perhaps the camera over-emphasized his glowing dark eyes and his intensity, for he was immediately cast as Murdstone, the cruel step-father in "David Copperfield." Then, because he is a fine actor, Rathbone imbued the character with bitter realism. This threatened to make movie audiences confuse the player with the rôle, especially as his villainies continued with unsympathetic parts in Greta Garbo's "Anna Karenina," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Captain Blood," and other pictures.

"I had hoped," said Basil, "to escape being typed, which is the bane of every screen player, and I certainly don't want to make my fans hate me. When you undertake to create a characterization you tie it in with a definite mood and your very success may be your undoing."

"Several years ago I came to pictures after appearing as the gay and amorous military attaché in the stage play, 'The Command to Love,' and producers could see me only in bedroom farces and frothy comedies. I was heartbroken, so went back to the theatre, where I created a number of interesting rôles in London and New York. Then, when I return to Hollywood, four years later, behold—I am a menace, a villain!"

"I wouldn't mind occasionally playing a heavy, if this means a character whose wickedness can be justified because he is consistent in following his own line of reasoning. We can all understand Iago's motives in 'Othello,' even though we loathe him, because he appeals to the intelligence. By the way, Iago is the only heavy I ever portrayed on the stage and it became a great experience. Of course, Dickens' characters are caricatures or symbolism. For instance, the French aristocrat I played in 'The Tale of Two Cities' was not an individual, instead, he represented the whole class of people who brought about the revolution; he motivated the whole stirring drama of events, so that raised him above the usual type of villain."

Off the screen, as well as on, Basil Rathbone is an exciting personality. He is very definitely the romantic figure—handsome, tall, lithe, and always he suggests leashed emotions that pique the imagination. We talked, sitting on the shady terrace of his home close to the Hollywood hills, while we watched his five dogs racing over the velvet lawns.

I had caught him between leaps, as it were, for yesterday he had finished the picture, "Private Number," at 20th Century-Fox studio. This morning he had made the final scene in Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer's "Romeo and Juliet," and tonight he was leaving for location near Yuma, where the Selznick International studio has erected Algerian towns and colorful oases for their new color film, "The Garden of Allah." Tomorrow Basil was to become Count Anteonio, in the terrific drama of this romance in the desert—with the temperature hovering around 120 degrees!

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, he was taken back to England to be educated. His passionate love for music asserted itself and he spent all his spare time hovering over the piano until his father, a practical London civil engineer, became alarmed lest his son do the unthinkable thing of becoming a professional musician. So the boy was dragged to his uncle's insurance office and told to learn the business.

He stood it as long as he could, then ran away and joined the Benson Players, where he spent five wonderful years becoming steeped in Shakespearean drama. He mastered fifty-four rôles, learned how to wear the picturesque costumes, and how to toss his velvet cloaks at the right angle. He became an expert in the etiquette of that period, the use of the snuff box, how to handle a sword. By the way, Rathbone had no double for his many fencing scenes in "Romeo and Juliet," doing them himself and with utmost skill.

At eighteen he was swept to the French front by the World War. He was wounded several times, decorated twice, and when it was all over he returned to London, and the theatre. It was Constance Collier who gave him his real chance; she chose him to create the title rôle in "Peter Ibbetson" for the London stage production; then he invaded New York and won new honors which carried him to instant fame. Other starring rôles followed in "The Jest," "Death Takes a Holiday," "He Who Gets Slapped."

"I've been in the theatre too long to ever give it up," he said, "but it holds little opportunity at the moment and in the meantime I'm becoming more and more interested in pictures. Now, with dialogue, the whole world of literature is waiting to be filmed. I should love to do 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' and a story of Caesar Borgia; both would be colorful drama."

"Everybody associated with the screen is so terrifically ambitious, and God! how hard they all work. Life in Hollywood is detached from the remainder of the world, with everyone living, thinking, talking pictures. Some may criticise this complete absorption but I consider it a good thing, for no actor who really loves his work can ever get away from it, he is steeped in it."

"In the theatre," Basil continued, "a player must depend upon himself and from the time the curtain goes up he sustains a continuity of emotion that ends only when his final climax is reached and the curtain goes down. This very [Continued on page 60]



## REVIEWS

OF  
PICTURES  
SEEN

## SHOW BOAT

A MUSICAL TRIUMPH—*Universal*

"SHOW BOAT," an Edna Ferber novel and a Ziegfeld success of not so long ago, comes to the screen as a thoroughly delightful musical comedy of the definitely "Class" type—it is so delightful in fact that at the Hollywood preview many of the movie stars declared that they liked it better than "The Great Ziegfeld."

Universal has done well by the famous Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein score, for which heaven be praised, and it's worth more than the price of admission just to hear Allan Jones and Irene Dunne sing "Only Make Believe," and Helen Morgan, the first and best of the torch-singers, sing, "Can't Help Loving That Man of Mine" and the never-to-be-forgotten "Bill," and the one and only Paul Robeson sing "Old Man River"—which song has never been sung so beautifully before. Three new song hits have been added to the score, and they, too, will please, though not so much as the old favorites.

Allan Jones and Irene Dunne sing, "The Room Upstairs," Paul Robeson sings "I Still Suits Me," and Irene in blackface sings "Gallavatin' Around." All in all, it's the best music we've had this year and Allan, Irene, and Paul Robeson have never been in better voice. And of course Helen Morgan in her sob ballad, "Bill," is tops forever. The picture fails to get the flavor of the Mississippi, which Edna Ferber did so marvelously in her book, and never once do you believe that you are on a show boat on the Mississippi, which is the fault of the director, but nevertheless it is a most satisfactory and entertaining picture.

Irene Dunne plays Magnolia and gives a charming performance—she also proves that she can "shuffle" and do a "buck and wing" as well as the next one. Allan Jones plays Gaylord Ravenal and cuts quite a dashing figure. Charles Winninger as Captain Andy and Helen Westley as his salty wife are excellent. Also in the cast, and scoring mightily, are Hattie McDaniel, Queenie Smith, Sammy White, Donald Cook and Sunnie O'Dea. You'll love it.

## SINS OF MAN

TRIUMPH FOR HERSHOLT—*20th Century-Fox*

JEAN HERSHOLT now becomes eligible for the 1936 Academy Award. In this picture he gives one of the most magnificent performances of his career—in fact there has been nothing like it since the silent days when Emil Jannings used to tear your heart out by its very roots. Mr. Hersholt's deeply moving portrayal of the simple, kindly Tyrolian sexton, who becomes a victim of cruel circumstance, will definitely become a part of cinema history.

The story itself is simple and human and most appealing, and there will be tears, oh many tears. Thank goodness it has a happy ending. It's the story of a sexton in a little village in Tyrol, before the war, who longs to have a son to ring the beautifully toned bells for him when he can no longer serve his Church and God. But one son is a mechanical genius, and when his father stubbornly refuses to permit him to continue his studies in aviation he runs away to America. His other son was born deaf and dumb.

Twenty years later in New York City, Hersholt, now a vagrant, is reunited with



Irene Dunne and Allan Jones singing one of the duets which have made "Show Boat" an all-time favorite.

his youngest son, whom he thought dead, and whose hearing has been restored by the bombardment of the war. The "bells" bring about the reunion. This brief outline of the plot naturally does not do it justice—you must see this picture, and seeing it you will love it.

Second in importance to Mr. Hersholt's triumphant performance is the debut of young Don Ameche, who plays both sons, and who is the most talented "discovery" the screen has had for some time. Allen Jenkins looks after the comedy and does it well.

ered that he is a dancing teacher the women of the town demand that he be spared from the gallows long enough to teach them the waltz.

Of course, Steffi Duna, the lovely daughter of Don So-and-So, the richest man in town (played to the hilt for laughs by Frank Morgan) falls in love with him, but the poor man needs must fight it out with an army of renegades before he can lead her to the altar. Charles Collins, a new "find," plays the dancing teacher. If you liked "La Cucaracha" this is right down your alley.

## THE DANCING PIRATE

EXQUISITE COLOR—*Pioneer-RKO*

HERE'S technicolor again, the first we've had since "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and, as you can see for yourself, it becomes more and more beautiful. Scenes of the little Spanish town in the moonlight and the pirate boat in the harbor brought lusty cheers of enthusiasm from the preview audience. Yes, we must admit, technicolor is here to stay. And that, confidentially, is why all the blonde Glamour Girls are either becoming brownettes or permitting their hair to grow out naturally—blondes, alas, are a wash-out in color.

Well, anyway, this picture is the first musical comedy to be done in technicolor and, as it's a musical it can get away with murder as far as reality is concerned. But poof for reality anyway when there's music and dancing and Frank Morgan.

The story's about a dancing master who is shanghaied in Boston in 1840 and forced to join a bunch of pirates. He escapes from the pirate boat when it anchors off the coast of California, and seeks shelter in a little Spanish town. The Spanish settlers think him a pirate but when it is discov-

## THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD

Rating: ANOTHER "THIN MAN"—*R-K-O*

HERE'S an hilariously amusing, delightfully insane, and priceless acted picture that comes as near being another "Thin Man" as any picture could possibly be. There is that School of Thought which insists that it is better than "The Thin Man." But better or not, it's grand entertainment, and no foolin' about that.

William Powell plays a surgeon who just can't resist a good old-fashioned murder. His ex-wife, a mystery story writer, is played by Jean Arthur, and she, too, is a pushover for a murder mystery. Jean decides to remarry her attractive husband but her campaign is interrupted by a most alluring race track murder. When the two of them gang up on that murder it's some fun.

The picture never takes anything seriously, not even itself, and the plot has no qualms about stopping every few minutes so that Mr. Powell, Miss Arthur, and Eric Blore (butling again) can get in a rip-snorting wise-crack or a funny gag. Jean Arthur is going some place, and going fast. We heartily recommend this for an evening of laughs.



## SONS O' GUNS

JOE E.'s BEST—*Warners*

THE Joe E. Brown fans will go simply mad over this, and more than likely Mr. Brown will pick up some new fans he never had before. He of the big kisser, as we quaintly say down by the gas works, plays an American doughboy in the late war who finds himself in France under the stern discipline of his own valet, Eric Blore, who has become a top-sergeant no less. And that's a good laugh all by itself, as Mr. Blore has never been funnier.

It's all gay, nonsensical fun, so don't be at all surprised to find Mr. Brown heading a night patrol over No Man's Land, capturing a machine gun nest single-handed, and being followed back to his trenches by half the German army. He breaks every known army regulation and is constantly being sentenced to death, but eventually gets the Croix de Guerre. What is more important he gets three very nifty dames.

Joan Blondell, with a French accent and very oo-la-la eyes, plays a bewitching little French girl who carries on quite a flirtation with Mr. Brown. When the two of them sing and dance "A Buck and a Quarter a Day" you have seen a comedy high spot—and it's the best thing in the picture. The other two girls are Beverly Roberts and Winifred Shaw, whose chief contribution to the picture is a ballad called, "In the Arms of an Army Man." The picture could do with more Blondell and less Brown—or maybe we are speaking out of turn. Anyway, it's fun.

## THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES

COURTROOM DRAMA—*Wanger-Paramount*

ANOTHER plus mark for the movies. They have taken a rather so-so mystery book by Arthur Somers Roche, and, with a bit of fenagling here and there and a custody trial thrown in, have made as entertaining and as absorbing a comedy drama as you've met with in a coon's age.

Madeleine Carroll, the English beauty, who did not fare so well in her first American picture is given a break this time and gives a grand performance as the beautiful and charming Mrs. Ames, who, acquitted of the mysterious murder of her millionaire

socialite husband, must immediately undergo a legal wrangle over the right to custody of her small son.

This makes it imperative that she completely clear her name of all scandal—and whom do you think she employs to clear her name? None other than the prosecuting attorney, Mr. George Brent, who has done everything to have her hanged for murder. Oh, it's all very interesting, and besides there are whole sequences of uproarious laughter.

Beulah Bondi plays the mother-in-law who hates her daughter-in-law with a fine and beautiful hate, and Alan Mowbray plays the stuffy family lawyer. Alan Baxter and Edward Brophy represent the Press, and June Brewster does all right by a fan and bubble dancer. Women, particularly, will be crazy about this picture.

## FLORIDA SPECIAL

OAKIE'S OFF AGAIN—*Paramount*

CHALK up another grand performance for Jack Oakie. This time as a wise-cracking reporter he supplies the gags for a farce mystery. Jack and Kent Taylor, while traveling together on the "Florida Special," become involved in the eccentricities of an old millionaire, Claude Gillingwater, and two opposing gangs of jewel thieves bent on robbing the old man. While the loot passes from one suspect to another, Jack and Kent play a guessing game of "who's-got-the-thimble?"

There is much double-crossing, chasing and shooting before the story snaps into a trick ending. Sidney Blackmer's blackmailing gives Kent Taylor a chance to drop his fiancée, Frances Drake, and play hero to Sally Eilers.

It was at the finish of this picture that Master Oakie, who has always been Mama's Boy, took unto himself a wife whom he playfully calls "Pigeon."

## UNDER TWO FLAGS

ROMANTIC SPECTACLE—*20th Century-Fox*

FROM Ouida's romantic novel of the goings-on of the French Foreign Legion (and there's really nothing so romantic both to young and old as the French Foreign Legion, now is there?) comes to the screen

one of the most glorious spectacle-dramas we've been treated to since "Beau Geste."

Claudette Colbert, as Cigarette, the little French girl, not too good and not too bad, who has become the mascot of the Foreign Legion, gives one of the best performances of her career.

Ronnie Colman is grand as the whimsical young Englishman who is trying to hide his "past" in Africa. Rosalind Russell plays the Lady Venitia who meets Ronnie at a little desert outpost and falls madly in love with him. And Victor MacLaglen plays the Commandant who can't even get to first base with Cigarette after she has met Sergeant Colman. Children, and adults with a spark of romance in their souls, will go simply mad about this.

## ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

DELIGHTFUL COMEDY—*Pickford-Lasky*

HOLLYWOOD'S newest producing company, consisting of Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, gets off to a fine start with this, their first picture. It's a gay, romantic comedy, brilliantly satirical at times, and with a very distinct Continental flavor.

Francis Lederer plays a none too successful young Parisian actor who goes to the cinema one rainy afternoon to keep a rendezvous with another man's wife. But in the darkness the usher becomes confused and seats (all Paris theatres have seat numbers—as if you didn't know) him by the wrong girl. Thrilled by the love-making on the screen, Francis kisses the girl in an amorous moment—and she quite surprised by it all, screams.

The lights go on, the girl turns out to be the daughter of a prominent publisher, and several busybody members of the purity league who are present demand poor Mr. Lederer's arrest. He is branded by the Paris headlines as a "monster" and his trial is one of the funniest things you've ever seen. Ida Lupino is the heroine and gives her best performance to date. Hugh Herbert is elegant as a theatre prompter. Roland Young, as the wily producer with an eye to publicity, Erik Rhodes as Miss Lupino's rejected suitor, and Countess Liev de Maigret as the married woman, are all splendid. It's light and frothy, and very, very easy to take.

## "She's Swell" [Continued from page 29]

definite. "Back in Montana," she told me, "my dad once said . . . 'If you work right along, minding your own business, sticking up firmly for your rights but not making too blamed much fuss about it—sooner or later things turn out all right, if you've really worked.'"

That is the philosophy upon which she has planned her career and her life. It explains, probably, why she is so soft-voiced, so quiet and unassuming in manner, so friendly and kind and the reason for her easy-going personality.

Unlike the majority of our better actresses, Myrna is not given to emotional exhibitionism. She is too utterly frank and honest and unconcerned to be anything but herself. In all Hollywood you'll find no more completely natural person.

That she makes no pretense of any kind may be seen in her refusal to don street make-up to hide the myriads of freckles that cover her face and hands and arms. Were it not for the studio, I doubt if she would even apply make-up for the screen.

Her mode of living is a source of constant amazement. She loves to move, and during the past year changed her residence six different times. Mad about gardening, she generally takes a house with large grounds, where she may have her own floral display. In the Spring particularly she sees to it that she is living in a place

where she can plant whatever she likes, and never is so happy as when puttering about with a trowel.

Never one to plan ahead, she loves to wake up and do whatever her mood dictates. Between pictures, she'll pack a bag at a moment's notice and start out in her car, alone, for some unknown destination . . . possibly she'll elect to remain in bed all day and eat dish after dish of ice cream. Who can tell how one will feel tomorrow morning?

Preferring bold colors, she nevertheless clings to pastels for her street clothes. About the house she wears flamboyant pyjamas, but few have glimpsed her thus attired. If there are to be callers, or she is to leave the house for any purpose, she emerges quietly dressed. Good taste in all things is second nature to her.

Endowed with a rare sense of humor, she's one of the few women who doesn't talk too much. She loves to listen to others in discourse and whenever she's in the midst of a group appears to join in the conversation. Later, it is recalled that Myrna scarcely uttered a word. When she does speak, however, what she has to offer is worth listening to, for Myrna thinks before she speaks. That accounts for her enjoying solitude.

It is typical of this young woman that she has no burning, consuming enthusiasms

. . . life to her is a river flowing through a level meadow, not a rushing, destroying torrent. She never worries, hurries, rants or raves, and the great wonder of all lies in the fact that she's so normal, yet so mysterious to all.

No story of Myrna Loy would be complete without mentioning her eyes. They are peculiar, yet lovely eyes . . . gray and green and blue all in one, with gray predominant. What makes them so peculiar, is the way they match whatever outfit she chooses to wear. If her costume is gray, then her eyes turn gray; if it be green, so, too, is the coloring of her orbs; blue, the same way. That drooping-lid effect is natural, not assumed.

And, as her outstanding characteristic in private life is naturalness, so, too, does she apply this quality to her work. Of this, she remarks:

"I can't say I have ever made a conscious effort to insure that any of my characters should be especially 'charming' and 'natural.' They are just women, like myself. I try to determine how they think, mentally adjusting myself in that direction. Beyond that I try to make my work a matter of even flow, rather than sudden impassioned effort."

If you saw Myrna in "The Thin Man," you have a very good idea of Myrna as she is today.



## Interviewing Stars

[Continued from page 23]

day that the tabloids were carrying such banner lines as "Nancy Carroll divorces Jack Kirkland." I was a bit miffed. But it was such fun telling Nancy what I thought of her when I bumped into her several days later, and Nancy is a smart girl who knows her Press and shoved me into Tony's right away (that was before I made Hollywood) and I was never one to bear a grudge long at Tony's. Her apology was so quaint. "You are too good to write for the fan magazines," said Nancy. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." I accepted her apology.

Well, you'd think that would have taught me a lesson. But no, I got caught in the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks Jr. crisis, and didn't get much of a laugh out of that. For a while there I had quite a run of bad luck. All I had to say in a story was that lambie-pie is happily married, or that cutie-pie isn't married, and mercy, before the magazine could get out lambie-pie would get a divorce and cutie-pie would get married. I just couldn't pick 'em. And I was getting pretty sour about the whole thing and sort of longed for the quiet and peace amid the pots and pans in Macy's basement.

But when I failed to get "caught" in the Blondell-Barnes divorce, and the Sidney-Cerf divorce, I got so pepped up and cheeky that now I think my luck has changed. Though never again do I write a I-am-happily-married story, even about my best friends. Burny, Burny.

I may say, in fact I will say, this is my story and I'll say what I please (that's what you think), I will say that with the exception of being caught out on these divorces my experiences in interviewing the Dream Girls have been most pleasant. Of course there was the star who threatened to sue me because I made disparaging remarks about her birthplace (that was Grace Moore), and there was the star who started me out on a grand case of flu due to the frigidity of her house and reception (that was Kay Francis)—but for the most part movie stars have been kind to me. Better still they have given me my fun. On account I am a shy person, and was brought up not to ask questions, I have reduced interviewing to its lowest common denominator. I never get a good interview, but I usually have a good time.

Being a little on the cracked side myself my two favorite people to interview are Patsy Kelly and W. C. Fields. He always says, "Ah, my little chickadee, will it be a martini or an old fashioned," and then will proceed to go through his entire bag of tricks, even to a little juggling on the side, while you roll on the floor in hysterics. What a grand way to have an interview.

Miss Kelly of the Third Avenue Kellys will greet you with, "Huh, I suppose I'll have to feed you to get a good story—c'mon," and will take you to a restaurant, not too *chic*, and gouge all kinds of goodies down you, complaining with every bite you take of the high cost of publicity. And that's not all—when Patsy Kelly gives an interview, she gives a day. After lunch you will be driven down to the Venice Amusement Pier to play Keno for hours, until you've lost all your money. Or if the racing season is on she will rush you out to Santa Anita and give you five hot tips that can't miss, on account she got them straight from a gangster friend. Take my advice and never bet on Miss Kelly's hot tips. The last interview I had with Patsy at the track cost me exactly fifty bucks (Patsy is still dodging me)—but I must say that I had rather spend an afternoon with Patsy and lose fifty bucks than spend ten minutes



Summer fashions. Mary Burriss in a dinner dress consisting of a mousseline redingote over a taffeta slip, Billie Sullivan, in a pink taffeta; Peggy Parker, white crepe skirt with taffeta blouse; Mildred Hatton in a chiffon dress; Barbara Farlander wearing a black and white print with jabot.

Acme

with a certain Frozen Face and get paid for it. I'm crazy like that.

But with the exception of Kelly and Fields and the late Thelma Todd I have had very little luck with comedians. I spent a most embarrassing half hour with the Marx Brothers one day, during which time no one said anything for posterity, Alexander Woollcott, or SILVER SCREEN. Maybe they just weren't mad that day. Edna May Oliver threw me for a complete loss. ZaZu Pitts I adore personally, but she begs me never to write anything about her. (I don't know whether it's because of an extreme inferiority complex on her part, or because she's read my works.)

For a good straight, business-like interview, pleasant but not too gay, I heartily recommend Norma Shearer. Norma is a very intelligent young woman, knows the value of sane publicity, and makes it her business to see that every writer gets a good story. If possible, and it usually is, she finds out from the studio what the writer wishes to interview her about, and as quickly as she can she launches the embarrassed writer right into the proper channel, and all the writer has to do is sit there and listen or take notes. Norma takes the trouble (very few other stars do this) to find out a little something about the interviewer before she arrives, and greets her effusively by her own name with a bit of personal business thrown in, and naturally the writer is most flattered and pleased.

My experiences with Norma Shearer have been most pleasant. "Make me a little mad," was the only request she ever made of me. She hasn't a long list of *taboos* like so many of the stars. And such co-operation. There was the time, about a year ago, when due to a slip-up by her press agent she found six eager writers all waiting to interview her at practically the same time. I had about ten minutes and upon departing sweetly informed her that I didn't have much of a story. The next day, to my complete surprise, came four pages of copy

from la Shearer herself—all about herself, and things I would never dared to have written. I have never had a movie star do that before or since.

Bette Davis, they tell me, is the frankest, most volcanic of the stars. Bette does what is vulgarly called "shoots off her mouth," and consequently is always in hot water with her studio publicity department. The writers love her. She is good copy.

Myrna Loy is considered bad copy. She just won't talk. Pleasant and nice and polite and all that—but she doesn't "give." There's always an icy barrier between Myrna and the interviewer, and Myrna just sits and smiles on her side of the iceberg and leaves you to struggle along as best you can on your side. But I caught Myrna off side once, and have had no trouble with her since. It was while she was making "Broadway Bill" with Warner Baxter, and the company had to go on location some awful place out in the Valley where the thermometer registered a mere 110.

When I arrived Myrna was sprawled out in a chair with as little on as possible and the perspiration was racing down her face and legs. She looked anything but glamorous but was too hot to care. I took the other chair next to the canvas wall of her improvised dressing room, and in less than five minutes her red dress hanging back of me had faded from the heat waves. Well, an iceberg hasn't much chance in a situation like that. The thaw set in with a bang and by the time the thermometer had reached 115 in the shade, Myrna and I were mopping away like mad, killing flies frantically, and the best of palsy walsies. A Myrna Loy interview never finds me at the dentist.

About the screwiest interview I ever had, I suppose, was with Joan Blondell. I hadn't been in Hollywood long and had been told by Joan's studio and several writers that Joan was a peculiar sort of person. "She doesn't like people," . . . "She takes one look and decides immediately she doesn't



like you." So I arrived at Miss Blondell's hill-side home fully expecting not to be liked. Well, I hadn't been there long when Joanie popped up with, "Don't look now, but George and I are getting married in Phoenix, Arizona, tomorrow and how would you like to come along? It might be fun." It certainly was. It was the most fun I've ever had on any interview. By the way, maybe I had better frame up an interview with Joanie again soon, for maybe she will take me along when she elopes with Dick Powell. Or maybe she considers me bad luck now.

Bill Powell is a swell person to interview, and you can count on grand laughs. An interview with Mirian Hopkins, as I told you once before, is a social season, but still you don't get the interview. George Raft tells you the most exciting stories about himself, but tops it all off with "but you can't print that." Gary Cooper won't talk, but is such a nice guy you have to forgive him.

Stars whom I am fond of interviewing, mainly I suppose because they don't consider me a snake in the grass, a hellion of journalism, a murderer and a liar (maybe

they do but I'm not smart enough to catch on) are Dick Powell, Joan Crawford, Una Merkel, Franchot Tone, Madge Evans, Joel McCrea, Joan Bennett, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Joan Blondell and Myrna Loy. Sylvia Sidney is also one of my favorites, though an interview with her is always a duel of insults to the death. "Why do you bother me," Sylvia always greets me with. "You know you've written this story before seeing me. But I suppose I'll have to give you lunch anyway. Why don't you take me to lunch sometimes?" A nasty person, but I like her.

## Which Girl Typifies Hollywood?

[Continued from page 25]

freshness to her personality has the male population pursuing. But producer Arthur Hornblow is the one who's seen with her most of the time. (And, as yet, he isn't legally free of former marital ties.) Myrna makes the young men sigh and the old men cry. But she goes on her mysterious way alone. Yes, she's a lovely lady. If only she'd break down and live the typical Hollywood life?

Where, oh where, is our typical girl? What about Joan Bennett? Yes, she has this and that and the other. But she also has the responsibility of running a home and a career and two children and a husband. She's the only person who could manage all this and still look her full "twelve" years of age. So you wouldn't envy her for being the typical Hollywood girl.

Maybe we're seeking Virginia Bruce (who isn't?). Sweet shades of alabaster and pale moonlight. She's the most beautiful girl in pictures. She loves parties, night clubs, clothes and dates. What's more, she's got a me-e-ellion of 'em. She has her own home, and it even boasts a pipe organ. But behind all her gaiety, there is always her concern for little Susanne Gilbert. Virginia loves her baby passionately. She, too, was threatened by kidnappers. Virginia has so much, and yet—she just isn't the girl who fits into the mental picture.

Hepburn is a fugitive from Hollywood photographers. And so is Margaret Sullivan. The Hollywood life is not for them.

Loretta Young has almost everything. Yet she must guard her health to prevent a recurrence of her recent breakdown. Director Eddie Sutherland is a constant and admiring companion. Her colonial home, her cars, her servants, her beauty are representative of everything that is enviable. She has all this and yet she doesn't typify the thing we're looking for.

There is Jean Muir who is young and blonde and beautiful. She has a nice contract and her fan mail arrives by the hundreds. But the Hollywood life is not for Jean. She lives in an inexpensive apartment and cooks her own meals. She owns one evening gown and hasn't a fur or jewel to her name. She's only been to one or two Hollywood night clubs and she neither drinks nor smokes. Jean is popular with the boys, but she'd rather receive a first edition than a second invitation. She worships the theatre and owns her own workshop. She's already produced two of her own plays. Her life is dedicated to work, so she's out of the Hollywood spotlight.

And so our search goes on. There's Stanwyck, Dunne and Duna. Evans, Furness and Una. Parker, Patrick and Francis. Del Rio, Hopkins and Ginger. Blondell, Sidney and Keeler. We could rave on and on. One by one our beautiful ladies fail us. Until we come to—Jean Harlow. It looks like our own Jeanie is just the one we've been looking for. Make way for the typical girl!

Jean Harlow lives in a great white house,

on the top of a hill in Bell-Aire. There is a combination radio and phonograph in every room. Jean's bedroom is actually seven different shades of white. She owns dozens of pastel-shaded pajamas, with her diamond-shaped monogram on the pocket of each. She always has breakfast in bed. Her two Persian cats eat with her. (They're almost the same brownette shade as Jean's new hair.)

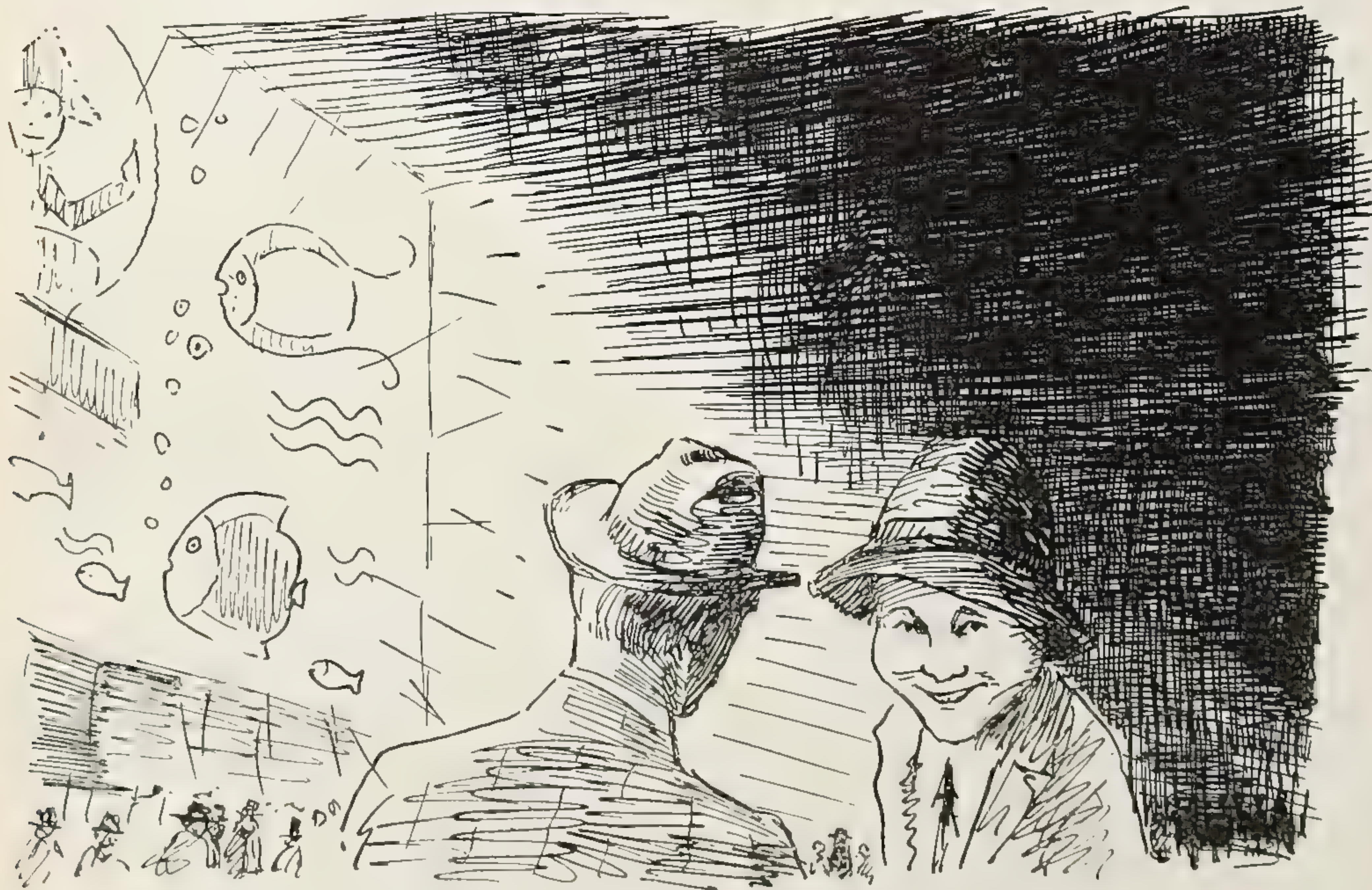
Jean owns a beautiful black sedan, driven by a uniformed chauffeur. The lap robe is monogrammed with her initials "J. H." Blanche is her maid at home and in the studio. Jean loves to pose for photographs and never refuses to give an autograph. At home she swims, rides and plays tennis. She has a green and white pool, a barbecue pit and picnic tables for parties, white iron garden furniture, her own white gasoline pump, a hot house where she grows gardenias and a garage with accommodations for five.

If she wants to be by herself, Jean can sit on the great bearskin rug in her living room and gaze into the fireplace. If she wants to pack a picnic basket, wear slacks and go hiking off to the desert, there's Bill Powell to help her do it. When they want to get dressed up and go dancing at the Trocadero, Jean and Bill do it together.

When Bill is in a particularly gay mood, he arrives at Jean's house carrying a dripping carton of ice cream. The very first time they went out together, Jean fell fast asleep. Bill asked if he could drive her up to Santa Barbara for dinner. Jean had been working all day and knew that she should say no. Being a female, she said yes. Completely exhausted she slept until they arrived at their destination. After dinner she slept all the way home. Bill Powell thanked her for a lovely evening and the next day sent flowers. He always sends a corsage on the day of the date and more flowers the day following.

If Bill comes over and they dine alone, Jean has a table for two, set in front of a roaring fireplace. Usually he is late and Jean never lets him forget it. One night she gave a dinner party. It was long past the appointed hour, so she decided to teach him a lesson. Taking her guests into the dining room, Jean decided not to wait. There, at the head of the table, sat a sleepy-eyed Bill: "I've been waiting for hours," said he, "I thought you wanted to have dinner on time."

When Jean goes shopping, she buys stockings a dozen pair at a time. Recently she purchased an entirely new wardrobe to go with her new brownette personality. Wherever she goes, Jean Harlow always is the center of attention. Her life is overflowing with beauty, romance, success, adulation, jewels, cars, clothes—all the things that make up the Hollywood life. So, actually there is only one beautiful girl who really typifies—The Hollywood Life.



Sol Lesser remarked: "The new flashing lights of the Wrigley sign opposite the Hotel Astor keep the guests awake. Makes them toss and turn."

"You mean it makes them wrigley," said Jack Oakie with the wit of a young benedict.



# Romantic Grace Moore

is practical,  
too



● Casual playtime clothes get the same professional care Grace Moore's screen Luxables do.

● Glamorous screen costumes get safe Lux care at Columbia Studios. This one (right) was designed by Kalloch for Miss Moore to wear in "The King Steps Out."



(Boyer)  
● Golden-voiced Grace Moore relaxes in Luxables! "For cottons, linens, washable silks and rayons, Lux has no equal," says this Columbia star.

## She adores Luxables —insists on Lux care

GRACE MOORE loves luxury in clothes—that's the grand opera in her! Yet she won't run the slightest risk of having her lovely things spoiled with careless washing.

Linen suits, trim sports clothes, Luxable silks and rayons, frothy cottons, so ravishing for summer, are easy to keep superbly fresh her Lux way!

"Lovely colors and fragile fabrics come out of Lux gloriously new-looking, time after time," she declares.

Luxing is different from ordinary

washing — protects you from cake-soap rubbing, soaps containing harmful alkali that may fade color, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

**Specified in the big Hollywood studios...** "We use Lux to restore the freshness of all kinds of things, from elaborate period costumes to slim-fitting modern clothes," says William Bridgehouse, wardrobe supervisor at Columbia. "The camera can't find the slightest imperfection!"



Hollywood says: **DON'T TRUST TO LUCK, TRUST TO**



## Her Tennis Stroke

is

*Correctly Timed*



## —too bad her laxative wasn't!

**H**ER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

### DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

### PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

**When Nature forgets—  
remember**

# EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

## He Resents Being Typed [Continued from page 54]

independence brings him a delicious, almost a delirious sense of elation. Now in a picture," and he threw me a gay smile, "even if you are a star, you are only one of many cogs in the great wheel that is turning out a product. You sustain an emotional mood for only a few minutes at a time and the effect you secure on the screen is never independently your own for it is built up through the aid of mechanics, such as photography, lighting, sound. There is little personal satisfaction for the player because he never sees the finished results of his work and it is a trifle depressing to be—just a cog!"

After a pause, he went on, "I wish I had been born thirty years earlier. The war's disillusionment made people intensely practical and the stage is no longer vitally concerned with ability. Life's tempo is completely changed and it is personality, a salable quality, that the entertainment world demands.

"I once asked Forbes-Robertson if there were as many outstanding figures on the stage now as in the former generation and he replied that there were many more. And because there are so many really fine actors today, one must possess unusual ability and a stirring personality in order to stand out from the surrounding cast of capable players. I never see a motion picture without thinking of this, for even the smallest parts are portrayed with amazing skill."

With the fire of enthusiasm, Basil continued, "If the major studios would each produce one picture a year without regard to its commercial value, only its artistic, it would soon raise the standard to a very high level. It seems such a little tribute to pay this great industry that has brought fame and wealth to its followers; just one picture every twelve months. I'm sure every actor would gladly give his services at a very low

figure for the privilege of creating something that might become a cinema classic and I'm willing to wager that out of the five pictures made, at least two or three would turn into smashing box-office successes. History of both stage and screen shows that the truly worth while productions usually make money. It would be a fine gesture to the screen as *Art*. I'm confident this will eventually be done for, after all, producers are dreamers and full of sentiment. Too, they are always gamblers!"

The Rathbones—Mrs. Rathbone is the brilliant Ouida Bergere—have made over the one-time Jack Dempsey-Estelle Taylor home into a very beautiful place, with spacious gardens and a swimming pool. The gardens are Basil's hobby and he loves to put on old clothes and actually work in them. He excels in many outdoor sports but his favorite is golf. He dislikes going out and so the usual social life of contract and large parties never intrudes on the Rathbone calendar. They prefer riding horseback, or hiking over the hills with their dogs galloping about them.

Basil is still passionately fond of music and has a remarkable collection of phonograph records of the world's famous symphonies and other classics.

He is an idealist, and has a naïve faith in humanity. He worships children and is excited over plans, already in motion, for adopting two babies, a girl and a boy.

As a coming screen triumph, there is a very reliable rumor that when "Julius Caesar" is filmed, Basil will portray Mark Antony.

Tests made with the color camera promise much for him, for they definitely emphasize his good looks and his romantic qualities. So, perhaps Basil Rathbone will finally take his rightful place as an intriguing figure in screen romances.

## Talent of the World [Continued from page 31]

Bow from Brooklyn, a Joan Crawford from San Antonio, Texas (via Kansas City), compete on equal terms with the Parisian Chevalier, the Londoner, Ronald Colman, and the Canadians, Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford or the late Marie Dressler.

The camera, once it achieves focus, does not recognize nationality. Three generations of cameras, for instance, proved that Mary Pickford, Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer were the first ladies of the screen. They were American cameras but they honored three Canadians, for the lens of a camera tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, untroubled by boundary lines.

If the stars are elected on the basis of talent, so also are those who direct them and point out the short-cuts to stardom. The directors come from all over the world to Hollywood. Frank Capra is from Palermo, Italy; Lubitsch is from Berlin; Frank Lloyd is from Glasgow, Scotland; Von Sternberg is from Vienna; Frank Borzage hails from Dempsey's town, Salt Lake City; Michael Curtiz is from Budapest; Richard Boleslavsky is from Warsaw, Poland; John Ford, of "Informer" fame, is from Portland, Maine; Mark Sandrich, who directed "Top Hat," is a New Yorker; Mervyn Le Roy is a San Franciscan; Lloyd Bacon is from San Jose, California, and Edmund Goulding is from England. Gregory La Cava is from Towanda, Pennsylvania. Walter Lang is from Memphis, Tenn. Archie Mayo is a New Yorker. J. Walter Ruben is a New Yorker. Norman Taurog is a Chicagoan. King Vidor is from Budapest. Rouben Mamoulian is from Tif-

lis, Caucasus; Clarence Brown from Clinton, Mass.

The cosmopolitan make-up of the directorial staff is a fine influence on pictures, for the directors encourage the artists of their own countries and cities and sections to come to Hollywood. And the directors generally know talent better than the front-office. It was a Swedish director who brought Garbo to Hollywood. It was Director George Cukor who insisted on RKO signing Katharine Hepburn. It was Director Clarence Brown who "made" Clark Gable.

The world indeed is Hollywood's oyster.

It is the Coast's willingness to go far afield in search of talent, and directors and cameramen and writers that has spurred the industry so high, in so short a time. With the finest minds of the world to draw upon, Hollywood has achieved a maturity of intellect that is no less than staggering. It is a long cry from the cowboy thrillers of Bill Hart to such a sensitive document as "These Three"—a far cry from Clara Bow's obvious "It" to the sophistication of a Dietrich—a far cry from Hoot Gibson to the finesse of a Laughton. The movies have grown up because they grafted on to celluloid the background of older countries, borrowing polish here, sophistication there and staining its hands with soil.

The lout has become a gentleman with out forgetting his origin.

That the process has been accomplished in good taste, and has been eminently successful was demonstrated to me not long ago on a trip to Havana. Now Havana can be a turbulent community, as menacing and grim as Morro Castle that stands





*Darling Mother—  
I want you to have  
one of these. It's just  
a simple little snapshot  
but it happens to be  
the day Ken and I  
became engaged. Funny  
how a picture can mean  
such a lot afterwards.*

**O**FTEN you don't realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—  
you must take Today



## NED WAYBURN'S

*Dancing Teachers  
choose Nonspi*

**TO BE SURE!**



● Ned Wayburn's charming dancing teachers are careful in choosing a preparation to overcome under-arm moisture. They must keep themselves fresh through a strenuous evening, guard their frocks against under-arm stains...and yet use a deodorant that does not irritate their flawless skin.

They've found that when deodorants are used half-strength, they give only half-way results. So they choose Nonspi which can be used full strength, because:

1. *Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.*
2. *Nonspi can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.*
3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.*
4. *Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.*

To be sure of protection...to be safe from skin irritation...insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. It's 35c and 60c a bottle.



*IT'S  
Safe*

**NONSPI**

threateningly in the shark-infested harbor, but when we arrived the citizens were in a gay and chipper mood.

I asked the cab-driver the reason for the town's gaiety: "Ricito de Oro," he told me excitedly. "Ricito de Oro." My sketchy Spanish translated "Oro" into "gold," and I thought at first that he meant that Havana had discovered a gold mine. "No, Senor," he said, "Curly de Gold." It now came over me that I was talking to a madman, a veritable lunatic and the speed at which he drove filled me with grave forebodings. Finally he pulled on his brake sharply and pointed. We were standing in front of the Encanto Theatre. Vast placards covered it: "Ricito de Oro." The street was filled with people trying to get in at the box-office. "She is what you call in America, Shirley Temple," the cabbie explained, gesticulating with both hands. "In Habana, we call her Ricito de Oro, because she has golden curls."

When Havana, a turbulent city, forgets its squabbles because a new Shirley Temple picture has arrived at the Encanto Theatre, it seems to me that Hollywood has scored

a terrific artistic success, and one that cannot readily be overlooked.

The answer is that Hollywood is not provincial. It draws on the world for its talent, and out of the melting pot on the Coast emerges celluloid portraits that can be hung in the cinema galleries of every nation, if I may mix my metaphors. It is magical, I think, that Hollywood can team a boy from Omaha, Nebraska, and a girl from Independence, Missouri (Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers), so expertly that their film captivates London, Paris, Buenos Aires and Shanghai.

The Coast settlement, pursuing the newest and freshest of the fine arts, inviting all of the world to dedicate its enthusiasm, and raising no barriers of color or creed, comes closer to international harmony than the graybeards of Geneva.

I'll trade all of the statesmen who convene in Switzerland for Darryl Zanuck, Swiss boss of the Twentieth Century-Fox Company. Zanuck's pictures will do more for peace than the Geneva graybeards. Their propaganda is dull. His propaganda is exciting. That is the difference.

## The Romantic Nelson Eddy [Continued from page 27]

heard of Nelson Eddy, but it knew that it was listening to a finished artist, nevertheless, and remained to cheer him. He had a well built up public before he ever set foot in Hollywood. He is, first and foremost, a musician. That he happens, also, to have that quality of magnetism and sheer joy of living which draws both men and women to him is the thing that has placed him on the top wave of popularity.

For the sake of the Youth of today who need romance and idealized love as no other age has needed it, I hope Nelson Eddy will long remain on his high pedestal, concentrating on the development of those talents which keep people looking upward.

"But there is nothing spectacular about my success," he protested. "I haven't a remarkable memory and I'm rather easy going, lazy in fact." He smiled charmingly as he folded a sheet of paper into a small aeroplane and later spun it across the room, watching with interest to see where it landed. "Success came to me as a result of grinding work and complete loyalty to it. Anyone can win who will do it, but many people don't know how to work. They think if they spend an hour or two a day at a thing that they are then justified in amusing themselves for the remaining ten. That makes slow progress and often leads nowhere. Mastering a thing means hammering five and six and seven hours a day, and doing for the rest of the day the things that build toward and not away from the goal in mind.

"Some people wait until they see an opportunity before they prepare for it, but I did just the opposite. When I was in the advertising business in Philadelphia I studied voice. When I was singing songs and church music I studied opera, and that meant learning the languages in which the operas were written. I always prepared myself for the thing I wanted or hoped to do next and I never got a break in any of them until I was ready for it.

"When I did my first picture over a year ago I had very little acting to do, but it was enough to show me that I didn't know much about it. For the year before 'Naughty Marietta' I studied with a dramatic coach and in that picture I was more at ease before the camera, but I'm still studying.

"And another thing. Success did not come to me through my own efforts alone. There are about fifty people who contributed to it—men, and a few women. All of these peo-

ple helped me to accomplish the thing I had set out to do. Without them I would not have accomplished as much as I have, and as each step was taken my ambition grew to conquer the next step.

I mentioned the name of a friend of mine who had been his accompanist about six years ago, before his growing popularity took him out of Philadelphia altogether.

"Virginia Snyder," he exclaimed. "What a fine musician she is, and what a sincere worker. There's a woman who isn't afraid of grinding work. She helped me learn several operas and we've whacked out many a difficult number together, often against time. She would never let me sing a wrong note or lapse into a wrong tempo, a serious fault in an accompanist, but an easy one to make. I always send people to Virginia if they are to study in Philadelphia.

"When I started on my first concert tour I had to look about for another accompanist for several reasons. Aside from the fact that it is preferable for a man to accompany a man on the concert stage, I had to have some one free to travel and able to give me a hand with luggage and help with a number of things one could not ask a woman to do.

"I was fortunate in finding Theodore Paxson who has been with me ever since. We were regular barnstormers in those days, doing everything ourselves. Now I have to have a manager and a secretary."

I had heard from various quarters that he has as hard a time to get about now as Lindbergh, and that he never answered the door of his hotel suite or the telephone himself. The Arthur Judson Concert Bureau, the NBC Broadcasting studio and the offices of Metro Goldwyn Mayer, both here and in Hollywood, are besieged with inquiries about him. His concert route is never given out to anyone except at his personal request.

"What sort of questions do they ask?" I wanted to know.

The cute little girl at the Judson office turned up her nose.

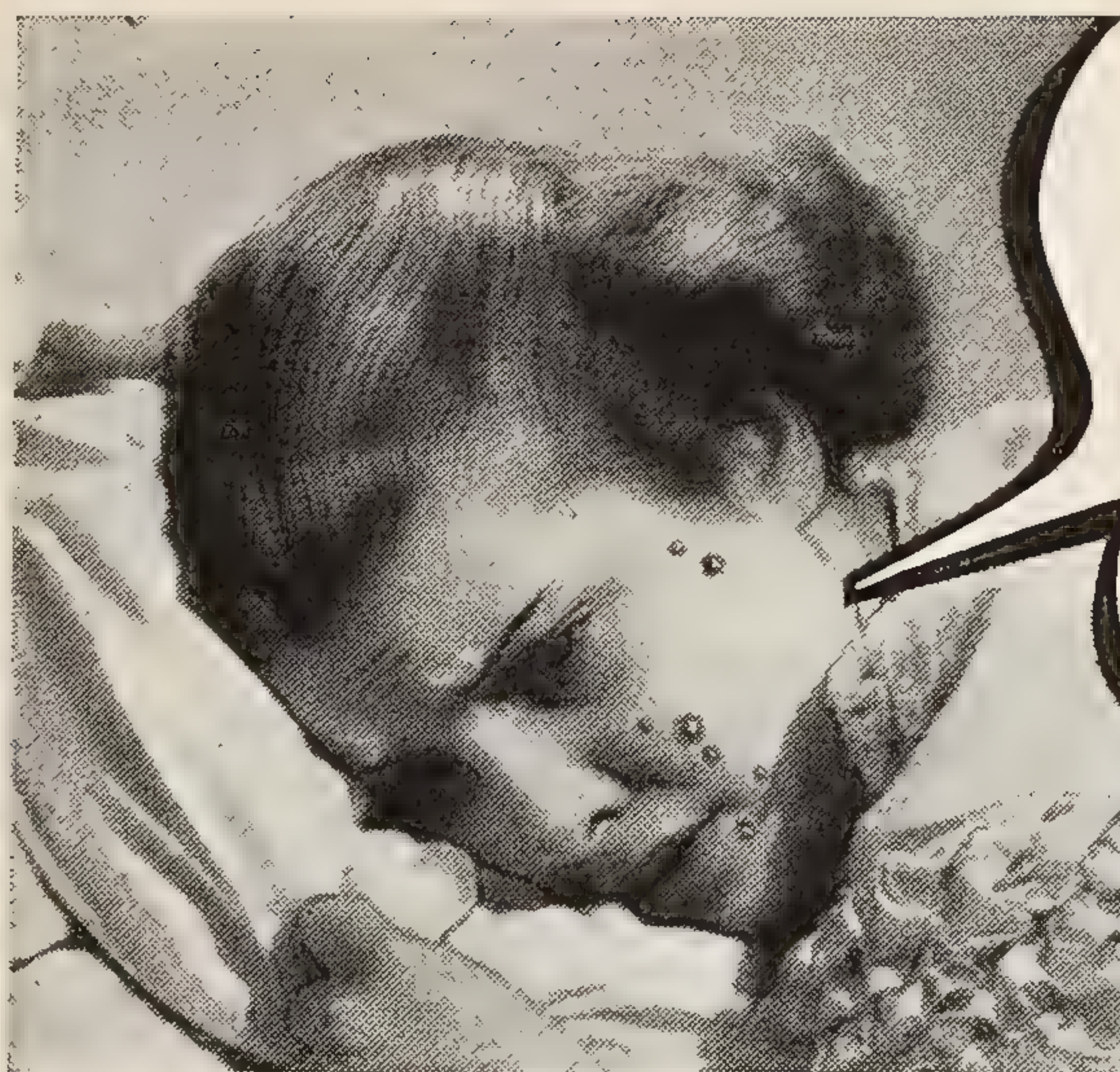
"Usually they want to know what color eyes he has and is his hair really curly. Can you imagine!"

"Did you wonder about that before you saw him?" I teased.

The nose went up as high as it possibly could. Maybe I guessed right, but I didn't find out from her.

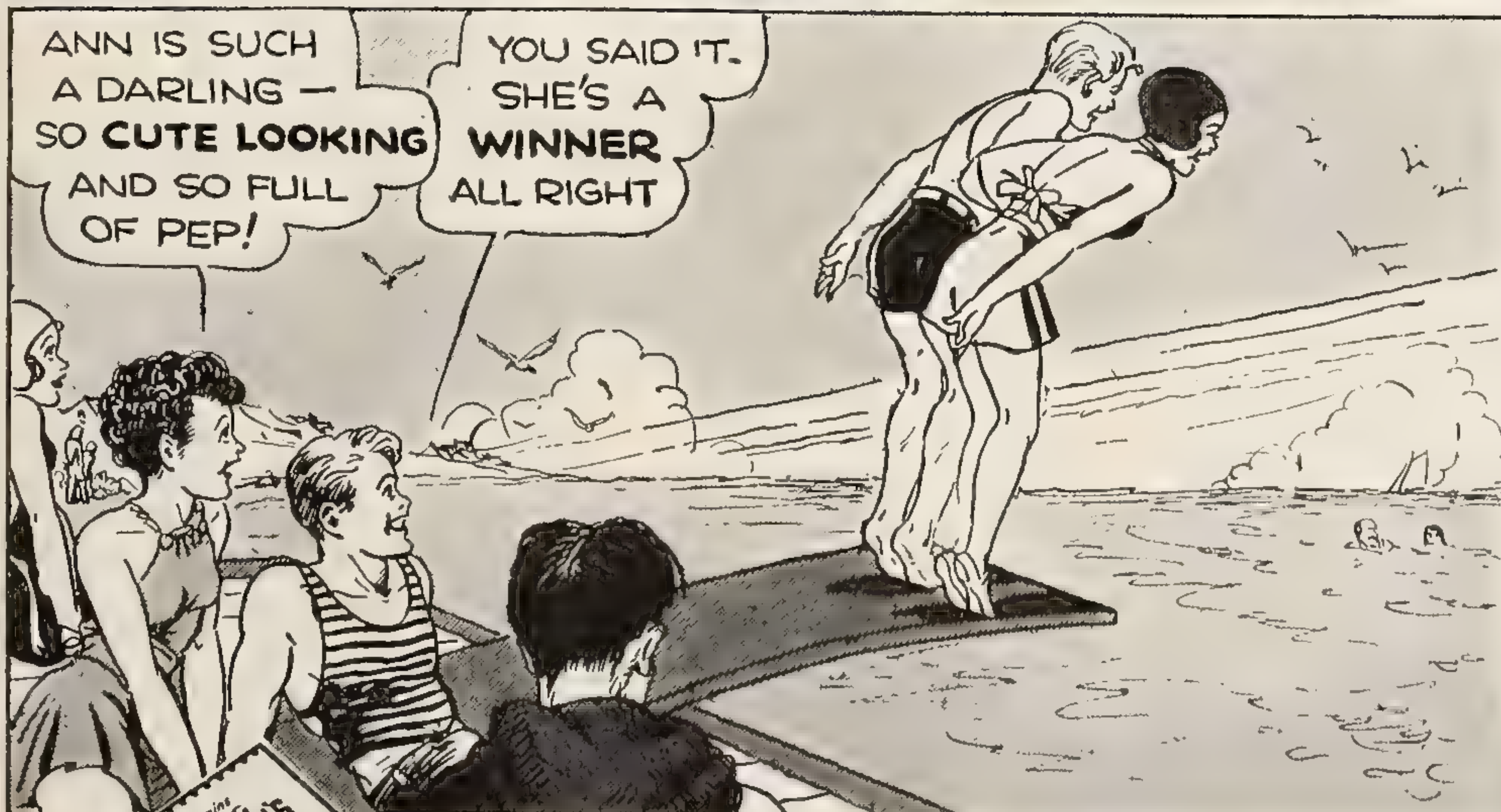
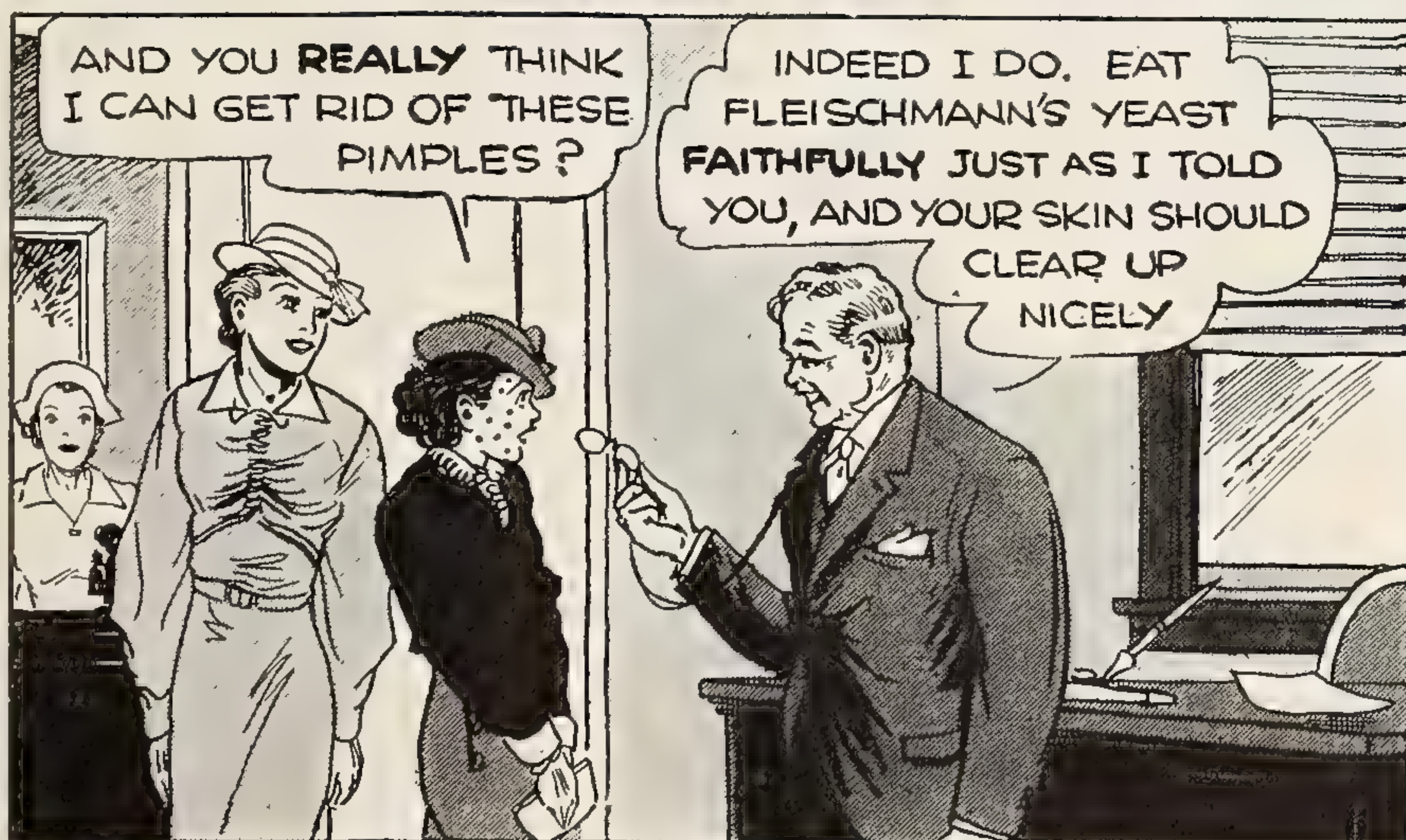
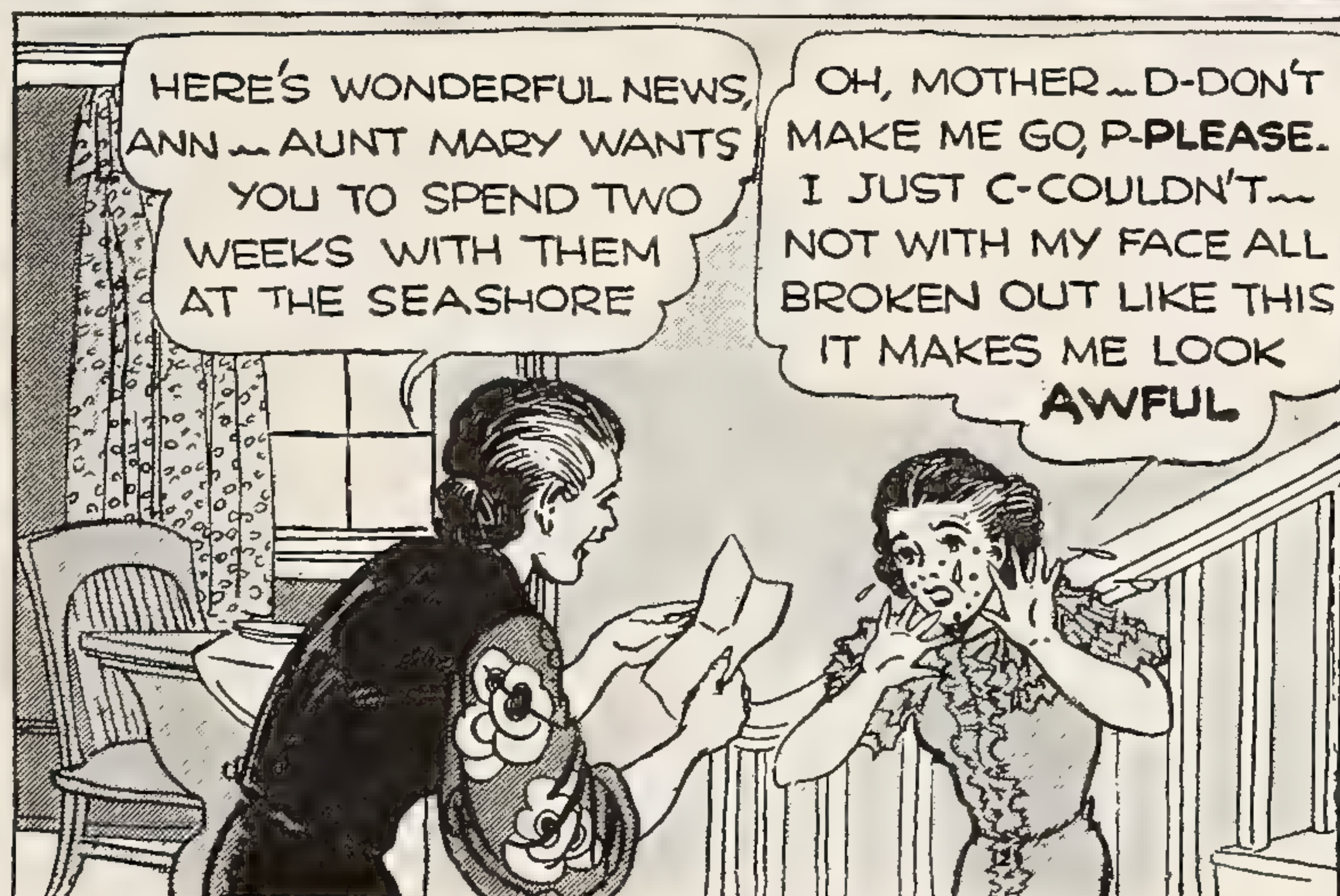
Remembering this I asked Nelson how





**I NEVER WANT TO SEE  
ANOTHER SOUL AS  
LONG AS I LIVE**

**HER  
PIMPLY  
SKIN  
MADE ANN  
FEEL  
LIKE A  
TOTAL  
LOSS**



**Don't let Adolescent Pimples  
spoil YOUR vacation plans**

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



**—clears the skin  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood**





## "Keep an eye on the sun" says Jane Heath

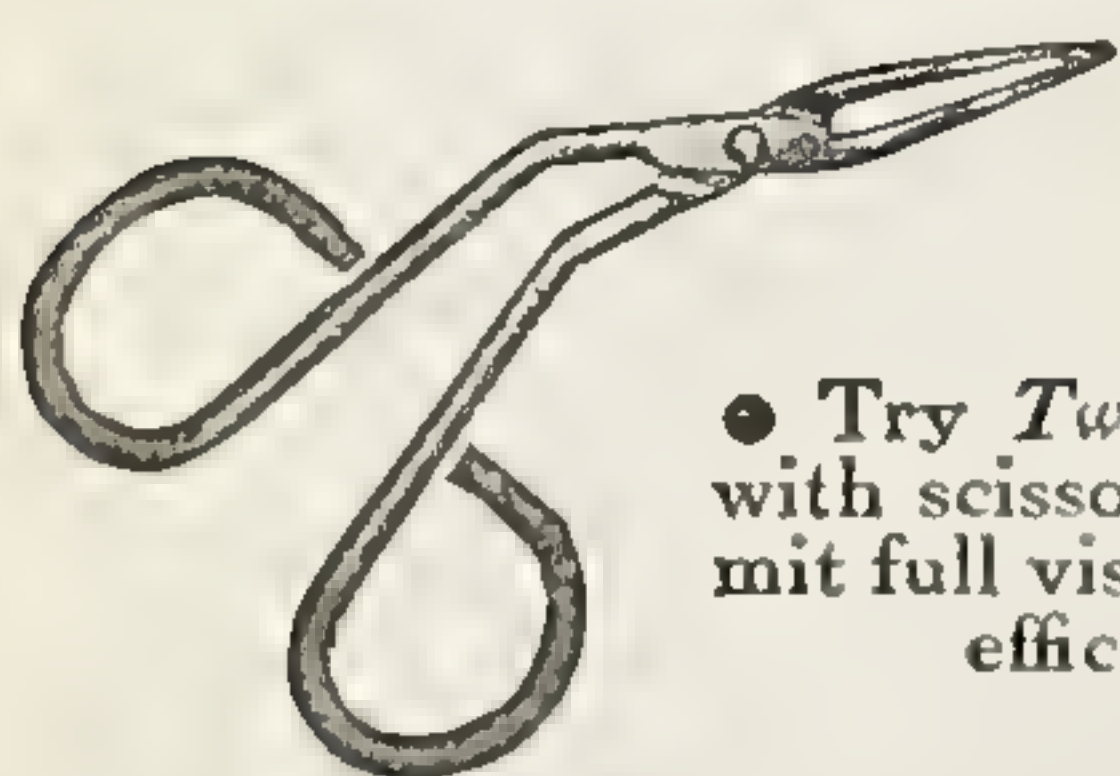
● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamorous!* Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only \$1.



● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . \$1

● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c



● Try *Tweezers*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

# Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SS-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

he managed to get about in the world now that he was a celebrity. He smiled and shook his head.

"Usually I have a police escort. No matter what entrance I take there is a mob around it. We make a break for the car and the first thing we do is to lock all the doors and windows from the inside. The police ride on the running board. Even then when we get to the hotel there is usually a couple of youngsters hanging on to the spare tire.

It was then time for his broadcast and I rose to go. In the hall was a young girl trying to find out which room Nelson Eddy was going to broadcast from. She had made a special stopover in New York on her way south to see his broadcast with her own eyes and maybe shake his hand, but she was not at all prepared to meet him face to face so suddenly and almost fainted with excitement. Nelson hadn't much time because the air won't wait, but he said a few pleasant words and sent her happily on her way.

The thing I noticed particularly about him was a complete lack of tenseness. He moves rather deliberately and with an easy grace, yet there is no vagueness in his manner. He is always clowning in the broadcasting room, much to the amusement of his audience which, I was interested to find on several different occasions, was composed of as many men as women, and of all ages. His first consideration is to place his music on his special rack which he shares with his co-soloist Margaret Speaks, and seeing that it is the right height for her as she is the first one to sing. That matter attended to he goes about doing the social, chucking the girls in the Firestone trio under the chin and cutting up monkey shines generally. You'd never think it, would you, from the solemnity of his delivery and the dignity of his presence in Rose Marie? In these off-stage moments he shows that he likes fun as much as anybody, but as soon as the program starts he's full of business.

When you realize how difficult it used to be to memorize that new piece for your next music lesson you will appreciate the following story.

"One day," Nelson said to me, "my manager told me that I was to sing Salome with Jeritza at the Metropolitan in eight days' time. I told him he was crazy, that I didn't know a note or a word of Salome and the whole thing was impossible.

"Nonsense. Of course you can sing it,"

he replied in dead seriousness.

"I can't, I tell you."

"The billing's out and you've got to," he said cheerily and hung up. He was in a hole and I knew it so there was nothing left but to pitch in and learn the thing. I didn't even have eight days, because within the time there were three concerts and two radio programs to take care of, so that really I had only four full days to work on Salome. Two days before the performance I had a stage rehearsal and expected to work from the book. Jeritza worked from memory and I felt like a fool. That night I went home and plugged in grim earnest, and I learned the opera. So it can be done if one is willing to grind."

Nelson may not think he's anything remarkable but if, as they say, genius is composed of one-tenth talent and nine-tenths perspiration I guess he's a genius all right. If he didn't perspire plenty over that job he isn't human, and no one I'm sure will deny the talent.

He now knows thirty-two operas, and I believe there have been only thirty-six written. Four or five of these thirty-two he is so well up on that he could jump in and sing them tomorrow. If he had a week or ten days he could be ready with ten more and, given three weeks, he could be pat with the rest.

He doesn't intend to concentrate on opera later on, or upon any branch of music in particular. Even pictures he said were "only temporary." He likes to express himself in all of them and still have a loophole to study something new. What worries me is, now that he's at the top of everything he has attempted to do, and he's only thirty-four, will he be content to keep "brushing up" on things he already knows? Will the expression of music, without the stimulating fight for recognition be sufficient to hold his interest to work alone? Will he then fight to keep the high position he has won, a task which is often more difficult to accomplish than the first climb to the summit; or will he turn curious eyes to the thing he has awakened in the hearts of millions of girls—Romance?

Maybe, then, you girls will get your innings, but here's a word of warning. Nelson Eddy is from Puritan stock, and you can never tell about a Puritan. There's a touch of martyrdom in their make-up. What they have set themselves to do they will do, they must do, in spite of everything. They are conquerors and can never be vanquished except by their own thoughts.

## Your Beach Beauty [Continued from page 8]

addition take inches off thighs. The shirt is a good-looking affair that takes care of the "spare-tire" and other overweight spots above the waistline. You'll feel well-dressed in Gym-Gobs at the beach or on the tennis court. At the same time, you'll know you're whipping your figure into shape for Summer exposure as well as for your new Fall clothes.

Don't be a "spoil sport" because you're afraid to sunburn. That's so absolutely unnecessary nowadays and its one of the worst enemies against beauty at the beach. You don't have to hide your charm under an umbrella or go through the stage of looking like a boiled lobster, what with the protective sunburn preparations that let you tan evenly and gradually without burning. One such to which we're especially devoted is Dorothy Gray's Sunburn Cream. There's an ingredient in it that absorbs the burning rays of the sun before they reach your skin. However, you can use it all summer long

and boast just as beautiful a coat of tan at the end of the season as your heart desires! Smooth it evenly over the skin you expect to expose, face included, of course.

You can order your own degree of tan, depending upon the amount of this sunburn cream you apply. If you want to get "brown as a berry," use it very sparingly. For a café au lait or medium tan, apply more. Or if you wish to keep your lily-white complexion, use the cream generously. It forms an excellent make-up base, for you who like to wear your "war paint" while you're having fun at the beach.

Speaking of make-up, there are rich, warm shades that heighten the beauty of a tanned skin. Du Barry Tropical Make-up has enchanting brown tones underlying the red. And Elmo has a new "sunset" shade of rouge and lipstick that glows with the deep-toned brilliancy of a late summer afternoon horizon.

IN THE August Silver Screen be sure to read the article about those glorious days the stars spend at the beach. This story is illustrated by Oscar Howard, the New York artist visiting Hollywood for Silver Screen.



# The most tragic triangle of all—

## HUSBAND...WIFE *and* FEAR



Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's fear, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional *spreading* quality;

it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. So dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

### The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

**New! Lysol Hygienic Soap...** for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

### FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINE, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. SS7  
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant  
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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*Lysol*  
Disinfectant



CHIC  
at Your  
Fingertips



AND what a bottle! Smart, streamlined and generous—in keeping with the gorgeous polish it contains . . . Make no mistake—*Chic* is as fine a polish as money can buy. The ultra smart shades are the last word in tone beauty. With them on your dressing table there is no mood or costume that may not be accented with glamorous fingertips, almost as quickly as the thought occurs. *Chic* applies so easily—so smoothly and so lustrously, yet it never peels or cracks. *Chic Polish Remover*, or *Oily Polish Remover*, a boon to brittle nails, and *Chic Cuticle Remover* complete your finger tip beauty treatment.

Chic Manicure Aids at all  
Five and Ten Cent Stores

10¢



Charlie Ruggles was sick in bed with a cold for a few days. But sister-in-law Arline Judge says she knew he was getting better when she caught him trying to blow the foam off his medicine.

## The Eligible Heart-Breakers [Continued from page 51]

theatre, and you're darned lucky if he has remembered to reserve the theatre tickets—don't be a bit surprised to find yourself sitting in the balcony. But you'll have more laughs, more good fun, than you've had since you were a child at the circus. Jimmy won't even think to ask you if you want to dance after the play (he's the type who stops in the midst of a waltz on a crowded dance floor and tells you most enthusiastically about a model plane he is building) but he'll rush you out to his ranch house in Brentwood—it's right next door to Jeanette MacDonald's—where he lives with Henry Fonda, and there with Henry's help he'll mix up some awful cheese goo which you'll have to wash down with beer, and then he'll entertain you for hours by playing his accordion. He's really very talented on the accordion and plays with gusto. He's been playing that same accordion ever since he was in Princeton, but it's quite typical of the guy that only recently did he pay the last installment on it.

Or perhaps Jimmy and Henry will be in the mood for taking moving pictures that night, and if so you'll roll on the floor with hysterics. The boys bought one of those "Make Movies at Home" machines and Henry is the producer, supervisor, director, cameraman and prop boy, while Jimmy is the cast—which usually consists of five people.

The love scenes are a little difficult to be sure, but the boys skip over those hastily in order to get to the murder and death scenes which they adore. Jimmy likes to be knifed in the throat and have blood spurting from his mouth in his final death agony. All of one evening they experimented with catsup, but the results weren't gruesome enough, and anyway Jimmy swallowed so much catsup that he was nearly sick. Beet juice they have discovered makes the most satisfactory blood.

While you are splitting your sides over their goofy antics you will be licked and pawed by a couple of friendly dogs, Son and Bud, who will probably smell to high heaven of perfume. But don't get the wrong idea—

they're perfectly respectable dogs—only it seems that the cook is so crazy about them that she insists upon washing and brushing and perfuming them every day. "And she cooks them much more appetizing food than she does us," Jimmy complains.

And speaking of food, Jimmy is crazy about eating. "The best things in life," he says, "are a good steak and Myrna Loy." But no matter how many steaks he eats he never gets fat, and no matter how much he pines over Myrna Loy he never gets to first base with her.

Jimmy is the least "actorish" person I have ever met, and if you have a Big Brother whom you like Jimmy will remind you of him. He was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, went to Princeton, and stumbled into the theatre while he was visiting a friend in the Falmouth Stock Company, at Cape Cod one summer. In New York he lived with Henry Fonda and Ross Alexander, so it was only natural that he and Henry should start up housekeeping again in Hollywood. On a windy afternoon you can find him out on a Brentwood hill-top flying kites with Ross Alexander, who shares his enthusiasm for kites and planes. He doesn't seem to have a steady "girl" but is often seen with Margaret Sullavan, Wendy Barrie and Betty Furness.

Jimmy's best rôle so far has been opposite Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love," though he has had grand outstanding parts in "Rose Marie" and "Wife Versus Secretary." He was most delighted when Joan Crawford asked to have him play one of the leading rôles in her new picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy." "Gee!" said Jimmy.

If Mr. Stewart sounds a little too haphazard for you, how about Mr. Fonda? Henry is rather a quiet, introspective sort of chap until he starts "cutting up" and then you couldn't find anyone crazier. Just recently he bought himself a cornet which he learned to play in three lessons (poor, poor Jeanette MacDonald) though he has to write his own music as he cannot read the music that the publishers sell. The bottle and match game



(which you saw Carole Lombard and Preston Foster play in a scene in "Love Before Breakfast") is Henry's favorite game and he plays it continuously, at home, at the studio, and while he is lunching. The minute he sits down in a restaurant the waitress brings him a milk bottle and a box of matches.

Born in Grand Island, Nebraska, Henry reached the New York stage via the Omaha Community Playhouse, and some six years or so ago married Margaret Sullivan, but it didn't last very long because Margaret was going places and Henry wasn't. Mutual friends say that Henry had a terrible inferiority complex and that Margaret divorced him mainly to cure him of it. Anyway, one day he received a wire from Miss Sullivan informing him that he was a free man, and sure enough some time later Henry became a big success in New York in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

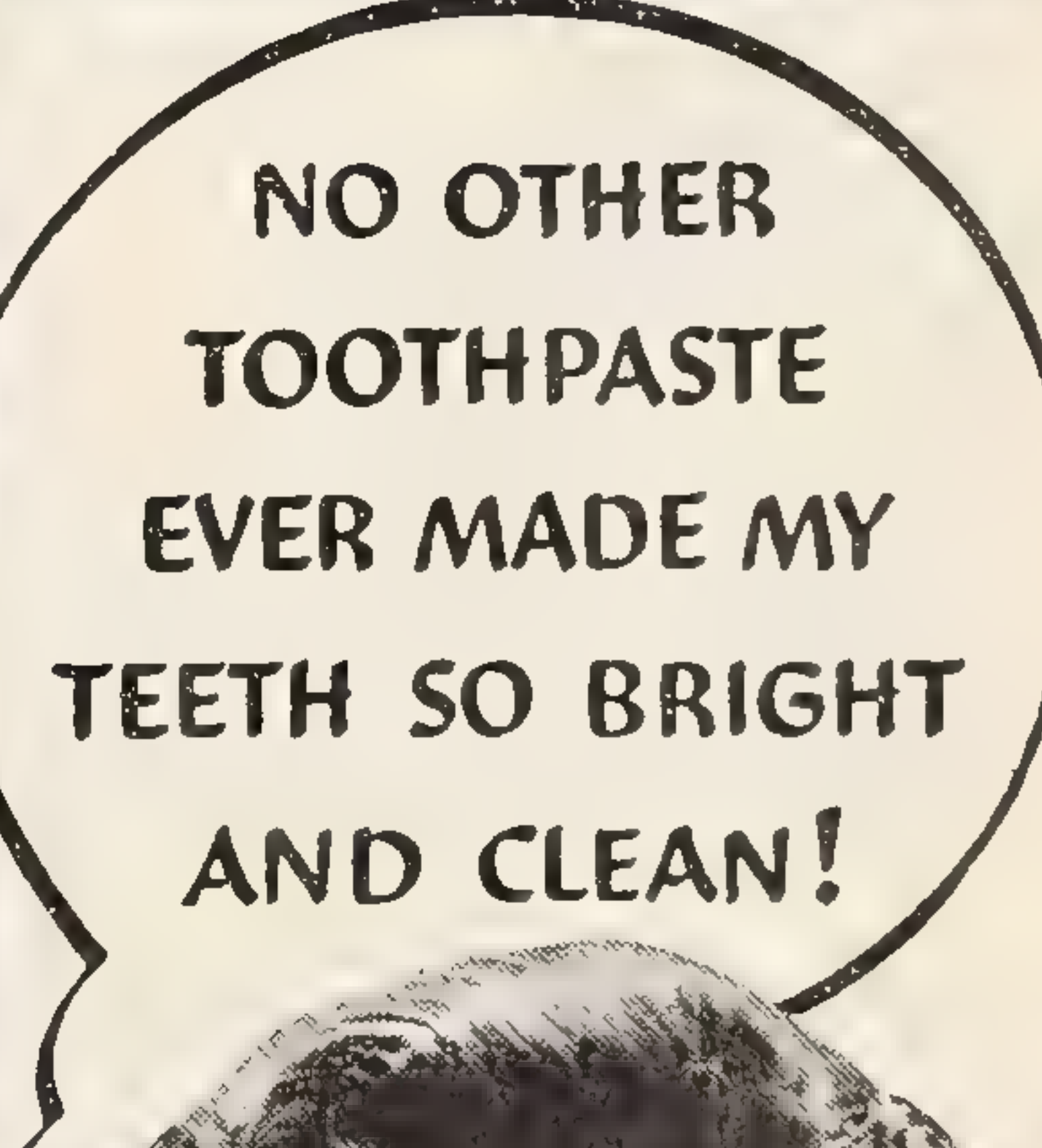
When he first came to Hollywood he and Shirley Ross would hold hands of an evening, but that sort of chilled while he was away on location with the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" company, and ever since the first week of production of "The Moon's Our Home" Henry has been more or less courting his ex-wife, who got a Mexican divorce from William Wyler during the first week of production of "The Moon's Our Home." It all adds up beautifully.

Another swell guy who has taken Hollywood by storm is the Gaelic Mr. Michael Whalen whom you have seen in "Professional Soldier," "Song and Dance Man," and "The Country Doctor." Of course you don't stand much chance of making any headway with Michael right now because Alice Faye, the last of the Platinum Blondes, has fallen for him in a big way. Alice has been plenty popular ever since she came to Hollywood but a date was just a date with Alice. Now she has that love-in-bloom look in her eyes and it's all for Mike. For two years the studio has been trying to get Alice out of her bed before noon, they tried every way possible to lure her to the gallery for a portrait sitting, or to a publicity luncheon, or something, but Alice is a girl who likes her morning's sleep. But now—but now—every day at twelve o'clock Alice is sitting at a table at the Assistance League waiting for Mike, who is working at the Western Avenue studio, to have lunch with her. The studio people can hardly believe their eyes. It must be love.

Michael has a charming, likeable manner and plenty of the good old Irish wit. Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, he tried radio and the stage in New York before deciding to seek fame and fortune in Hollywood. But Hollywood wasn't particularly impressed at the time with Mr. Whalen, though he did manage to crash the studios. He got a job as an ordinary laborer—he had to sweep off the tops of the sound stages. When he lost that job he started taking an interest in one of the little community theatres in Hollywood and was eventually given the lead in "Common Flesh." The great Zanuck saw him, summoned him to his office, and whereas Michael entered the sacred sanctuary with twenty-seven cents in his pocket he departed with a nice juicy contract. You'll be seeing him next in "White Fang."

Of course if you can strike up a romance with Dick Powell you're pretty darned lucky. Dick owns a perfectly gorgeous home out in Toluca Lake with a playhouse, an immense swimming pool, and a garden that, when the lights are turned on at night, is so beautiful it's breath-taking. The house, it seems, was originally built for a bachelor but right now merry little men with saws and hammers and things are making it over so that the master can take a wife. It's quite apparent that Dick has matrimony on the mind.

If you are contemplating a romance with Dick (and I wouldn't blame you at all) it's only fair to warn you that in the way of that romance is Miss Joan Blondell. Dick is



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## Hat by Lilly Daché



## Eye Make-up by Maybelline



Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordeon brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye makeup as well as hat design."

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mad about her. Joan gets her final divorce decree from George Barnes on September 4th and the betting in Hollywood is that she and Dick will marry soon afterwards, but knowing Joanie as I do I wouldn't risk too much money on it.

I do know that she won't duck off to Mexico or some place and marry before September, as she got her divorce according to California law and I am sure she intends to marry according to California law. So don't let the radio chatterers upset you. Joan and Dick aren't married, and you've got from now until September to work on Mr. Powell. And, of course, if Joan doesn't marry him someone will have to as he has the house all rebuilt for a wife. You'll like Dick, he's a grand guy. But I don't have to tell you.

Okay, girls, you're on your own.

## Made by the "Quints!"

[Continued from page 28]

course M-G-M, to whom he is under long term contract, may have something to say about that. Mr. Hersholt picked up a book from a table and showed it to me. It was Agatha Christie's latest mystery novel, "The A-B-C Murders." "M-G-M may buy this for me," he said. "Are you familiar with the character of the Frenchman, Hercule Poirot?"

Being a lover of mystery stories myself, I said that I was well enough acquainted with Miss Christie's famous detective to know that if Jean Hersholt impersonated him upon the screen it would create a demand for the character of Hercule Poirot which would top the demand for Philo Vance.

But before you meet Mr. Hersholt again, either as the tragic father of "Sins of Man" or, perhaps, as the suave solver of crimes, I should like you to know the man as he really is.

The general supposition is that actors and actresses are glamorous beings sprinkled with star-dust. Well, that may be true in a number of instances. Certainly the Dietrichs and Garbos and Loys and even the Gables and Taylors manage to carry away enough of the precious dust to deceive even some of their most intimate friends. And, hard-boiled critic that I am, I have also come away from the august presence of some much-tooted glamour queen deluded for the moment into thinking I had spoken with an immortal!

What a relief, then, what a joyous relief to be ushered into the presence of a Jean Hersholt. To be greeted with a welcoming handshake as if one were an old friend, not an intruder. To feel oneself caught up in a leisurely discussion of books and plays and people, of current events as well as pictures. And, always, when veering around to a discussion of the man himself, of anything even approaching an interviewer's angle (we must always arrive with some sort of an angle, you know) being headed off in another direction entirely.

You think of the glamour boys and girls (we have to call them boys and girls, for they never seem to grow up) as being seen at the famous night clubs, attending the races, the fights, the tennis matches, even the opera—not to see but to be seen. Again, what a relief to meet a Jean Hersholt who finds that he need do none of those things to remain a greatly appreciated actor.

Being a character actor he can afford to grow a little older as the years pile up on him—as, unfortunately they have the bad habit of doing on all of us while our backs are turned—and he does not hesitate to admit that he was born in Denmark almost half a century ago. In this respect,



he's one up on the glamour contingent again because they cannot afford to grow too much older!

His parents were leading players at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen but Hersholt did not intend to follow in their footsteps. Instead he studied at the Art School with the idea of becoming a portrait painter. But, when he graduated, the lure of the stage became too much for him and he immediately enrolled at the Dagmar Theatre, where all students of the stage were trained in those days. From that time on portrait painting became simply a hobby to be pursued in his spare moments.

It was in 1906, in Denmark, that he played in his first motion picture, which he describes as one of those "pursuit affairs" so popular at the nickelodeons of those bygone days. In 1915 he went to San Francisco to do a Danish play at the Panama Pacific Exposition, and it was during the run of this play that he was "discovered" by Thomas Ince who later brought him to Hollywood, where he has remained ever since.

Although he enjoys going back to Denmark for a visit every two or three years, as his work permits, Hollywood spells home for this quiet, self-contained actor with the rare sense of humor. Anybody more unlike the melancholy Dane of Shakespeare's play would be hard to find.

"I am always doing something," he told me. "I cannot sit idle. I am interested in several Danish charities in California, and they keep me pretty busy. Then there is my painting and my collecting. . . ."

"I hear you have a marvelous collection of original manuscripts and first editions," I said, hoping that he would go into detail. But with his unfailing modesty about things pertaining closely to himself, he merely nodded and murmured: "Oh, I've picked up a few things in my time."

Mrs. Hersholt interrupted at this point. Trust a woman to let you in on things. "Why, Jean has the most important collection of Hans Christian Anderson manuscripts in this country. His Dickens' collection is pretty complete, too."

I recognized the glitter of possession that comes into every true collector's eyes as his wife went on.

"Every time Jean has left the hotel since we arrived, I've known just about where I could lay my hands on him in a pinch. He's either traipsing down Madison Avenue with his eyes glued to every book shop or art gallery on the way, or he's traipsing up Fifth Avenue doing the same thing."

"I stopped into Jensens' this morning," her husband murmured rather shyly as she paused. "You know, those clerks all recognized me. Think of that. And they left their customers flat, too—I wonder how they felt?—just to come up and shake hands with me."

Jensens', unless you forget, is that marvelous shop on Fifth Avenue which carries such an exquisite display of fine Copenhagen ceramics that it fairly carries your breath away.

"Did you buy anything?" asked Mrs. Hersholt eagerly.

"No," he replied. "You see, they wanted to know all about the quintuplets."

At which we all laughed. Those quintuplets certainly have the faculty of bobbing up in the most unexpected places.

But, even without his pleasurable hobbies, without the quintuplets, and without his recent stardom—all acquisitions to be envied—Jean Hersholt's life is filled to overflowing. For the charming Mrs. Hersholt is not only a well-beloved wife but a more than interested helpmate as well as playmate. To listen to them discuss their daily games of badminton, on their new court at their Beverly Hills home, you would think they were honeymooners still.

And then, last, but certainly not least,

# Do you know anybody who deserves

# this tag?



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"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

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Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

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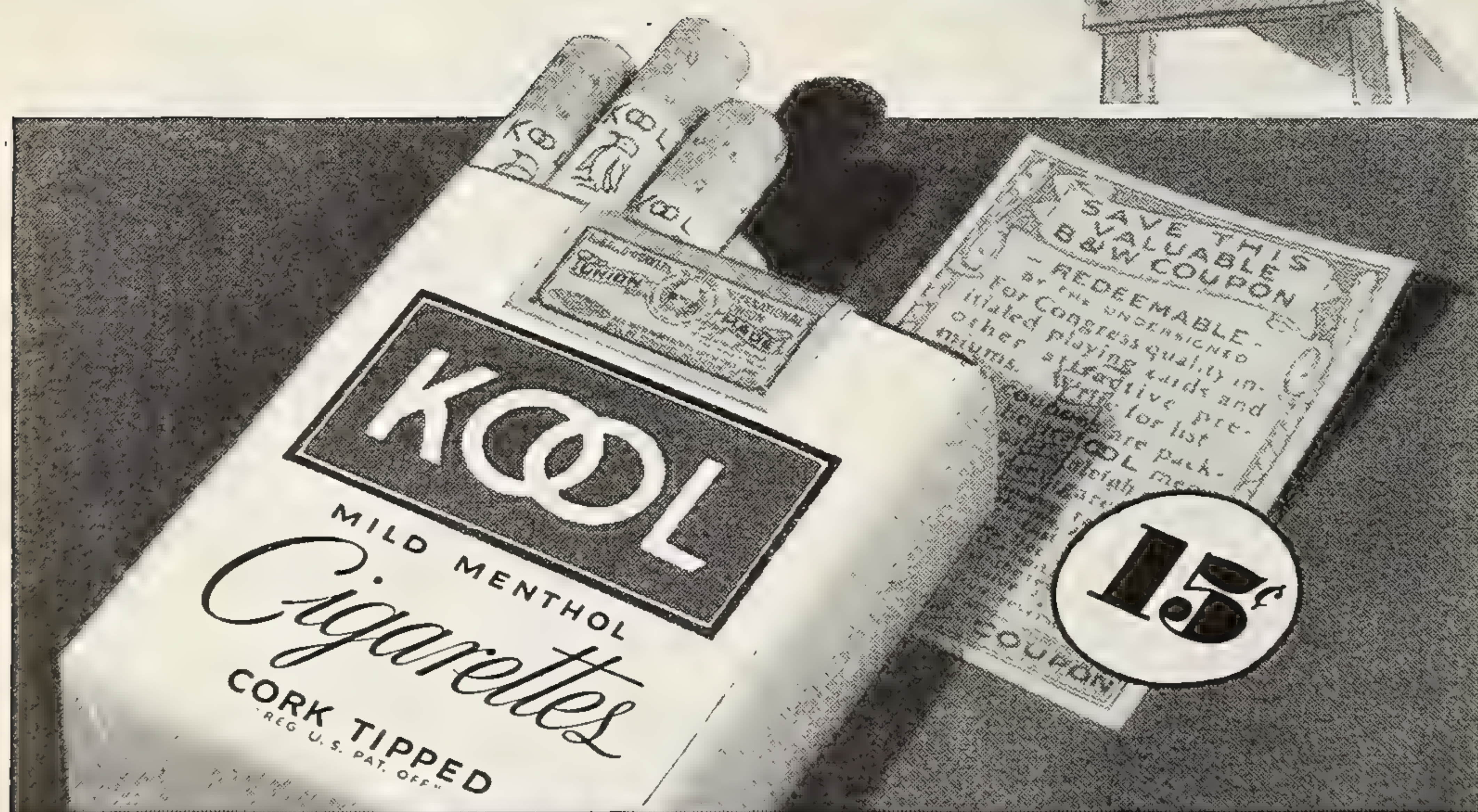


**USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO** and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

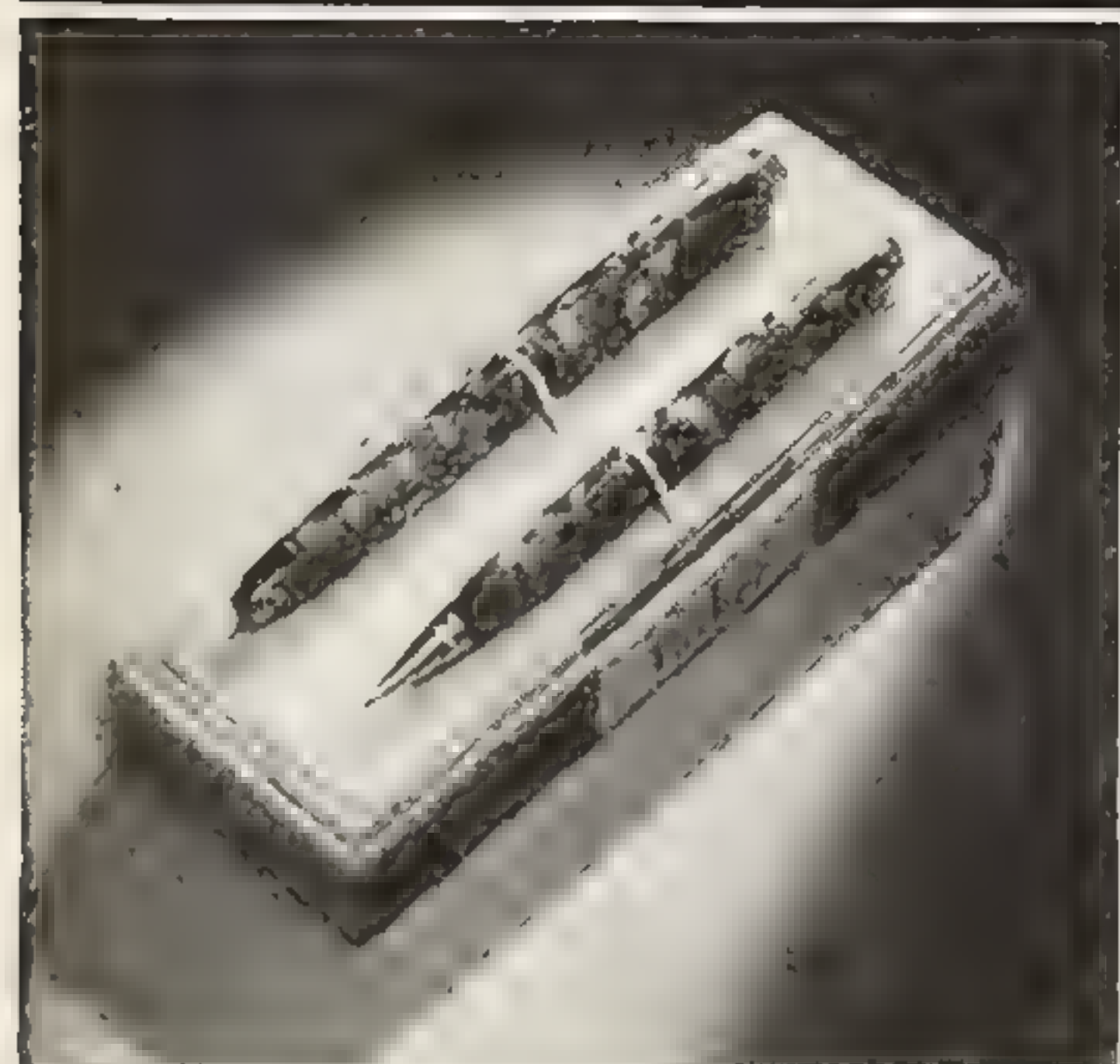
## takes the odor out of perspiration



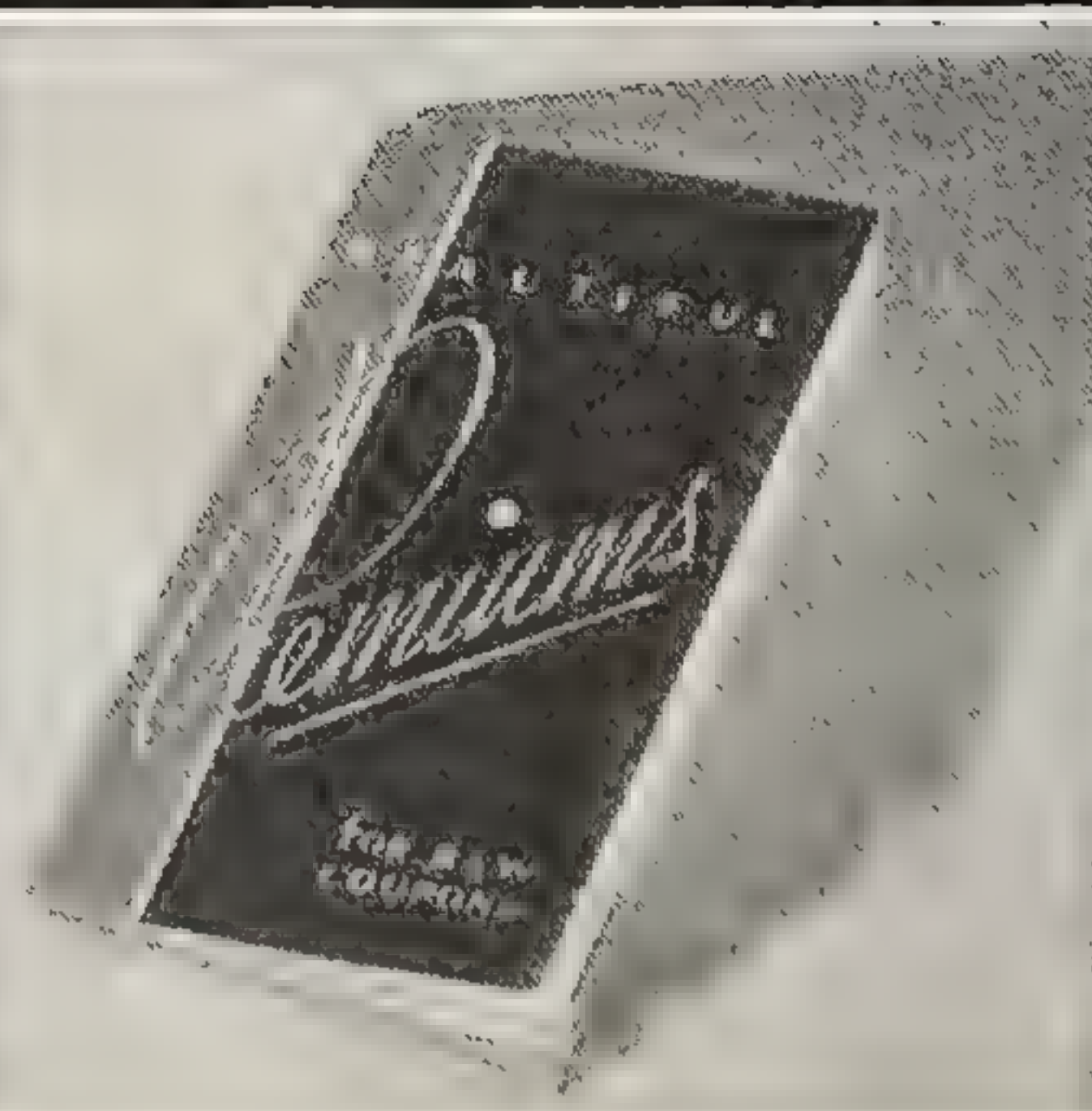
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there is Allan Hersholt. Allan is the Hersholt son and heir. He is also the Hersholt pride and joy. If you insist upon knowing, he is just twenty-two and well on the way to being a prominent West Coast critic of motion pictures, besides being his father's best pal and severest critic.

When the time came for my visit to end, it was with real regret that I left my courteous host and his wife, and as I walked down the Avenue in the late Spring sunshine I had the thought that Hollywood loomed upon my horizon, at least, as a saner, friendlier place than it had ever before.

And I am sure that you would have shared my thought if you had had the luck to be wearing my four and a half B shoes that May afternoon.

## Fighting Men and Love

[Continued from page 33]

until later this evening?"

"No." She was very firm, very hard on him. "I mean for the duration of the war." He went out abashed, but when she found time for coffee in a canteen later that day, he was at a table close by, waiting for her. His optimism was at full tide again. He was absurd, ridiculous! He was very impudent, too. But far worse than that, for it made him so dangerous, when he begged for a little of her companionship, he asked for the very thing she wished most of all to give.

It was madness to go with him back to that basement again. Conscience told her Marache was waiting for her, needing her. Instinct told her Delaage was far too interesting, too exciting . . . but she went under compulsion of an emotion greater than her will.

Without a word he sat down at the battered piano. The melodies of Chopin filled the cellar and a starry eyed girl, seated on the old couch, watched him play and dreamed fantastic dreams. The tide of music swept her far from this war-torn France, this ruined cellar, lifting her out of herself, making of her an instrument on which Life played according to its ever changing whims.

Frightened of her weakness she rose to go. "But we'll come again, won't we?" Delaage urged. "I had such a strange, warm feeling—when we came in here together—as though we were coming home, didn't you?"

Her face turned up to his, but she could not answer. She dared not trust herself with words: she trembled at his nearness that seemed to draw her closer, closer . . .

The wail of the air siren broke the moment. A bomb fell and the earth rocked. She gripped him with a cry of terror and his arms closed about her, held her close. His lips found hers with hungry kisses and her own lips answered, giving back kiss for kiss in trembling ecstasy.

Men called Captain Paul Marache a man without a heart, a military machine as cold and deadly as the famed Big Bertha. Pierre Delaage, serving beside him in the trenches, believed at first as others did, but that night when he held Monique in his arms and knew she loved him, something happened that changed his mind.

Among the replacements sent to fill the gaps in the Fifth Company came Private Morain. His hair was jet, glossy black. His old fashioned imperial and whiskers were glossy black, too, but anybody could see that he was an old, old man.

Private Morain delighted his comrades by his contempt for modern warfare. "War? Call this a war! Where're your cavalry charges? Where're your flags to lead 'em and



your bugles to blow 'em forward? All you do is dig holes in the ground like rabbits! Soldiers . . . pah! You're a lot of sewer diggers!"

A peppery old rooster, this Private Morain whose opinions brought roars of delighted laughter from the men. Delaage had to smile.

Marache, reviewing the new men did not miss the spectacle of that absurd figure standing stiffly at attention, a battered old bugle strung over his shoulder.

Not a muscle of the captain's cold face twitched but after review the old man got orders to report to the captain. "Aha," his comrades jibed, "they're going to make old Papa a general, no less!"

Delaage was present when the old man reported, his look frightened. Marache pointed to the glossy black hair and whiskers: "Who dyed them for you, Papa? Old Sancha of the rue Grenoble?"

"Y-yes, my captain."

"You know him sir?" Delaage exclaimed.

Marache's cold face twisted with sudden emotion. "I know him, Lieutenant Delaage. It is . . . my father!" Suddenly the ice in the man's heart broke. His arms hugged the old man close, he kissed the withered cheeks. "Papa! Papa, you old fool. It won't do. You're too old to fight."

Delaage left them together, his own heart touched by that reunion. Captain Marache did feel; did suffer! He had been kind in many little ways—thoughtful of the suffering of men about him. And this was the man he proposed to rob of Monique's love!

He found Monique waiting for him at billets. She came into his arms and kissed him, but there was terror in her pale face and pain in the clear young eyes.

"Pierre . . . we must tell him! We can't go on like this—loving each other so dearly—letting him believe that I—that I still love him! We can't!"

Delaage held her tenderly and his look reflected the tragedy in her heart. "You're right, darling. We can't do that. But . . . Monique, we can't—we dare not tell Marache the truth!"

He shuddered as he realized what his resolution implied. For him it meant the end of all that had made this miserable life tolerable, and yet his honor told him the end must be made.

"It's not just a case of two men and a girl, Monique," he went on resolutely. "Not just he and I and you. We've got to consider him. I didn't like him at first. Maybe I still don't. But I've lived beside him, fought beside him through all that hell. I know him now. I've learned how much you mean to him—"

She nodded, beginning to understand the trend of his thoughts.

"Without you, Marache doesn't live! Let somebody else break up his happiness—not me!"

There was a long, miserable silence. She said finally, "You're right. Without me he seems to have nobody . . . nothing. He's not right, somehow. He's twisted, inside. But he's not dead, not inside. You couldn't say that if you knew all he's done for me—for my family! There's nobody I owe more to. Nobody who needs my—my devotion—more than he does!"

They stared at each other, silent in their misery. They had found their great love, but duty—the sense of fair play and decency—told them they must give it up.

Delaage held out his arms to her without speaking. Their lips met in a farewell that both knew must be for all time. They had given their lives to France; now they must add their love to the sacrifices laid upon the altar.

The din of the great offensive was dying, lapsing back into the never ending sullen grumble of the great guns, the drab routine of war. Again France had won back lost ground and now she was learning at what

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cost. Men were limping, crawling back from the inferno, and the dressing stations just behind the line were crowded with the wounded and the dying.

Among these shambles Monique searched for word of the two men she loved, pausing here to give a hand to a harassed surgeon, there to give comfort to some tortured devil, asking always for word of Captain Paul Marache and Lieutenant Pierre Delaage of the Thirty-ninth.

She found her lover under the great stone vaulting of an aged winery. Chance lifted her eyes from a task and showed him, farther off, stripped to the waist while a surgeon dressed a wounded arm. Screaming "Pierre!" she ran to him.

"Oh my sweet, you're hurt—you're hurt!"

"It's not bad, dear—please—"

"A flesh wound," said the surgeon major curtly.

She pressed against him, hysterical. "Blessed Mary, I thank you. I'd die. I'd want to die, if anything happened to you! Pierre, I love you. It's no use saying anything else—I love you!"

Delaage, holding her, groaned, "But we mustn't!"

"Let me kiss you, please!" Still he tried to resist her, then catching her close with his unhurt arm he pressed his lips to hers. She clung to him, begging, "And nothing else will ever matter, will it?"

She faltered. Looking beyond him her eyes widened, she caught her breath sharply. Over her came a chill of horror, caused by the sight of a man who stood bareheaded, his face streaked with powder, his uniform shredded. The grim, expressionless face regarded them both like the mask of some tragic vengeance. Marache had found them!

Monique moved out of her lover's arms. That still, expressionless mask whose eyes never turned from her, beckoned her on. She moved like one in a trance, her body rigid with horror. As she came close she whispered, "Paul . . . don't look at me that way. I can't help it. I love him!"

Delaage followed after her quickly. He spoke now to his captain, "No, no, you must listen to me. We've tried to keep away from each other . . . tried not to hurt you." His voice grew hard, defiant. "Well, it's no good. It won't work. We love each other and you might as well know it."

Slowly the staring, expressionless eyes turned from the girl to Delaage: Monique cried, "Can you understand, Paul?"

When Marache spoke his voice was even and without emotion. "Help me to a chair, will you?" Delaage took his arm. "You're wounded," Monique cried.

Pale lips twisted in an ironical, mocking smile. "Only the tiniest bit. Scarcely enough to interest anyone."

She went on her knees by his side and her voice pleaded with him. "It isn't that I love you less, Paul. But . . . but I love him more."

They stopped to listen, their attention caught by a voice that had been calling, "Captain Marache! Captain Marache!" A runner came toward them and handed his official envelope to him. "From Brigade Headquarters, sir."

Again Marache's lips quirked in that ironic smile. He tore the envelope, spread out the enclosure, then turned to Delaage. "Read it to me."

Delaage looked at him, not comprehending. "But—"

"Read it to me, please—"

"Read it! Read it, you fool!" The irritable, cracked voice of an old man prompted. They stared at Papa Morain who had followed his son to the room. "Read it . . . Can't you see? He's blind. My son is blind!"

It was written on his powder stained face, that last blow of fate. The staring eyes had failed; the man was helpless. But



he was not broken. He was Captain Marache of the Thirty-ninth, the inhuman war machine still. While Monique gasped her horror he said evenly, "Well Lieutenant, are you going to read it to me or not?"

Delaage scanned the message. A counter barrage was to start at 10 o'clock. It must be directed from an advance telephone post established in No Man's Land. A volunteer must be at the post to notify the artillery of the proper range—

"But that's impossible," Delaage gasped. "The barrage will fall on the post! It will wipe out that man—"

"Runner," Marache said evenly.

"Yes, Captain?"

"Tell the brigade that the barrage will be directed from that telephone as planned." The blind eyes turned toward Delaage. "Lieutenant, report to the company as commander—"

"But Captain, I think—"

His voice went sharp. "Have I asked you what you think?"

Delaage saluted. His eyes turned to Monique but she did not see him. She was pressed beside Marache's chair, weeping. When the others were gone his hand felt for her. His voice went tender.

"My blessed child, I knew you wouldn't want to hurt me. Don't cry. You couldn't help—what happened." They had that moment, her hand in his, a moment of assurance of his love and understanding. Monique left him to bring surgical help.

When she was gone Papa Morain returned to lay his hand on his son's shoulder. The blinded man looked up and smiled. They were oddly alike, this father and son, alike for all the difference of years, two men who put duty before all else.

"I was waiting for you, Papa. Because I'll need eyes."

"I'll be your eyes, Son."

Behind the lines the French great guns waited word from the observation post. Across the bleak desolation of No Man's Land two figures crawled, a young man with blind eyes, led by a veteran who clutched in loving care a battered brass bugle, relic of the days of Sedan.

Guns on both sides rumbled their never-ending threats. Sometimes a shell dropped near them and warned by its shrieking flight they flattened in the nearest hole until the earth had ceased to shudder.

They groped to the hidden telephone. Marache slipped on the headpiece and reported to the battery. "Fire," he ordered.

Crouched in their hiding they cowered under the screaming projectiles that raced from behind them. Papa's head came up to watch the spreading ruin of their explosions. "Too long, Son." Into the telephone Marache directed, "Down three."

Again furious death rode the air above them, its breath closer now.

"Still too far, Son—200 yards."

"Down two," the unhurried voice dictated to the wires. Papa turned to him. "The next will be . . . us?"

Marache's smile was grim. "If it's right—it's got to be us."

The old man fumbled for his trumpet. It waited at his lips and his glance turned to his son again. "Shall I . . . shall I blow it, Son?"

The grimness was gone from Marache's smile. His hand fumbled for his father's, gave it an understanding, affectionate pat. "Blow it, Papa. Give it a good one . . ." He turned his lips to the telephone.

"Fire!"

Once more the replacements had come up. Delaage, now captain commanding the Fifth Company, Second Battalion of the Thirty-ninth, reviewed the new men. Standing before them as Marache had stood so long he outlined their duties in the formula Marache never altered.

"I do not expect any man or any platoon

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or even this entire company to add stature to this record—but I do and will require that no man in it will detract from that record. Dismissed!"

A haggard man, nerves worn ragged with the horror of war, doped already with cognac and aspirin as Marache had done in order to keep going, his eyes turned from the faces of soldiers. They sought among the few onlookers and found the face they hungered for—Monique smiling across at him.

Monique!

She was his food, his drink, his life—as she had been the other man's. Knowing that she waited for him, that her love never faltered, he could carry on. She was the light that went before, leading his weary feet along the road to glory.

## Traveling Lady

[Continued from page 34]

a bad case of star-fright, I was having trouble getting the flame of a match to my cigarette, but did finally and rather timidly murmured something about vacations.

Fay must have noticed my jittery embarrassment for she answered: "Vacations, why I think that is perfectly fine. And as a matter of fact, no one has ever interviewed me on this subject before. No one could, because it is only recently that I have taken a real one. Of course I had the usual week-ends and days off, but those leisure moments were always spent at the beach or at some nearby resort."

My blank look of astonishment seemed to encourage her, for she continued.

"Early last year, I went to England to make 'The Clairvoyant,' with Claude Rains. When this was completed I made preparations for my first long holiday. A three weeks' trip through Sweden!"

At this point a comely wench disguised as a French maid entered and in very broken English informed Fay that something important was happening. The only word intelligible to me was "telephone." I doubt if Fay understood either, but she excused herself and in her absence I breathed freely for a moment, regaining some of my lost composure. When she returned, I noticed that Fay looked more beautiful than ever, with her wealth of brown curls off-setting her very oval face. The gown she wore was long and comfortable looking. It had a V neck and full-length sleeves.

"Does that outfit you're wearing have a name?" I asked feeling just like a fish out of water.

"Why, yes it does, and a very fancy one too. It is called a Moth Wing lounging gown and it is of emerald green velvet. Like it?"

"Very much, but I thought at first it was a lounging pajama," was my somewhat foolish reply.

The ruby lips that I have so long admired broke into a good natured laugh as she replied:

"No, for lounging purposes but not pajamas. Let's see now, where were we? Oh yes, bound for Sweden. I took a boat and upon my arrival there I went directly, far back into the Lake country."

I was working the fountain pen furiously in a note-book which rested on my knee but Fay's beauty and voice were so enchanting that I found it difficult to take notes without watching her at the same time. Apparently I must have watched her most of the time, because later I found ink marks. And on my gray suit, too, which suggests that I must have come to the end of a page and continued writing—right on up my trouser leg. I do hope my mouth wasn't hanging open, too. If it was, Fay apparently didn't notice because she went on with the



story in her own cool fashion.

"Here I enjoyed two solid weeks of rest and relaxation among the nicest and simplest peasants, who were completely happy and contented with just the barest necessities of life. They seemed to have nothing and yet they had everything, living entirely on what food they could grow. And I must tell you about the lakes. They were so large that you couldn't even see across them. The most beautiful blue water I have ever seen."

I was surprised to hear myself saying, "The er—color of your eyes, Miss Wray?"

"A much darker blue," she smilingly answered. "They looked like little seas, surrounded by low rolling mountains which were covered with massive fir trees."

She was sitting on one foot, deep in the corner of the davenport, with her arms folded. I detected a wistful and far-away look in her eyes as she recounted the details of this enchanting land.

"I hated to leave there," she continued, "and reluctantly boarded a train for Stockholm. This old city I found to be most interesting, but my stay was short and the next day I sailed down the famous Gota canal to Gottenborg."

At last we were on a subject with which I was familiar so I lost no time in saying, "Stockholm is full of cethedrals, is it not, Miss Wray?"

"No, not many at all, but as we sailed down the canal we passed numerous towns and each one boasted a real old medieval cathedral. Perhaps that is where you meant?"

"Yes, that's it," I replied without much truth, never having heard of the Gota canal nor even Gottenborg before.

"Do you sympathize with Miss Garbo for wanting to live there?"

With a vigorous nod of her head and a most pleasant little pout, Fay emphatically answered:

"I certainly do. Aside from the fact that she was born and brought up there, it is a country that no one who has seen it could possibly help loving."

That settles it. I'm leaving on the next boat for Sweden. If these two gals think it is such a swell place there must be something to it. I'm going to find what Sweden's got 'that we ain't got.'

Locking her hands behind her head, Fay leaned against the back of the divan before she went on. "Playtime was over, so, from Gottenborg I took a thirty-six hour boat trip across the North Sea to London where I started work on 'When Knights Were Bold,' with Jack Buchanan. When this was finished, it was just about the Christmas holiday season, so I decided to take another vacation." She raised her expressive eyebrows as if she expected a challenge and smiled a little defiant smile like a child about to snatch a piece of candy after being told not to.

"Having lived all my life in California, I had never seen a white Christmas; obviously St. Moreitz was the place to go."

"Do the Swiss say Moreitz?" I butted in with true reportorial tactfulness.

"Yes, Moreitz is the Swiss pronunciation and I believe Meritz is the French. However," she continued fingering a fold in her gown, "I am absolutely certain that there is no more beautiful scenery in the world than in St. Moreitz, no matter how you pronounce it." She looked at me with an impish twinkle in her eyes and that characteristic little sarcastic smile, which is always a sign of good natured humor. She continued her description.

"Towering mountains with deep fluffy snow everywhere. As the early morning sunshine strikes their snow-capped peaks, they appear to be the most exquisite pinkish color."

Pinkish has always suggested cheeks to me, so quite naturally I said, "About the color of your cheeks, Miss Wray?"



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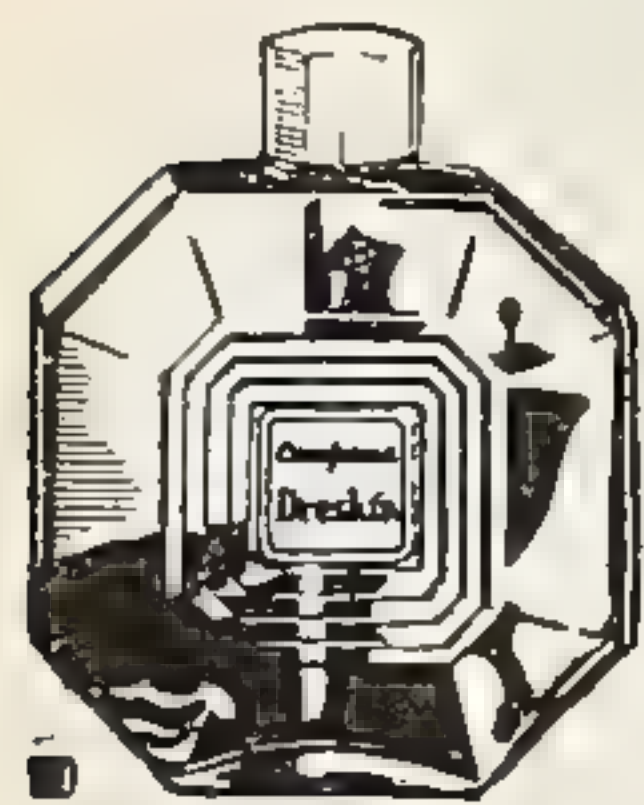






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She was swinging a very dainty foot at an imaginary object on the floor, but as I made this remark she looked up and asked: “Have another cigarette?”

I refused, remembering the trouble I'd had with the last one, and Fay proceeded with the story.

“The unusually high altitude makes the air so dry and therefore so warm that even in zero weather I found it more comfortable skiing without a jacket on. I had never been much of a winter sports enthusiast and at first I found skiing awfully difficult to learn, but I practised every day and after watching a few other beginners, I gained the necessary confidence and finally became quite expert. Of course I was down as much as I was up, but nevertheless I found it to be an extremely thrilling sport; especially moonlight skiing.”

Fay needed no prompting at this point and it was evident that she enjoyed telling me of her recent travels, so I didn't interrupt.

“Next I returned to Hollywood to make a picture which was very appropriately called, ‘Roaming Lady.’ After finishing it, and as I had nothing in particular to do, I took a third vacation. This time I went to the Bahama Islands where I spent a lazy week in Nassau.”

My thirst for geographical knowledge had heretofore been practically non-existent, but as I listened spellbound to beautiful Fay telling of her many travels, I'll be dog-goned if I wasn't beginning to think of some way to get her started on the Encyclopedia Britannica! I never succeeded, but Fay continued anyway.

“Surely the natives there are the most lackadaisical people on earth. The semi-tropical climate is so warm that they are perfectly contented and happy to lie around and bask in the sun, with an occasional fishing trip to supply them with food.”

I'm willing to wage my latest receipt for supporting the Irish hospitals, that the local talent down in Nassau had a lot of back basking to catch up on after the week Fay spent there. Even the most confirmed “basker” must have had to sit up and open his weary eyes when she went in for a dip. Whoever heard of sleeping with your eyes open?

“I went on a fishing trip in one of those glass bottom boats which are so typical of Nassau. The water was so smooth and clear; much different from the ocean I was used to in California. As we sailed along over the shoals, it seemed incredible that we wouldn't run against them, for apparently we were just skimming over their tops, but I suppose, actually, they were many feet below the glass bottom of the boat. I was watching the marine vegetation when suddenly I realized how the term “mermaid” must have originated. The dark brown sea-weed waved and curled about and looked like beautiful, silky hair.

Again the reporter in me surged forth and I inquired, “Dark brown, curly hair—perhaps like yours, Miss Wray?”

She smiled appreciatively before continuing. “Our catch consisted mainly of ‘yellow-tails,’ smallish fish, with gray stripes down their sides. Of course I caught the prettiest one.” She was ponderously toying with a tassel do-hicky which she wore around her neck, when she said very apologetically, “Really there isn't much to tell you about this trip, because I did nothing but swim and fish and since all vacations must come to an end, why, here I am in New York City, on my way back to Hollywood and another picture.”

Listening to Fay sail back and forth across so many oceans so many times, I was beginning to get a bit dizzy; desperately I changed the subject:—

“How do you like New York?”

“I simply love it,” Fay replied, “there is so much to see and so much to do and above all there is the theatre. Undoubtedly New York is the greatest theatre city in the world.”

“Do you feel that the theatre is essential to motion pictures, Miss Wray?” I asked inquiringly.

Unhesitatingly and with some feeling, Fay answered: “Absolutely. They furnish us with innumerable actors and actresses and countless stories. Why, some motion picture companies even finance theatre productions on Broadway, just so they will own the cinema rights. Surely they wouldn't do that if they didn't think highly of the stage productions.”

There was no argument from me as I

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could see that I was a little beyond my depth, so I asked:

"Would you tell me something about the differences between English and American pictures?"

She thought for a moment and then went on: "In England they are not as efficient as we are, mainly because the technicians of Hollywood were born and brought up in pictures and know no other language. Then, too, Americans are more alert and can adapt themselves to changes faster, whereas the Englishman is hesitant and more careful in his progress."

Suddenly I realized that Fay was telling me important things. I was too busy taking down notes to interrupt her with any of my blundering questions—thank heaven.

"I do admire the Englishman's literary feeling though," she continued. "They have more natural instinct for historical pictures since they are a much older and more reserved nation. 'Henry the Eighth' is a good example."

"That was a good picture, wasn't it?" I cited instead of keeping quiet.

"Yes," Fay politely acknowledged. "They are making every effort to perfect themselves and, being intelligent people, will, I am sure, eventually be making excellent pictures. I don't mean that they haven't made any good ones yet, they have, but their average on a percentage basis is not as good as ours. Of course they will never turn them out as rapidly as we do here."

I thought over these words of wisdom. After all, who is there in a better position to judge than Fay Wray? The girl who has spent the past year and a half dashing back and forth between Hollywood and London making pictures. Which proves that this worldly knowledge derived from her visits, voyages and vacations has done her a world of good, for gone are the days of the horror heroine. She is now in a position to be a little choosy, because nowadays producers all over the country, yes, all over the world, are getting gray about the temples in their efforts to get her to make a picture for them.

Fay modestly murmured, "I must say that I don't believe that I have been just galavanting around. There are benefits to be derived from any form of travel—seeing things as they really are and in general broadening your scope of knowledge. I feel that I have profited by my traveling and definitely intend to do more of it whenever possible."

One good description of her might be: "Round and round she goes and where she stops, nobody knows." Except that she never stops long enough to hang up her hat. Oh, I know it's none of my business, but I do wish she'd stay put for a while out there in Hollywood; long enough to make up a batch of pictures, because I know that every movie fan is eager to see her on the screen more often.

After all, what's an Alp? Our excitement over her return reaches a peak that makes even Mt. Everest seem of trivial moment!

And, as for me, my life-long pledge to Frankenstein's daughter has been definitely shaken!

## FOOD ON THE BRAIN

AND now it seems that Ginger Rogers is our latest humorist. At the Trocadero the other evening Ginger danced past a table where Betty Furness was sitting with friends and did a double take when she saw Betty's hat—a gay little thing all covered with carrots, turnips and other vegetables. "I'll order a steak and be right over," cracked Ginger.

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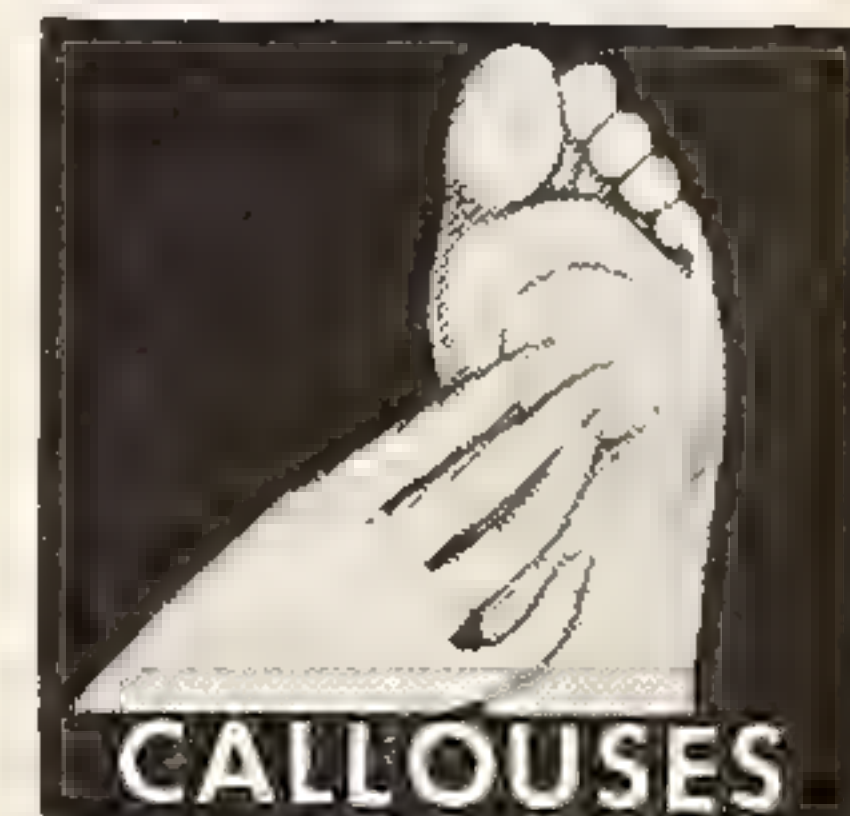
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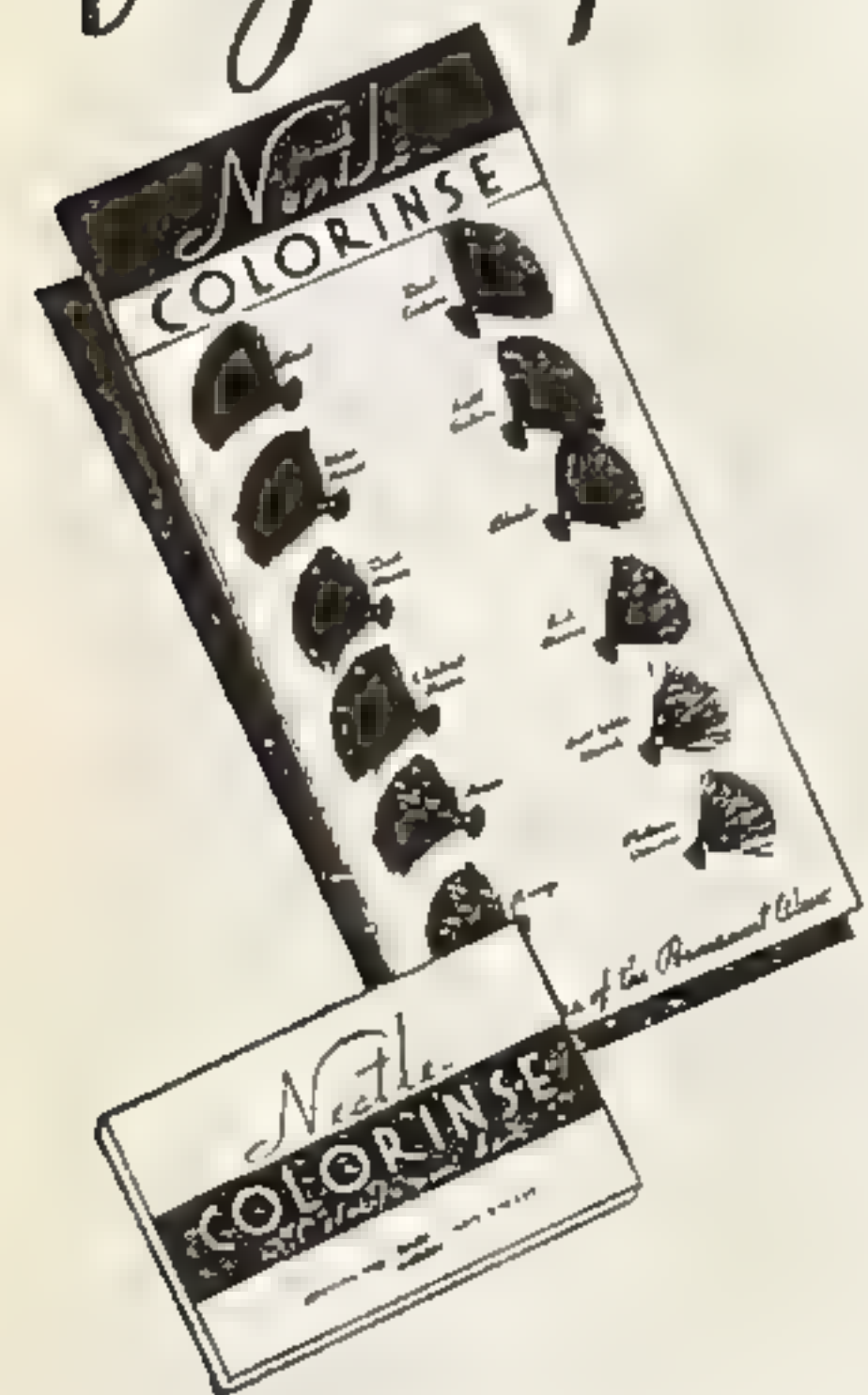
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## Seagoing Stars

[Continued from page 53]

too many spare pieces! At the age of seven he was a keen swimmer and as soon as he clicked on the New York stage he indulged in an outboard speed boat. It sank under him as he reached a dock, when a wow of a storm stirred up Long Island Sound. That didn't daunt Preston. Nor did last fall's accident. Coming in from Catalina, the Fosters experienced terrifying hours after a propeller blade snapped. The water poured in through the weakened seams and they only saved their lives by pumping continuously until they made the Los Angeles base.

Even our professional cowboys have this marine urge. Buck Jones rides so much for the cameras that he definitely wishes to relax on a boat. So his "Vagabond" is a sloop that's constantly on tap. There's no crew, for Buck wants to operate it all himself. When there's repairing he employs a couple of pals. Mrs. Jones is obligingly enthusiastic.

Hardly as much can be said about Helen William. Long ago she became reconciled to Warren's passion for the sea. But she's no hypocrite and, frankly, she's not given to this particular pastime even if it is all the rage this month. No Hollywoodite takes his boating more zestfully than Warren. He chats with veteran jack-tars around the wharves. He's introduced a whiff of his hobby right into his house. In the attic adjoining his bedroom he's installed a chart-room. A mast rises to the roof in the center, and the linoleum floor sports a compass especially inlaid. The windows are porthole shape with marine vistas painted on the glass. A rare collection of model shiplets vies for space with authentic books on navigation.

It appears that as a kiddie Warren made a raft of logs, added a bicycle for locomotive purposes, and set forth upon the Mississippi. Loggers rescued him. During his first year of married life he perpetually toted a piece of rope, so he could practice tying sailor knots. Then, like many a husband, he attempted subtlety. On his wife's birthday he came home declaring he'd got her a marvelous present. A twenty-four-foot whaleboat. Helen was not overwhelmed.

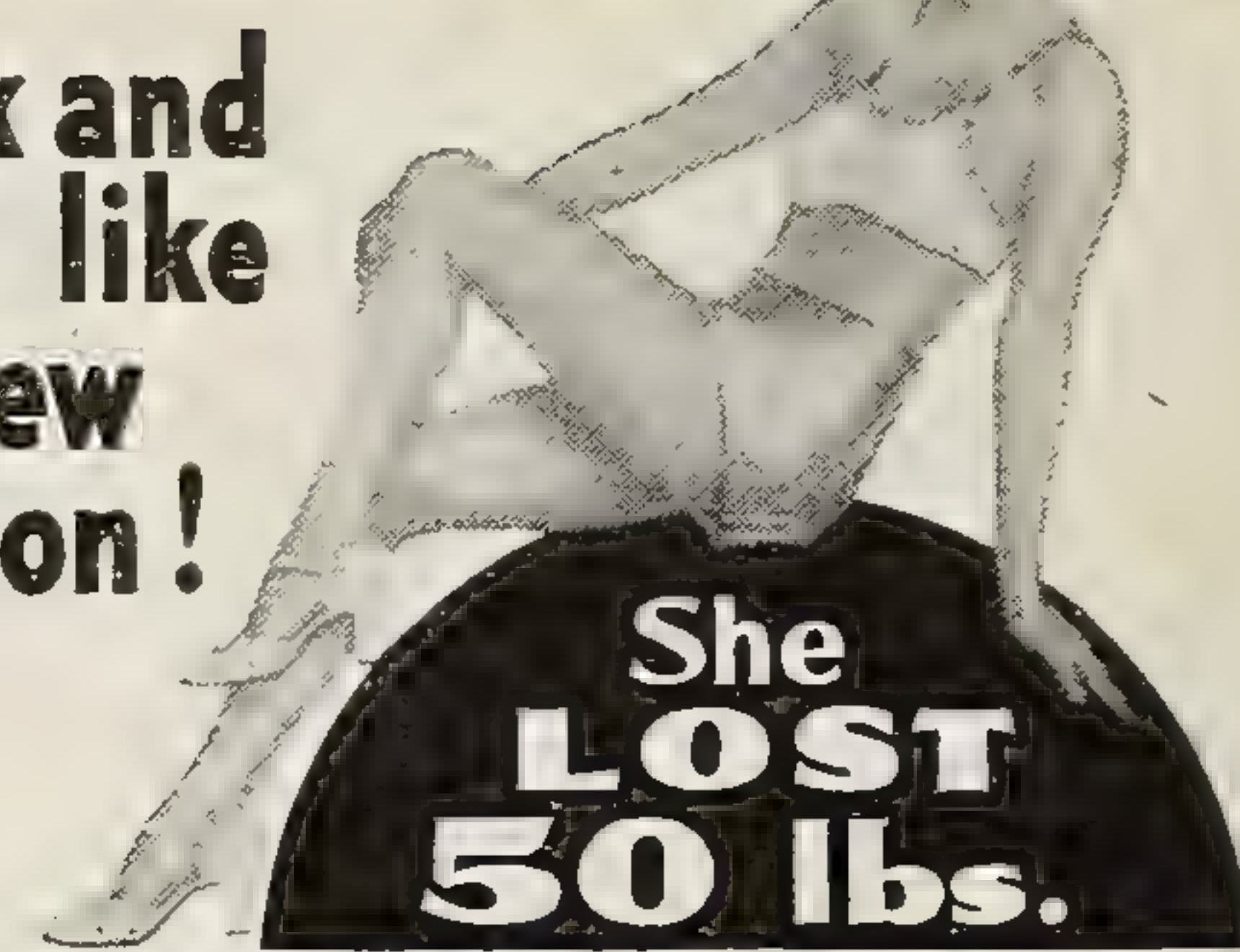
When the Williams settled down for his picture stardom he invested in the "Pegasus," a slow two-master. Warren insists his beloved schooner's too poky to have been, as legend has it, a rum-runner.

Virginia Valli applauds Helen William's apathy. Only where Warren is actually fond of sailing alone, Charlie Farrell invites a crowd. His "Flying Cloud" is a rakish little single-master and runs an incredible speed with elfin grace. Born on Cape Cod, Charlie's native yen materialized when a Hollywood income enabled him to select the exact boat he'd always wanted. However, one time he and his father nearly drowned when they got stuck on a reef off the Santa Barbara Islands. On another day Charlie, by chance soloing, drifted aimlessly for thirty hours in a terrible fog. Since that approach to catastrophe Virginia firmly refuses to let him out without companions.

And yet I find Ann Dvorak okaying Leslie Fenton's love for the great wet spaces. A season ago this pair acquired the "Nymph," a yawl they maneuver themselves. They seek privacy aboard, never entertaining and declining to be photographed. On Ann's first voyage she had some scare. In their hasty get-away they neglected to take a compass or charts. Then, at sea, they discovered a hole in one of their sails. They aimed in the general direction of Catalina. Never having been there, they missed the harbor and had to

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cast anchor when night engulfed them. Luckily their intuition was correct the next day.

Love often gives a girl brand new notions. Maureen O'Sullivan has become conscious of the sea's attractions, too, and her fiancé, Johnny Farrow, is responsible. Today his neat yacht has a petite trailer, Maureen's twelve-foot dinghy boasting a little engine, little flag, and, indeed, duplications of the master ship in every respect. She hitches it alongside his and is vague as to the meaning of its name, the "Spag." She invited a tot to do the christening with a half bottle of champagne!

Bette Davis can boast about having the smallest Hollywood boat.

Cooking tempting dishes for his steady stream of guests is something Leo Carrillo never tires of doing. His "Thetis" was bought in New England when he was a Broadway name, but it's become a familiar sight in California waters. You may compliment its sleek hull and the powerful motors, but you'll do better if you rave over the chowder Leo will gladly concoct in the galley.

Certainly Henry Wilcoxon is our most daring bachelor yachtsman. He's a descendant of British seafarers, anyway, and the minute his contract was cinched he laid down the money for his "Wanderlure." He actually resides aboard when not working and is carefully penning a log so he'll be adept at it when he ultimately goes exploring in the South Seas. Roger Pryor has abandoned his "Devilscake." He was busy acting and unkind fishermen stored part of their mackerel catch in the cabin. The pungent smell lingered on and on! Jimmy Cagney disposed of his boat because he just couldn't take the waves. He'd longed for his own ship, and then gave it up when he was invariably sea-sick on it.

There's always the alternative of building a nifty number, if you can't afford to splurge and know how the trick's done. Allen Jenkins tarried a few years in the ship-yards before heading for Hollywood. The gardens at his Brentwood estate are again flowering, for the twenty-four-foot sloop which is all his handiwork no longer rests where grass is supposed to peep up.

But that's the way it gets them. Dat debil sea lures many of the movie maids and men. And if I'm going to keep up with the lowdown in the making I've got to rustle up an invitation to join some star's sailing party this week-end. Pardon me while I see who I can rate!

## STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 19]

altar. Miss Darwell holds up her hand for silence and, in stentorian tones, announces: "Ladies and gentlemen! There will be a little delay in the delivery of the wedding ring. Dr. McFane was called to bring a papoose into the world!"

My attention is directed to the second in the series of pictures of the Jones family. The first was "Every Saturday Night" and this second one is to be called "Once Every Year."

This is one of those touching little family scenes that happen in every family. They're all gathered in the sitting room eating ice cream. Suddenly Mr. Jones (Jed Prouty) puts down his plate and rises.

"My boy," he begins proudly and importantly to Kenneth Howell, his oldest, I can't tell you how gratified I am at the progress you have shown—"

"Speech! Speech!" comes from George



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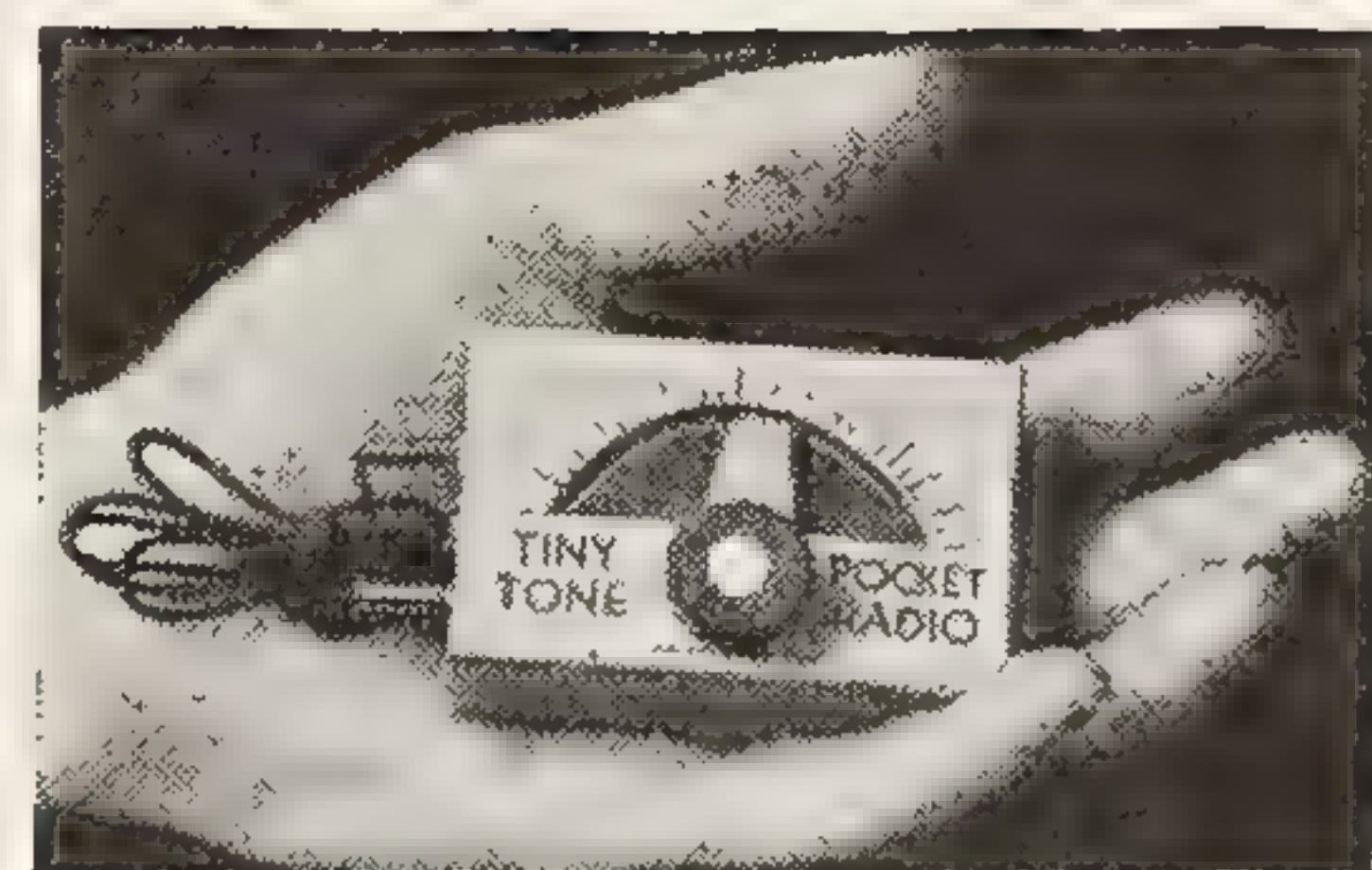
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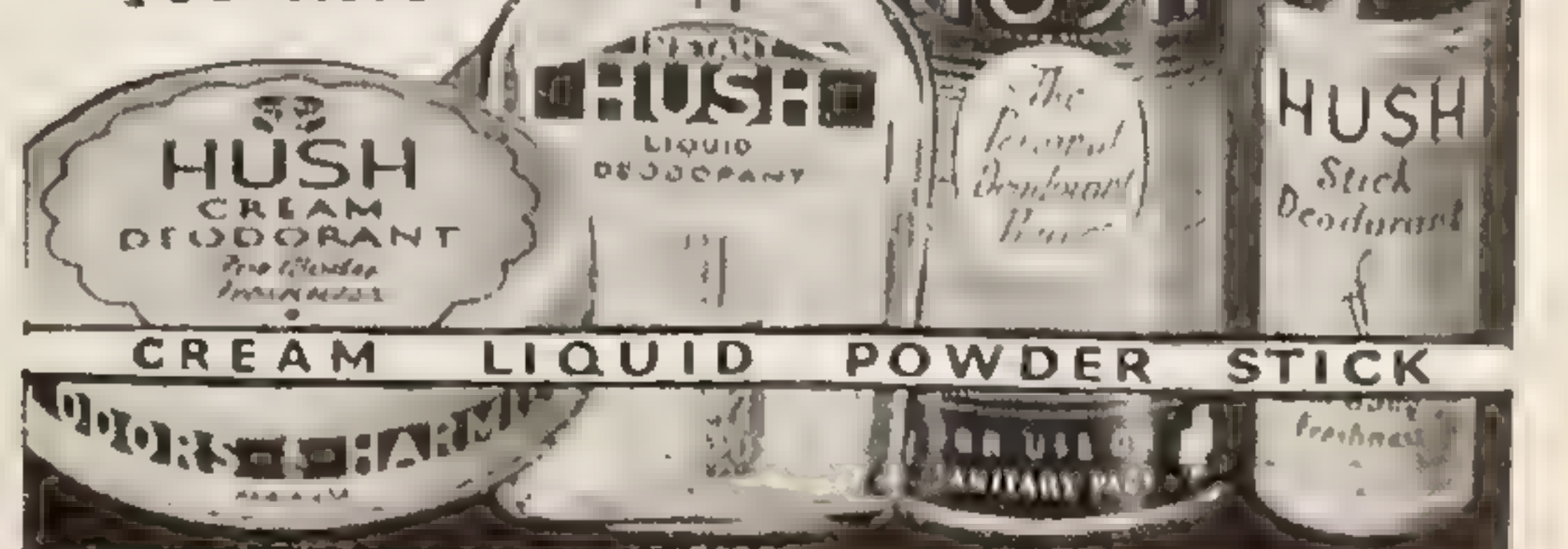
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CORN PLASTER

Ernest, who is sitting on the other side of the room.

"Quiet," Ken growls at him.

"What I mean to say is," Jed goes on, "you've justified all our hopes—so far," he adds cautiously, "and I want to present you with," opening a jeweler's box, "a little gift on this happy occasion in the Jones family." He tenders the box to Ken who jumps up and takes it.

"Say!" Ken sputters in delighted amazement at the wrist watch in the box, "it's swell, Dad. I don't know what to say."

"Say 'thanks,'" suggests the practical George.

That swell actress, Spring Byington, is the mother, Shirley Deane is the girl friend, Florence Roberts is the grandmother and June Carlson is the kid sister.

20th Century-Fox having been disposed of, we'll now proceed to—

### M-G-M

**T**HE biggest picture out here is "Fury" starring Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney. They want to get married but can't for lack of funds. She is offered a lucrative job out west and Spence and his two brothers (Frank Albertson and George Walcott) buy a filling station. It turns out to be a money maker (Ha! Page Charles Bickford) and Spence starts west in his small car to get Sylvia. On the way he is arrested. The sheriff had men posted on the lookout for a man who answers Spence's description and who is driving the same model car. He is wanted for kidnapping. Spence, of course, is innocent but that makes no never mind. The hotheaded citizens of the town want to lynch him. When they can't get into the jail to get him, they set fire to it.

He manages to escape but no one knows that. They all think he's been burned to death. He makes his way back to his brothers, determined to bring charges of murder against the citizens who participated in the rioting.

They're in a dingy little rented room. "I'll make 'em suffer," Spence vows. "I'll get 'em now, all right!"

"Joe!" Frank exclaims, "why'd you have to come here to Capitol City? Why didn't you stay in Chicago? Your pictures'll be in all the papers as soon as the trial starts. You'll be recognized."

"Nobody'll recognize me," Spence snaps, "because I'll be in hiding. I have to be here on the scene. Do you think I wanted to wait for letters?"

"Bah!" Frank snorts impatiently.

"I think Joe's right," Walcott suggests timidly. "He wants to know what's happening. And maybe someday he'll want to see Katherine—Katherine! She's so unhappy, Joe. You—"

"Now get this and get it straight," Spence cuts in on him. "Katherine is not to know I'm alive. She'd crack up and never go through with it. She doesn't see things the way I do. I want to see everything and hear everything they say. I want to see 'em squirm the way they made me. I want to see 'em dangling from the end of a rope!"

The way Frank and Spence play this scene! I've often said Spence is the best actor in pictures but it's a cinch Frank is one of the best juveniles. If some producer doesn't wake up soon and sign him and give him a decent chance, I'm going nuts. Or am I too sanguine when I say "going?"

The next set is for "The Witch of Timbuctoo." It is nothing more than a laboratory with a lot of automobile storage batteries in a glass case and an eery blue light generating from them like that you see in the streets when men are working in the manholes and there are signs about, saying "Don't look at the light."



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by Ben Maddox

in **SILVER SCREEN**  
For August on sale July 7

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Lionel Barrymore and Henry B. Walthall are talking. Walthall looks like a crazy inventor to me but the script isn't finished so I can't tell whether he is or not. No, I just learned he isn't. He is a scientist who discovers a means of reducing human beings to almost miniatures and making them do exactly as he orders. Only, after the reduction, they have no mentality. He is explaining to Barrymore, with whom he has escaped from prison.

"My friend," he says, "millions of years ago the creatures that roamed the world were gigantic—the prontosaurus—the mastodons. As they multiplied the earth could no longer produce enough food. So natural evolution began reducing the size of all living things. But, still, all living things multiplied until today we are back at the beginning. Millions are starving."

During this speech Walthall has been working himself up to a frenzy. With the air of one humoring a madman, Barrymore nods in acknowledgement of Walthall's statements.

"If I succeed," Walthall goes on eagerly, "in what I am going to do, we can, with one stroke, bridge the gap in evolution's advance. Think of it! All living creatures reduced to one sixth their size—to one sixth their physical needs!"

He dies but Barrymore takes his secret formula and wreaks a horrible vengeance on the people who sent him to jail.

There being nothing else to see out here, I trim my sails as we say on the yacht, and steer for—

### Columbia


**WE TURN** our attention to "Meet Nero Wolfe." Edward Arnold, in the title rôle, is a professional criminologist and his assistant is Lionel Stander. Prof. Barstow (Thurston Hall) has recently—and likewise apparently—died of heart disease while playing golf with Victor Jory, Walter Kingsford and Mr. Kingsford's son, whose name I can't seem to find out.

The first thing you know, Mr. Arnold is deep in the intricacies of the murder. He invites everyone who might know anything about it to his home, including the caddies—Raymond Borzage, George Offerman, William Benedict and William Anderson, as well as Denny Moore and Lionel Stander. He stuffs the caddies with such food as they've never eaten before and then begins to prod their memories. It's a great scene but there's too much dialogue to give it all to you. Suffice it to say the unravelment of the mystery is something to look forward to and the acting in this picture is something to behold.

So now, having said my say, I'll leave you—and you—and you—and I DO mean you on the end, you little runt, until next month. Selah!



Edward Arnold plays the title rôle in "Meet Nero Wolfe." In this scene with Arnold are William Benedict, William Anderson, Raymond Borzage, Lionel Stander and Denny Moore.




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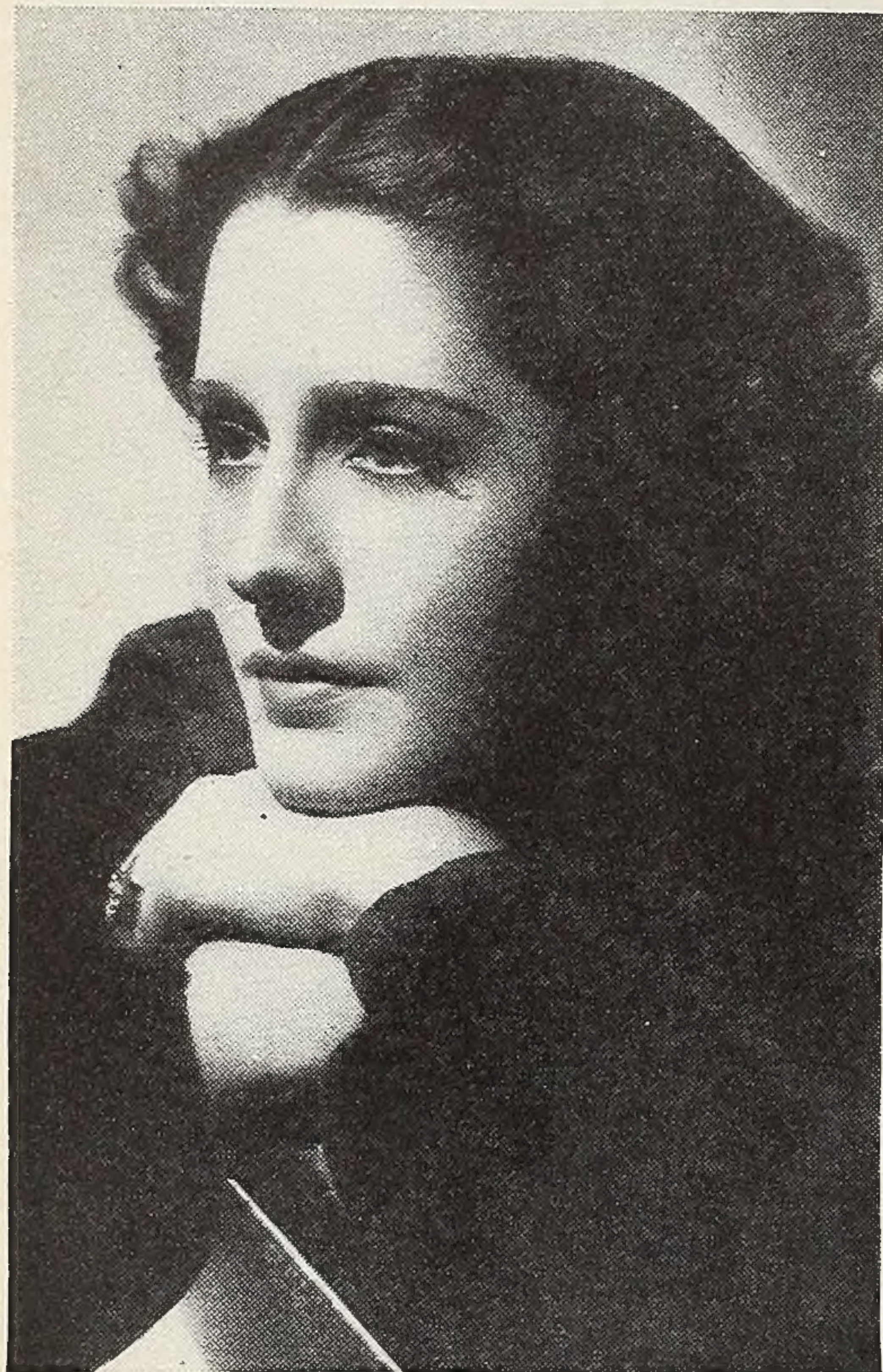
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# The Final Thing



Norma Shearer

AT THE circus the raucous-tongued announcer has gone into the great silence and in his place there is a cultured voice, a mike and loud speakers introducing the acts. Changing times, and changing ways demand fluid minds. Nothing is *unchanging* but death and we like living. A few weeks ago, street cars, with roar and rattle, banged their ways about New York. Today a gentler street conveyance—a bus—has supplanted the noisy trolley. You raise your hand and the new car comes politely over to the curb to get you.

In step with this trend, SILVER SCREEN is trying out a new type face. Not but what the old appearance was well received, but just to show that we keep up with the times. Do you like it?

There are new color cameras appearing here and there—a new way of making stills is being adopted. Now babies come in groups and this week a judge decided rich wives must support their pauper husbands.

Scientists, whose business it is to bring the new theories to earth and put them to work, have demonstrated a very ingenious method of giving real depth to pictures. The third dimension problem is a fascinating one. This latest form uses polarized light. But, and this is a "but" of considerable size, you have to wear glasses to see the picture.

Every day there is something new. This changing world! The first regular transatlantic air service starts with a record of 48½ hours to Europe.

A curious sort of balance seems to persist, one new thing bringing out another to nullify it. The radio, which at first hurt pictures and was very arrogant about it, now has to pay the picture celebrities thousands of dollars nightly to get the benefit of their famous names on the air programs.

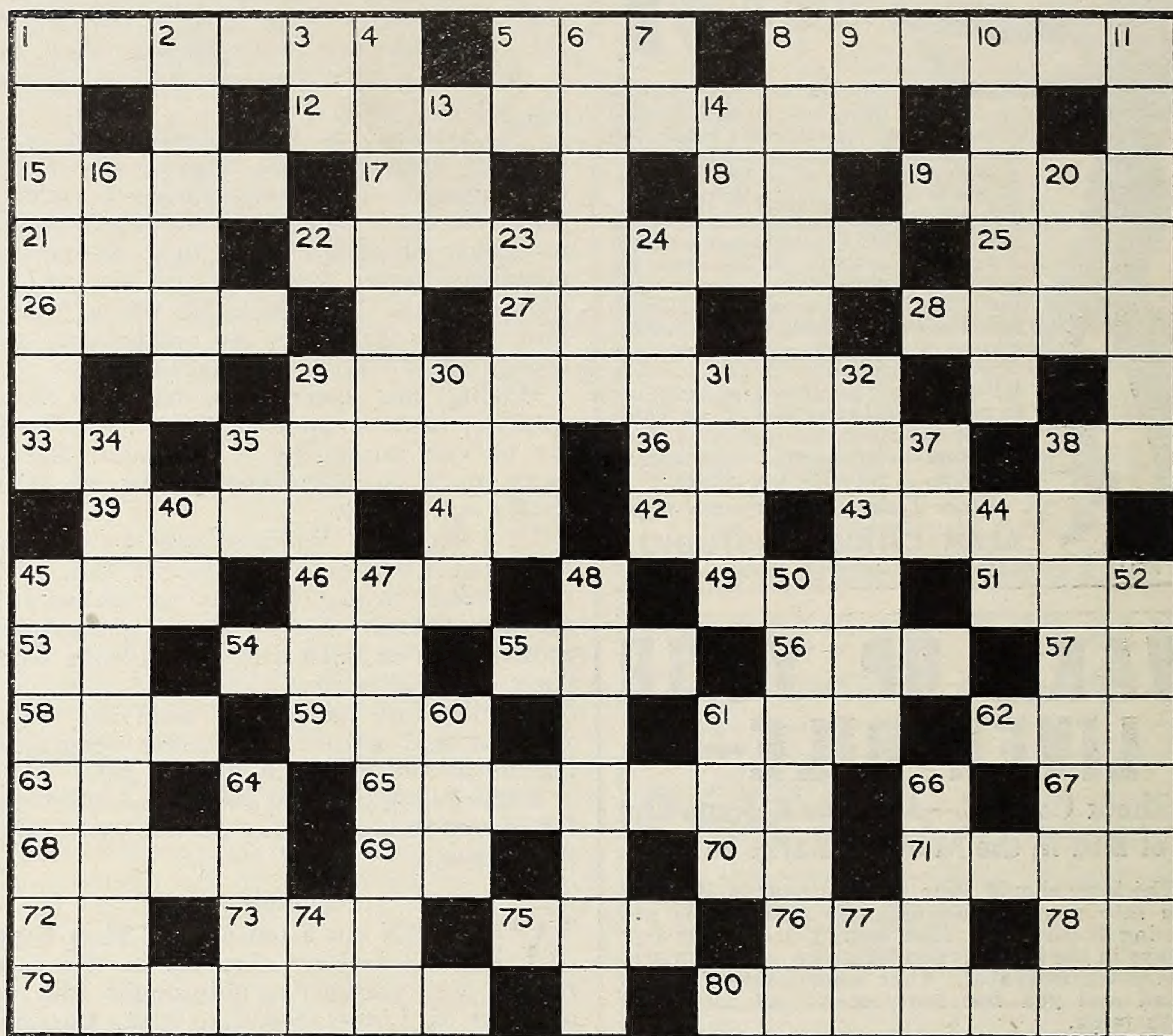
In this shifting world it is comforting that Norma Shearer's beauty still remains supernal—unequaled.

*Elmer Keen*

EDITOR.

## A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



## ACROSS

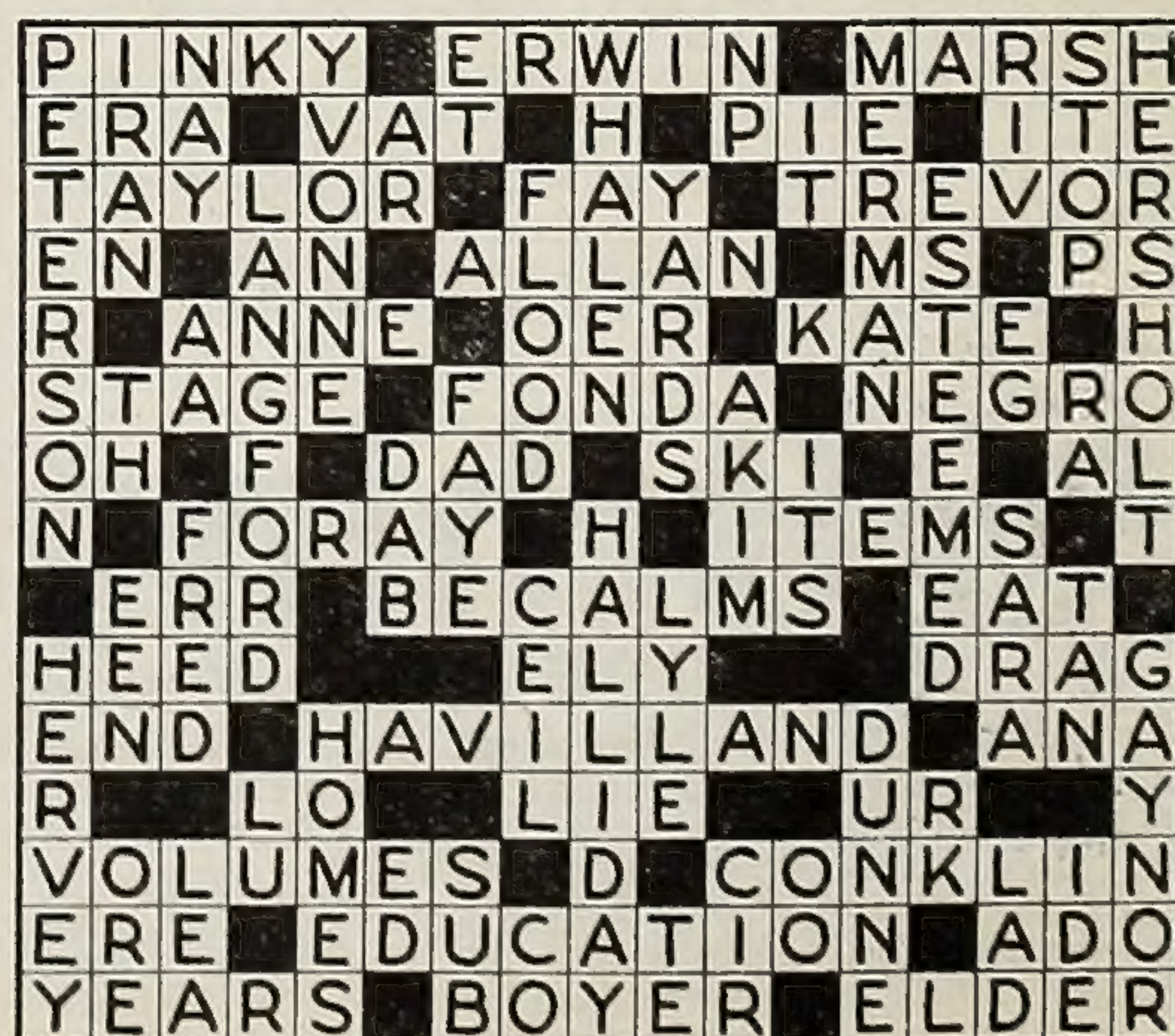
- 1 He inherited \$20,000,000 in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
- 5 First name of "the great glorifier"
- 8 The loyal wife in "The Prisoner of Shark Island"
- 12 The brave pilot in "13 Hours by Air"
- 15 A sly sidelong look
- 17 Period of time (abbr.)
- 18 A Paramount official (initials)
- 19 Sensitized photographic filament
- 21 To exclude
- 22 The "Show Boat" captain
- 25 By birth
- 26 A jacket
- 27 A favorite comedienne
- 28 Encounter
- 29 Co-starring with Clark Gable in "San Francisco"
- 33 Symbol for tantalum
- 35 A hand to hand fight
- 36 Plain
- 38 Parent
- 39 To incline
- 41 Bilge in "Follow the Fleet" (initials)
- 42 Biblical pronoun
- 43 Feminine name
- 45 A color
- 46 One of an important Indian race
- 49 Yale
- 51 Possessive pronoun
- 53 Implement for chopping wood
- 54 A code signal for help
- 55 Permit
- 56 Above (poet.)
- 57 Weekday (abbr.)
- 58 Sweet potato
- 59 An Indian
- 61 Mistress (abbr.)
- 62 Energy (slang)
- 63 Manganese (abbr.)
- 65 John Woods in "Two in Revolt"
- 67 Method of transportation (abbr.)
- 68 Unequal conditions or things
- 69 Into
- 70 A large mass of rock (abbr.)
- 71 A semicircular recess of a church
- 72 Point of compass (abbr.)
- 73 Organ of hearing
- 75 Lair
- 76 An Indo-China tribe
- 78 Old measurements (abbr.)
- 79 One who dreams
- 80 Her next picture will be "The Garden of Allah"

## DOWN

- 1 Co-starred with Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags"
- 2 One of the school teachers in "These Three"
- 3 Printer's measure
- 4 Extreme
- 5 A popular comedian (initials)

- 6 For whom Bing dared much in "Anything Goes"
- 7 Either
- 8 A small swift-footed antelope
- 9 A suffix denoting in a like manner
- 10 Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld"
- 11 His latest picture is "Let's Sing Again"
- 13 To be able
- 14 A fragment of cloth
- 16 To partake of food
- 20 A name shared by several of the film celebrities
- 23 Undraped human figures (art)
- 24 First name of a film actress
- 29 The fight promoter in "The Milky Way"
- 30 Certificate (abbr.)
- 31 To the lee side
- 32 With Dick Powell in "Hearts Divided"
- 34 The ne'er-do-well in "Brides Are Like That"
- 35 Now in "And So They Were Married" (init.)
- 37 Regarding
- 38 The motherly spinster in "Timothy's Quest"
- 40 Shortened form of masculine first name
- 44 A New England state (abbr.)
- 45 The daring young man in "Love on a Bet"
- 47 The ace of dancers
- 48 His newest picture is "One Rainy Afternoon"
- 50 She returned to the screen in "The Unguarded Hour"
- 52 Highest in degree
- 60 Sea eagle
- 61 One of the film producing companies (abbr.)
- 64 At sea
- 66 She's in "The Preview Murder Mystery"
- 74 Morning (abbr.)
- 77 Measure of area (abbr.)

## Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





# Your lips

AS HE DESIRES THEM



savagely red  
warmly moist  
tenderly soft

When lips are a Savage red, the spirit of jungle adventure prevails . . . and hearts too easily are caused to skip a beat! For, the five Savage reds were purposely created to be exciting. And they are!

But, it's folly for lips to tempt unless their caress proves warm, moist and tender. So . . . Savage Lipstick also softens lips . . . makes them softer even than Nature does; assurance that Savage lips will always fulfill the promise their Savage color makes.

And Savage is really indelible, too. It clings savagely . . . as long as lips are wished to lure . . . and longer. None other is like Savage! Select from these five shades:

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL  
BLUSH • JUNGLE

AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢

HIGHLY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK BY



SAVAGE



*Heigh ho and cheerio!*  
We'll get off when the tide gets low.  
What do we care — we're high and dry  
And Chesterfields — They Satisfy.



Chesterfield's *Mildness* and *Better Taste*  
give smokers a lot of pleasure